



THE
BEGGAR GIRL

AND

HER BENEFACTORS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF *WELCH HEIRESS*, *JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS*, *AGNES
DE COURCI*, AND *ELLEN COUNTESS OF CASTLE HOWELL*.

A poem, a drama, a novel, which represents virtue in lively colours, models the reader on the virtuous characters, who act without his perceiving it; they become interesting, and the author inculcates morality without seeming to mention it.

LE MERCIER.

V O L. II.

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THE

BEGGAR GIRL.

CHAP. I.

A short chapter, containing three occurrences in one day, by no means new in the poetic world, though perfectly so to the Beggar: An arrest, a race, and an elopement.

MRS. BUHANUN and her adorer, Mr. Frazer, we have before said, were not exactly of the same opinion with respect to our heroine; and from the agreement in the last chapter the reader may possibly conclude the gentleman's idea of matrimonial management was founded on the liberal axiom, of "Let the wife *say* what *she* please, and the husband *do* what *he* please;" and while he enjoyed his own self applause, on an arrangement that excluded Rosa not only from present, but future claims on the Major's fortune.

Mrs. Buhannun, in order to give some part of this day to *business* and Mr. Frazer, permitted Kattie to dine out without her, and strolled into town, to make some purchases against the race days, on which she pre-determined Kattie should be more than captivating. The heart of the proud mother, while selecting ornaments for her idol, was expanded, and she condescended to make the lady who measured the ribbons a confidante of the ill-treatment she had for a series of years patiently submitted to from her deceased husband and his colleagues; she concluded the affecting recital

with the story of the birth, parentage, education, and entrance into Castle Gowrand of Rosa Wilkins, a beggar, who had been received into her family as a relation of the Buhanun's, and largely considered in the Will of Wallace Buhanun; the whole of which was fabricated to impose on, and insult her.

Mrs. Buhanun's understanding was a literal one; but Mr. Frazer was a man used to the turnings and windings of human cunning; he assured her, that Colonel Buhanun's letter was all a fudge; that the woman at the burn side was herself the identical beggar, who first abandoned her child, and then prevailed on the infatuated Major to adopt her; thus allowing or rejecting, as best suited himself, the truth of different parts of the memorandum contained in the Major's letters, he had communicated his discoveries to Mrs. Buhanun, who implicitly believed every word, and particularly repeated them to the lady haberdasher, with the finale, that she had turned the beggar out of doors.

Mrs. Buhanun had been a great customer at this shop, having indeed paid more bills there, than to any other of her tradesmen, and nobody could be more civil to ladies who bought a great number of articles, and paid a high price for them, than the haberdasher.

Mr. Gibley had begun the world a gentleman and failed; commenced banker and failed; turned shopkeeper and failed: During these several failures, it was impossible he could avoid having great concerns with writers; and writers in Edinburgh, as well as lawyers in England, chuse to be paid. Mr. Gibley was now a second time shopkeeper, and resolving to bring all his business into a snug compass, made his eldest son a writer; that so he might be either plaintiff or defendant at a moderate expence.

Scarce had Mrs. Buhanun concluded the tale of her injuries, when Mr. Gibley bowed to the ground, "He was very happy to see her looking so well, and very glad cherming Miss Kattie was going to be married tul the Honorable Maister Angus; and very sorry tul here she hadn sic a deil of trouble aboot the lass that
stayed

stayed with her, and begged to know if her account was to be entered in the general account of the family?"

"Account!" said Mrs. Buhanun; "why what account has she?"

"Only the mourning."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Buhanun would pay for no mourning."

Mr. Giblett bowed, and went out directly.

Mr. James Giblett was one of the tallest, most conceited, and most ignorant young men who added W. S. to his name in all Edinburgh.

If Mr. James Giblett, W. S. took any thing into his wife's head to do, or undo, it was never the *should*, or *should* not, but the *can* or *cannot*, that determined him. True, Rosa was young, accomplished, innocent, and beautiful; but when had youth, innocence, accomplishment, or even beauty, power to disarm the savage ferocity of such a heart as that possessed by Mr. J. Giblett, W. S. when either interest or revenge was at stake.

Mr. James Giblett, W. S. was announced to Mrs. Buhanun; he understood Miss Kattie was on the point of marrying to the Honourable Mr. Angus; now the Honourable Mr. Angus had great interest and great patronage; two things as acceptable to Mr. James Giblett, as to Mr. Saundby Frazer; and very ready was he to comprehend how he could pay court to the handsome widow.

The mild law of Scotland allows no actual arrest at the commencement of a suit, except in cases when oath is made that the debtor is going to leave the country; such oath, whether true or false, is an actual arrest, till bail is given the party will not remove; and as this is very easy for a resident, and very difficult for a person unconnected in the place, it certainly is a very national mode of proceeding; that is to say, it *protects* the native, and *persecutes* the stranger.

Away then went Mr. James Giblett to Leith Walk, preceded by two red-faced men of his acquaintance, who interrupted Mrs. Steward in the midst of an harangue on the imprudence, which she inwardly considered as the folly of our heroine's signing the release.

The men advanced towards Rosa, Mr. Steward was out, and his wife, gasping herself for breath, explained to her the nature of their office.

"I can't understand it," said our trembling heroine; "I thought the paper I signed freed me from Mrs. Buhannun."

The men knew nothing of Mrs. Buhannun, nor any paper; all they wanted was security she would not leave Edinburgh.

"Not leave Edinburgh! I leave it Wednesday morning; I must go; the world shall not detain me."

"Nae trothe but ye mun pay yer deet; we canno let ye gang oot an oor feight."

Mrs. Steward was exceedingly embarrassed; her attachment to Rosa increased with her troubles; but she could not venture to apply to any of her friends on behalf of a stranger, whose story would so soon become the chat of the town.

Rosa knew nobody; she could therefore make no applications; but finding the demand was not from Mrs. Buhannun, she sighing asked the amount.

"We caunna tele hoo muckle et es; but ther's Maister Jemmy Giblest standen oot o the doore."

Maister Jemmy, who heard what was passing, now entered, and agreeably surprised our heroine with his father's bill of six pounds ten shillings, and twenty shillings cost, which she instantly paid out of the money given her by Frazer.

"And now," said she, when Mr. James Giblest and the other two *gentlemen* were gone, "my dear Mrs. Steward, I must at last sell my clothes, to get to London."

Mrs. Steward wept; it was just at the close of a quarter; she could barely make her small income last; could not lend money, for the best of all reasons, *she had it not*; so the trunks were again turned over, and dress after dress taken out.

All her best muslins, laces, &c. were, after two years wear and tear of Mrs. Buhannun and her daughter very much decreased in value, and those of a more common sort were pretty well reduced by herself.

"Here

"Here is nothing, I fear," said she, despairingly; her eye at that instant glanced on a red case, in which, for the last twelve months had lain a broken gold enamelled watch and chain, presented to her by order of the Colonel.

This was an unthought of treasure, which Mrs. Steward knew might be immediately turned into cash; so her heart once more at ease, Rosa again packed her trunks, and then joined Mrs. Steward, in anticipating the pleasures of the race: Reader, our heroine was just eighteen, and at eighteen a race thou knowest, is an important object! more especially as Major Buhanun himself could not, had he been living, have painted the superlatives of Edinburgh higher than his fair relation, Mrs. Steward.

It would be indeed difficult to conceive the beauty of the spectacles, which astonish and delight on the first view of Leith sands during the races: The animated, pleased, and pleasing countenances, which adorn the numerous elegant carriages, and attract crowds of graceful horsemen; the well dressed and well looking middle rank of contented pedestrians; the hardy and industrious of the inferior class, who claiming their annual holyday, pour from their twelve and thirteen floored habitations, and mixing with their more fortunate fellow creatures, hasten to the level sands, between innumerable rows of healthy children, who ranged by maternal care on the side of the hills, with no other covering on their heads but caps, which outvie the snow in whiteness, resemble a hanging garden of blown lillies: The circuit of carriages, down to the edge of the recessed ocean; the bird's eye view across to the lands of Fife, to the proud Highlands; the numerous marine parties; the refreshing sea breezes; the crowded scaffolds; the thronged pier; and universal exhilaration of all ranks, form a scene of natural grandeur and social delight, which cannot be exceeded in the known world.

Mrs. Steward hired a coach, and Rosa's wish to join her friends in England, did not prevent her feeling
both

both pleasure and admiration at a sight so novel, picturesque, and charming.

Twice Doctor Cameron passed the carriage ; first prevented from speaking by the cold withdrawn glance of Rosa, and afterwards too much hurt to attempt it. The little party returned, satisfied with the excursion of the day and with each other ; and having chatted away the evening, our heroine received from Mr. Steward eleven guineas, for the broken watch, and retired to dream of Elinor, of Mrs. Walsingham, and of the races.

Tired out by the fatigue and vexation of the two preceding days, Rosa fell into a profound sleep, as soon as she had committed her guileless soul to the mercy of its Maker, from which she did not awake till five in the morning, when the family were disturbed by loud knocks at the door.

Rosa awoke in a fright, and hastened to her window ; the sound of voices perfectly familiar reached her from the street, the most audible of which was that of a female in distress ; she could not believe her senses ! was it, or was it not Mrs. Buhanun, who in a tone of anguish besought her to rise and admit her, and whom the instant she heard the sash lift up, shewed herself the picture of despair in the street, her hair dishevelled, her dress in disorder, and her fine features swollen, and disfigured with anguish ?

“ Oh ! ” cried she, folding her hands, “ Miss Buhanun, dear, good Miss Buhanun ! do not distract me ; keep me not on the rack, for the love of God ; is Kattie, *my* Kattie, my darling, my charming child, is she with you ? Say, yes, for God’s sake do, I will love and pray for you as long as I have breath.” And down the distracted mother dropped on her knees.

Before Rosa could answer, Mrs. Steward, who had also risen, and who was always tremblingly alive to the honour of her family, hastened to receive Mrs. Buhanun into her house. She thought Miss Kattie had stayed with some party she visited, without apprising her mother of her intention, and though she could not think
such

such a latitude was allowable, yet fearing the exclamations which were the effect of maternal solicitude, would, if heard, furnish anecdotes to the dishonour of the name of Buhanun, strove to console the woman she despised.

When Rosa joined them, all Mrs. Buhanun's resentment, all her prejudice, every trace of unkindness, were absorbed in the sorrow brought home to herself : she saw before her an amiable, beautiful, innocent girl, exposed by her injustice to all the ills to which perhaps her own obstinate folly might by this time have brought the lovely Kattie ; not daring to ask what she dreaded to hear, she cast her flowing eyes eagerly to the door, from whence having gazed with convulsive eagerness, she withdrew them in frantic terror, calling on Kattie, dear barbarous Kattie ! to return to her fond mother.

" Oh Miss Buhanun ! forgive and pity me," she cried ; tell me, is my Kattie with you ? is she ? ah ! say she is here."

If all remembrance of unkindness was lost in the grief of such a mind as Mrs. Buhanun's, how much more was it in that of our gentle heroine ! All Major Buhanun's children were dear to Rosa ; and if her heart was less bound to Kattie than to the two younger girls, the anxiety of the deceased parent, for her welfare, had been such as to inspire her with sentiments in her favour. So young and lovely a girl, taken from, or voluntarily abandoning the protection of her only parent, was an event so new to her, so dreadful to Mrs. Buhanun, and so dangerous to the young creature herself, that Rosa had no words to express either her feelings or apprehension ; she sat down in speechless grief by Mrs. Buhanun, whose haughty spirit, subdued by sorrow, gladly accepted her offered support, and wept in agony in her bosom.

Mrs. Steward, more collected, though little less affected, endeavoured to assuage the violence of that grief she however now feared was too justly founded.

Mrs. Buhanun by degrees acquainted them, that Kattie and herself had been engaged to spend the last day

day with Mrs. Maxwell, who having some visitors from the south, had made a party to dine at Roslin, and go from thence to see Lady Clark's hall, of Osian at Penycuke; that as she had herself *business of importance* to transact with Mr. Frazer, she had permitted her daughter to go to St. Andrew's square alone, charged with her apology to Mrs. Maxwell; that uneasy at her not returning, she had sent the servant, at two in the morning, to inquire for her, but the house being shut, and the family gone to rest, he returned without disturbing them; that still uneasy, she had again dispatched him to Mrs. Maxwell's, with orders to make himself heard, and to her distraction and astonishment, he returned with an account that Mrs. Maxwell having been taken ill the evening preceding the day on which the intended excursion was to have taken place, Miss Kattie, who had called, and promised to apprise her mamma of the disappointment, had not been there since; so that it seemed seventeen hours had now elapsed since the unfortunate girl had taken the most imprudent step a young girl like her could take, and that whoever were her abettors or advisers, it was a well digested pre-concerted plan.

Mrs. Steward still used every humane effort to compose the afflicted mother, advising her to return to her own home, and to keep the affair a profound secret, in hope a few hours might produce a favourable éclaircissement; but to reason with a woman whose passions were always out of reason, was a vain effort. Mrs. Buchanan's grief and exclamations were really terrifying. Kattie was an agreeable, good-natured, thoughtless girl. It was not in her nature to deserve an enemy; and the danger she might at this moment be encountering, endeared her to Rosa, while her heart bled for the agonizing sorrow she saw the wretched mother suffer.

"Kattie!" she cried, "dear cruel Kattie! why, oh why! have you left your mother? my comfort, my pride, my lovely child! oh! where, where is she! has she indeed deserted me?"

These

These exclamations were followed by such floods of tears as rendered Rosa almost as distracted as herself.

Mrs. Steward still repeated her advice, to keep the matter, turn out how it would, secret, and Rosa coinciding with her, Mrs. Buhanun, with "all that fond solicitude natural to misery, when it asks of every body that relief no body can give," implored Mrs. Steward to accompany her home.

"Oh Miss Buhanun!" said she, "I fear to ask you; God forgive me! what pains was I taking all yesterday to complete your ruin, at the very time when my darling child was so cruelly effecting my own! Oh Kattie, Kattie! if you had killed me, it would have been mercy."

Mrs. Steward's well grounded dislike of Mrs. Buhanun had been suspended by compassion, but this involuntary self-accusation made her shudder, and had she been quite as deep in heavenly secrets as Mrs. Buhanun and Mr. Frazer were, when they attributed the calamity at the burn side to the particular intervention of celestial power, she no doubt, would have considered Mrs. Buhanun as suffering under the unerring law of retributive justice; but however ill disposed she was towards her, she abated nothing of her regard for the honour of the name, and solicitous to conceal what she could not but consider as a disgrace, assisted Rosa to support the weeping mother home.

"No news! is there no news of my child?" she asked, in broken accents, the moment her maid appeared.

"Miss Emma, madam, has dislocated her wrist, falling down the stair."

"What business had she on the stair? where was she going? that girl is a perpetual plague,—oh my dear Kattie!"

"She was running after you, madam; she heard you weep, and insisted on following to comfort you."

"She comfort me! I shall never know comfort more,—oh my dear cruel Kattie!"

" Doctor Cameron has just set Miss Emma's wrist ; we sent for him."

Rosa had by this time quitted the room, to visit poor Emma ; the Doctor was leaving the bedside as she entered ; he had been told a strange story of her leaving Mrs. Buhanun, without assigning a reason, or consulting him, nay without informing him of her intentions, and felt, as warm friends do feel, a thousand times more hurt at a supposed slight, than offended at a real injury. He stood erectly fullen as she flew by him to the embrace of Emma, and then stalked out of the apartment.

The door had not closed after the Doctor, before his heart smote him ; he remembered her indignant glance, as she passed him the day before, and though he was unconscious of any offence she could possibly have taken against him, yet there was no effect without a cause, and had he then insisted on an explanation, she would not perhaps have taken such a step, without consulting him ; he returned.

Jeffy had been awakened by the shrieks of her sister, and sat upon the bed staring with affright till Rosa's entrance, when she clung round her neck, and wept on her bosom.

Emma's hand was clasped in her's, and the pillow on which she lay was wet with her tears.

Rosa did not weep, but sat in that kind of suppression of the expressions of sorrow which is beyond description painful.

Doctor Cameron participated in all the tenderness of the scene ; he advanced and retreated several times, his under lip in motion, before he could speak.

" What have I done to you, Miss Buhanun," said he, at last ; " why are you offended ? or why do you act as if you were ? have I deserved you should leave Mrs. Buhanun—leave *me*, without acquainting me where you were going, or what had become of you ?"

" You knew, Sir, at least, I had left Mrs. Buhanun," replied Rosa, with unaffected coldness.

" Did

“ Did I ! then it must have been by the aid of the weird sisters.”

“ How, Sir ! did you not act in concert with Mr. Frazer ?”

“ No, I never did any thing in concert with Mr. Frazer, in which you were concerned or interested.”

“ No ! what, not make out my account ? the account of Rosa Wilkins !”

“ Rosa Wilkins ! who is she ? what account do you mean ?”

“ Not charge my chaise hire from Castle Gowrand to Edinburgh ?”

“ Chaise hire, Miss Buhannun !”

“ Why mock me with an appellation to which you know I have no pretension ?”

“ By———”

Yes, Doctor Cameron, the most sober, moral man in Edinburgh, one of the heads of the strong church, was provoked even to swearing ! and did it with as much energy as the heartiest sinner.

“ By heavens ! Miss, you are mad, or want to make me so !”

“ I am an impostor, Sir ”

“ I begin to think you are.”

“ Not worthy your notice.”

“ You are the devil, I believe ”

“ Very well, Sir ; Mr. Frazer can inform you, Sir.”

“ Can he ? then he shall do it immediately ;” and the Doctor pulled the door after him with a violence that jarred Emma’s wrist, and made Jessy start.

C H A P. II.

"Now a widow, and please your honour, chuses a second husband, as unlike the first as she can; why, therefore, may not battles, and please your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?"

MR. FRAZER was enjoying one of those calm delicious slumbers which witness a quietude of mind, and dreaming of being father-in-law to a Duchess, when Doctor Cameron's loud and repeated knocks at his door put the agreeable vision to flight, for which he was on the point of being a very angry gentleman, when the Doctor entered with a tremendous contraction of black brows, which put apology out of the question.

"I am just come from the widow's," said the Doctor.

Mr. Frazer started up.

"I believe that girl is mad."

"What, Miss Kattie, Doctor? heaven forbid! you surely cannot mean Miss Kattie."

"She may be mad too for aught I know, and I suppose she is; but it is not her, it is that fascinating witch, that Miss Buhanun, I mean."

Mr. Frazer shrunk under the bed cloaths, and repeated, "Miss Buhanun!"

Perhaps had not Mr. Frazer reckoned on Miss Buhanun's being many miles on her journey to Carlisle, without seeing Doctor Cameron, his rest would not have been so calm and undisturbed.

"She talks," resumed the Doctor, "like an idiot; she who never uttered a sentence but to be admired, or a monosyllable without a sensible meaning, runs on without rhyme or reason the most unheard of nonsense, and says you *can tell*; now, Frazer, I know you are sweet on the widow, and if you like her 'tis your affair, not mine,

mine,—much good may she do you ; but I can't think, and yet she talks so oddly,—you have not surely, you could not,—Mrs. Buhanun, I know, can put a great deal of money to certain uses,—but sure you cannot have been tampering with Rosa about the legacy, you have too much honour : I have a great regard for you, Frazer ; but if—but I won't suppose it, for it is what I never could forgive.”

Mr. Frazer did not like the turn of Doctor Cameron's countenance, more than the tenor of his discourse.

“ Have you seen her lately ? ” he asked, with affected composure.

“ I tell you I have just left her.”

“ At Steward's ? ”

“ Steward ! who is he ? no, I left her with your widow.”

“ My widow, Doctor ! you flatter ; ” and Mr. Frazer bowed his head ; but whether in return for the compliment, or to hide his astonishment, he best knew.

Rosa with Mrs. Buhanun ! it was a riddle-me-ree to Mr. Frazer, and he was full as loth to believe it as the Doctor had been to suspect his tampering about the legacy ; however, he had better see his way before he ventured an exposition ; he arose and dressed, while Doctor Cameron fumed round the room, one moment ready to charge Frazer with duplicity, the next lamenting, so fine a mind as that of Miss Buhanun should be deranged.

They reached the palace in very so-so humour, and found Mrs. Buhanun still calling for, and lamenting Kattie, her dear Kattie ! Mrs. Steward and Rosa in vain endeavouring to sooth and pacify her.

The two executors entered together.

“ What's the matter, ma'am ? ” said Mr. Frazer, looking tenderly anxious at Mrs. Buhanun “ I thought, Mrs. a—a,” directing a scrutinizing side glance at Rosa, “ you were on your way to the south.”

“ Miss Buhanun,” said Doctor Cameron, “ I have brought Mr. Frazer, now, if he can explain your mystery, I shall—”

“ Oh

“ Oh my dear Mr. Frazer !” cried Mrs. Buhanun, running up to him, and hanging on his arm, “ I am utterly ruined, my heart is broken ; Kattie ! my dear cruel Kattie ! is gone,—she has left me,—she is run away.”

Oh that I could write as some writers have written ; that I could describe, as some authors have described ; that I could just now faithfully depicture chains rattling, owls screeching, bats flapping their wings, candles burning blue, or not burning at all, while the shadow of some monstrous hideous figure glides along a tattered piece of tapestry ; that I could drag wind, rain, thunder, lightning, and all the jarring elements into the plot ; and, oh too ! that a mirror was hung exactly opposite to my fair expecting reader, that she might, from her own terror-struck phiz, form some idea of the instantaneous change in the long face of Mr. Saundy Frazer.

“ Gone ! Miss Kattie gone ! how ? when ? where ?”

“ Oh me ! oh me ! I know not ; I can’t find out ; she went out early in the morning to Mrs. — .”

Mrs. Buhanun, who had hung *with* rather more tenderness than was strictly proper, on the arm of her friend Mr. Frazer, till rudely shaken off in the first emotions of his surprise, now made a motion towards resuming her situation, but was frightened back by the loud and rude reproaches which began with “ And are you such a cursed driveller,” and ended with a declaration “ that neither mother nor daughter had common sense.”

It was now the turn of the rest of the party then and there assembled, to be terror struck.

Driveller ! could the smooth tongued, civil, adoring Mr. Frazer call the divine Mrs. Buhanun a driveller ? impossible ! and could the divine Mrs. Buhanun bear to be so called, without making one word of answer ? more impossible still.

The secret was exactly this : Mr. Alexander Frazer and Mrs. Harriet Louisa Buhanun had three whole days been—man and wife.

When

.When Mr. Frazer finished his mission at Castle Gowrand, perfectly well satisfied with the disposition of all things there, he informed the fair mistress of that desirable mansion, that such was the burning state of his desires, it was not in nature possible he should ever reach Edinburgh alive, except she met him at Kinhorne, and then and there blessed him with her white hand ; and that moreover, he was in possession of certain important secrets, which in that sad case must die with him.

Either of these mishaps would have been too much for the handsome widow ; so she set off quite alone, in a hired post-chaise, married Mr. Frazer, and got his secret, after which she returned in the prettiest disposition imaginable, to be a puppet in the hands of dear Mr. Frazer.

“ To think,” continued the bridegroom, “ of any woman who was not a downright idiot, letting a forward young chit—”

“ Who, Mr. Frazer, my Kattie? my Kattie forward ! a girl whom every body admired, bred up under my own eye.”

“ Angus has got her,” said he, without regarding the eulogy from the fond mother on her Kattie.

“ Indeed he has not,” said Doctor Cameron, not much amused by an episode he did not comprehend ; “ if I could have seen either you or Mrs. Buhanun yesterday, I had something to say from that gentleman.”

“ Oh dreadful !” cried Mrs. Buhanun with a fresh gush of tears ; “ oh dreadful ! to think of the dear unfortunate taking such a step at such a crisis ; why did not Mr. Angus declare himself before ? that might have prevented—”

“ Good God ?” exclaimed Frazer, walking about, “ there never was such an unfortunate affair ; but let us consider, Doctor Cameron, good Doctor Cameron ! we are jointly concerned in this business ; if we could keep it secret, if it could be hushed up, there may be no harm, only an innocent frolic ; cannot Mr. Angus be amused ?”

Doctor

Doctor Cameron was one of those whimsical beings who hated the zig-zaggery of worldly wisdom, and had Major Buhannun consulted him, there would not have been a secret to bait Mr. Frazer's hook with at Kinhorne: in the case of Mr. Angus he really had been anxious to prevent the mistake from injuring the daughter, or exasperating the mother; and he was also generously anxious to see the woman he loved, as she loved not him, move in a sphere suitable to her natural and acquired grace; if therefore he admitted a small curve into his system, it was but "hiding his honour a little in his necessity;" but the politics of Mr. Frazer began to open on him with *too much* of that convenient axiom; and well knowing the event he lamented himself, would be of very little importance to Mr. Angus, he resolved to come to the point every way; leaving therefore the widow and the two ladies to lament, to consult, and to conjecture, he led the way to another room, with a resolute air Frazer could not mistake, and therefore he reluctantly followed.

If Mr. Frazer had, in the history of our heroine, that to tell Doctor Cameron that would astonish and grieve him; if the pretended zeal for the Buhannun family, which extorted from her the resignation of her legacy, made his heart glow with indignation; if the exposure of Rosa's mean origin inflicted on him a much severer mortification than it had on her, he had that in his turn to tell the subtle Frazer, which paid all with double interest.

No astonishment or regret could be greater than Mr. Frazer's, at finding he had been the dupe of a dupe in the golden advantages he promised himself from Mr. Angus's espousal of Mrs. Buhannun's daughter; nor was his grief short of his astonishment, that he who had

" ————— planted in his memory

" An army of good words, ———"

should have fallen into the very snare he had laid for others; he had married a widow, for whom he cared
nothing;

nothing ; who was encumbered with debts, and laden with folly ; intending to make her pride, and her daughter's beauty, the steps to his own preferment ; instead of which, he shared in the inevitable disgrace of the family, and lost the friendship and countenance of Doctor Cameron, whose acquaintance was both an honour and advantage. No wonder if, on the first assault of all these evils " he fell into a royal passion," and regardless of the envy it might excite, declared his happy state.

" So then !" said the Doctor, " you have in your great zeal for your friend's family given *yourself* Miss Buhanun's legacy !"

Frazer was now desperate ; he had borrowed the money which he had, with such shew of ready friendship, lent to Mrs. Buhanun, in hope of having it returned back an hundred fold, and he knew it would be exacted of him ; she was environed by creditors of all descriptions, that he also knew ; and, that neither her nor himself possessed the means of satisfying them, was a secret every body knew ; he roared like a tyger, rushed into the drawing-room, and petrified both Mrs. Steward and Miss Buhanun, by his rude and severe invectives against his wife, while she, who had treated with contempt the gentleman like admonitions of her brave first husband, trembled every limb, and dared not meet the eye of the noisy coward, who wanted not *will* to do all he *dared*.

The children and servants, affrighted, ran into the room.

When Emma, with her wrist hanging in a fash, and Jessy staring with terror, understood this was the father their mother had given them, Emma, between affright, grief, and pain, fainted ; and Doctor Cameron, who now from his soul pitied the poor victim of vanity, was persuaded to enter the same room with a wretch he despised.

After Emma was carried to bed, " Miss Buhanun," said Doctor Cameron, " what do you now mean to do with yourself ?"

Emma

Emma cast a beseeching look at our heroine ; but the Doctor resumed ; “ This is no place for you ”

Mrs. Steward hoped Miss Buhannun would return with her.

Rosa, who though not yet perfectly sensible of the injury done the good Doctor, felt her confidence in him return, looked at the affrighted children.

“ How,” said she, “ can I leave these dear relics of a friend I so loved and honoured ? ”

“ Be assured, Miss Buhannun,” answered the Doctor, “ this is no place for you ; you *must* leave them ; the poor Major did not guard against an event like this ; the lady named in the trust with us could only now have interfered with propriety ; this miserable woman will be deserted by every body ; she is already despised, and will be ill-treated by her husband ; he will keep the children for the sake of their fortune ; but remember, my loves, on the smallest personal ill-treatment you may be taken from him, and while I live you have a friend and protector, who will be zealous and resolute in your defence ; but except he forgets his manhood, consider the state of your poor mamma ; she has now no consolation but what your duty and affection may afford.”

The girls burst into fresh exclamation.

“ Oh their papa ! their dear papa ! oh that he was alive ! ”

Rosa could no longer refrain her tears, and they hung on her as their last hope.

The Doctor, addressing Peggy, who was sobbing in a corner of the room, committed the children to her particular care, with charge to inform him minutely of their treatment and welfare.

There is, it has been said, one direct road to the hearts of domestics ; this the generous Cameron could not miss ; but though the note he put into her hand was not accepted without thanks, Peggy was by no means to be classed in the number of mercenary servants ; she was born in the family, and was far more bound to them by love than interest.

Rosa,

Rosa, entreated her, for the young ladies' sake, to conciliate the favour of her new master.

"Eh gude lorde!" sobbed Peggy, "heres a toorne! my maister! Saundy Frazer, the wright's bairn, tul mary tul oor laird's weedow! hoo can ai caw him maister?"

"You must neither speak nor think of what he was, Peggy."

"Hoot! nae thenk, hoo ðan ai help thaut Mefs? En gude Gode, Saundy Frazer gang tul oore braw laird's auld Castel."

A messenger now, to the surprise of all parties, invited them to coffee in the drawing-room.

"I believe, Doctor Cameron," said Rosa, with a look he could not withstand, "we should be friends."

"Cruel Rosa!" he answered, his lip quivering, and his eyes furcharged with moisture, "you could not receive an ill impression of me; you could not withdraw your confidence without despising me; go, I cannot forgive you; oh! you *will* not know me; to render you in my eye the first woman in the creation, needs there more than that you should be yourself? what is it to me who or what you are; I say with your own country poet,

"Let high birth triumph,—what can be more great?

"Nothing—but merit in a low estate."

I see you pre-eminent in loveliness; your voice thrills through my heart; and my judgment is pleased with every sentence that drops from your lips; your name—ah Rosa! would I not with transport exchange it for my own; but you have told me your heart could not be *mine*; and did I love *you* less because my self-love was wounded; yet you could believe—"

Rosa was affected and convinced; she put her hand to his lip, which he had the resolution to refrain from kissing, and almost whispered, "The human mind is susceptible of no pain so severe as that which arises from a necessity of despising the object of one's esteem."—This little quotation, followed by a question half arch,
and

and half sentimental, "Don't you pity the credulity of a friend who was reduced to this necessity, Doctor?" made up the painful breach friendship had sustained; and at her request he returned to the bride and bridegroom.

Mr. Frazer's features had already resumed their serene cast; he was particularly officious in setting the chairs, assisting his wife in making coffee, and every possible attention to the ladies; the bride's eyes were still red and swelled, her countenance pale, and a tremor remained on her nerves, which induced our heroine to offer to preside at the breakfast; spite of every effort tears would burst from her eyes, and at length, unable to support herself, she fainted away.

Mr. Frazer *said* he was affected; the Doctor advised an immediate journey to Castle Gowrand.

Mr. Frazer hoped, considering the dreadful situation of *his* family, Miss Buhanun would not leave them.

The Doctor's eyes struck fire; he saw into the soul of the man; no human being could be more unsuspecting than Doctor Cameron till his confidence was broke; none so hard to be imposed on after.

In the paroxysm of his rage, in the morning, Frazer had dropped some expressions respecting Mr. Angus, and the sinecure in his gift, which then accounted for his extreme violence and disappointment, and now served as a clue to that labyrinth of cunning which had so soon smoothed his pliant brow. The Doctor waited impatiently for Rosa's answer, and was satisfied to hear her advert to her intention of going to England, and her promise to Mrs. Steward, to return with her; that lady, indeed was much fatigued, and her situation rendered rest necessary; chairs were therefore sent for, and the ladies returned home: Mr. Frazer at the same time went to his own house, and Mrs. Frazer retired to her chamber, to weep her own fate as well as that of a beloved child, to remember the *past*, to fear the *future*, to make *comparisons*—to be *miserable*.

C H A P. III.

" O ! momentary grace of mortal men,
 " Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
 " Who builds his hope in all of your fond look,
 " Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 " Ready with every nod to tumble down
 " Into the fatal bowels of the deep."

AS it was impossible to conceal an event which most of the pretty women in Edinburgh chose to be vastly sorry for, it became a duty in the two executors to unite in every possible means for Kattie's recovery ; expresses were sent off in all directions, and considerable rewards offered ; but such an unfathomable mystery hung over the transaction, that some concluded she had drowned herself ; others said she was gone off with Mr. Angus ; and others that she concealed herself, because she disliked him ; but all agreed in the main story, " that the sun of bonnie Kattie's fame had set. never more to rise," and followed Chesterfield's maxim, " of whispering it in confidence, in order that it might be more known and more credited."

Miss Bruce's eyes were really monstrous on the occasion ; this poor virgin, who was eternally talking without saying any thing, hired a chair by the hour, to hear all she could, and tell all she heard. The people of fashion were pouring into town ; and the Siddons, the Kemble, the Crouch, the Kelly, all would have been talked of, had not the elopement of bonnie Kattie of Castle Gowran engrossed every body that whole day ; the next a new subject started, in the same unfortunate family, which was the marriage of the widow Buhannon to Saundy Frazer, a W. S. indeed, but son to a mechanic ! for the introduction of such a being into the family of the Buhannon's. not one branch of it, from him whose rank and title are equally respectable, to him who sells snuff, at the sign of the Highlander, Holborn-Hill,

Hill, would forgive Mrs. Frazer ; so, like the followers of Lear, a blow cut them off, and after them no lady could excuse, no gentleman pardon, Mrs. Frazer ; nor was there now a house in Edinburgh so dreary as that of the late charming widow Buhanun's.

What a falling off was here ! the bonny Duchefs of A. was all vinegar, the Duchefs of B. all gall, and the Duchefs of C. all water-gruel, or the matter. Lady A. hoped the horrid woman would not be seen ; Lady B. shewed her large white teeth to her old man ; Lady C. D. E. and F. gave orders to shut their doors against her ; but Lady H. the friendly, benevolent, generous Lady H. was sorry for all parties, and according to her mode of going where nobody else would go, and doing what nobody else did do, resolved to call on the poor woman, when she had time.

As to the men, they as usual laughed at, and betted on the business ; but what shocked Mrs. Frazer most was the two puppet-shew lords, passing in their fine habiliments, to shoot in the Links, followed by all the rabble of Edinburgh, without so much as a glance up at her window.

Rosa, when she returned to Mrs. Steward's, exhausted and fatigued, tried without effect to get some rest ; her mind had been during the last thirty hours in a perfect chaos, she again read Mrs. Walsingham's letter, again looked over that of Elinor, and tried to spell the elaborate epistle of Mrs. Betty Brown. Her impatience to leave Edinburgh, which the events in the family of her respected patron had suspended, returned.

She could not be of the smallest service to her who had so unworthily parted with the Major's respected name ; the young ladies were now of age to be left to themselves, under the roof of a prudent mother ; that their's was not deserving the title, was a misfortune it was not in Rosa's power to help ; nor could she, by staying, render one recollection less poignant, or turn aside one of the thousand just reflections which Mrs. Frazer's best friends passed on her conduct.

Ther

There were besides other strong motives to urge her departure ; nothing is more respected in Scotland than good blood ; while considered as even the illegitimate offspring of a Buhannun, she was somebody ; but the odium of her birth, she foresaw would imply every thing disgraceful. The only thing of which she was ashamed, for poverty had no terrors, was the abandoned life it was known her mother led, at the time she deserted her, and this was ever a source of grief and mortification to her. Frazer had not been sparing of his communications and embellishments, even in her presence, and no doubt but he had been, at least, equally industrious in her absence ; she would become an object of wonder and of impertinent curiosity : her character, which she now considered as her only real good, might become involved in the imprudence of the Buhannuns, so as to deprive her of the power to return with credit to the line of life she had so unfortunately left at Mrs. Harley's, or as private governess in a family, which were what she now depended on, as her only eligible resource. Having in vain courted rest, she arose, and Mrs. Steward, on whom the events of the last few hours had left a very painful impression, joined her.

Rosa frankly communicated to this good woman the reflections that had occupied her, and Mrs. Steward, though she every moment became more interested in her fate, acknowledged the justice of her conclusions, and indeed added strength to them, by her knowledge of the disposition of the Caledonian.

While they were talking over the affair a double rap was heard at the door, and the servant said, a gentleman desired to speak with the lady.

The gentleman followed so close no denial could be given, and presented a note to Rosa that called up all the pure blood into her cheek ; she handed it to Mrs. Steward, who handed it to her husband, who very composedly turned the gentleman out of the room, and kicked him down the stone stairs.

Whatever the severely treated gentleman might intend to say or do, on this rough treatment, was interrupted

rupted by the drawing up of a coroneted carriage, to which he thought proper to uncover his powdered head, and walked away as fast as his short legs would carry him.

Lady Hopely had paid Mrs. Frazer a visit at Holy-Rood-House, where the forlorn bride, transported to find one lady of fashion would still notice her, entered into a full though not exactly *true* or coherent account of all her misfortunes ; the whole of which, even to the two last, the elopement of her daughter, and her own marriage, she had the ingenuity to ascribe to the Major's ill conduct, as the original source of all ; and as it was impossible to retrace all her grounds of complaint, without introducing anecdotes both of the burn side, and our heroine ; she, on the strength of Mr. Frazer's penetration, amused her noble visitor with a history of Mrs. Walsingham and Rosa, from what she had seen, heard, and invented ; positively asserting, that same adventures of the burn side, was the identical beggar woman, who abandoned her child, and happening to gain an ascendancy over the Major, had prevailed on him to fetch her to Scotland, and not only to give her his name, but to introduce her into his own house, and make her the companion of his daughters. The inferences from this story are obvious, as she concluded by observing, that really with one distress and another, her mind was so weakened, she found it impossible to manage her affairs ; and Mr. Frazer being of a genteel profession, a friend of the Major's—and—and"

Mrs. Frazer hesitated ; she could not just then recollect any other very strong inducement for accepting the hand of Mr. Frazer, at least such as she chose to avow, and therefore actually did blush.

The reader will scarce believe, after the mutual kindnesses that had passed between our heroine and Mrs. Frazer, she could have given the above curious anecdotes, without some little qualm of conscience ; but the real truth is, Mrs. Frazer was so elated by Lady Hopely's visit, so desirous of still maintaining her rank in the world, by making a decent tale out of one her heart
had

had informed her many times in the course of the last twelve hours, was very, very bad, and so agitated by the loss of Kattie, that she really had run on without intending to injure any one, her whole regards being, as usual, centered in dear self.

Lady Hopely, among a thousand eccentricities, not one of which sprung from a blameable source, and many from the inexhaustible benevolence of her heart, always felt herself interested for those people who were going out of the favour of the world; adversity was the season of her friendship, and the favourites of fortune were seldom hers; but in Mrs. Frazer's history, contrary to custom, curiosity put distress out of her head; she had mentioned, among other aggravations of the Major's cruelty, the manner in which he had cloathed the Beggar Girl; the education he had given her; the musical instruments, which, by the girl's own account, cost so much money,—the piano forte, for instance, and the harp; then the mother's apartment, which, though hid under the same thatched roof with Ferguson's hut on the burn side, contained elegancies much superior to any at Castle Gowrand. All these things sounded so apocryphal to Lady Hopely, that she had the strongest curiosity to see the heroine of such a romance, and accordingly, without noticing Mrs. Frazer's hesitating blush, requested to see this Beggar Girl.

Mrs. Frazer, not intending to excite interest for any but herself, was rather surprised at Lady Hopely's request, but she could not refuse to give her Mrs. Steward's address; and her ladyship on her part was as much surprised to hear the Beggar had left the good Mrs. Frazer; however, after transporting the bride, with an invitation to bring her husband to dine at Hopely-House, she hurried to her carriage, and was set down at Mrs. Steward's in a very critical moment, both for the gentleman who had undergone the ceremony of kicking, and him who had been the acting party; for as the gentleman, as soon as he could stand upright in the street, gave indications of impertinence, Mr. Steward was neither in the habit or humour to bear,

there would have been no answering for consequences, had not her ladyship so opportunely arrived.

Lady Hopely alighted from her carriage, and understanding on asking on which flat Mr. Steward lived, that it was himself she addressed, gave him her hand with an air of frankness and condescension all her own, and was led by him into the same apartment he had just left, where she beheld Rosa, tears standing on her crimsoned cheek, and her amiable hostess pale as death.

It was very easy for Lady Hopely to distinguish which of the two females she saw was her to whom her visit was intended; but is by no means as easy to paint her astonishment, when our heroine, in the full blaze of loveliness, and the confidence which innocence and good breeding is sure to inspire, returned her compliments, after Mr. Steward had announced her name and quality, and in a manner equally free from presumption and servility, but full of native grace and internal dignity seat herself, as soon as her ladyship had taken a chair, and again rise with more animation though not less respect, to reach one for Mrs. Steward, as that lady, less collected, stood in irresolute confusion, wondering what could have brought such a visitor to her house.

The party being seated, Lady Hopely, whose eyes rested on our heroine with an expression that apologized for their earnest gaze, began to feel herself embarrassed; she had followed the impulse of curiosity in the quality mode, without asking herself if it were right or wrong, and resolved to see the little Beggar, without once supposing a beggar could be transformed into the elegant resemblance of a woman of fashion, with a person so adorned with grace, and a face so beautifully intelligent as should command respect; but the proof was before her; and blushing at her own precipitancy, she withdrew her eyes from the modest brow of Rosa, to that spot of the carpet where the note still lay, with a large coroneted seal uppermost, which had occasioned the unfortunate gentleman to be kicked down stairs.

Lady

Lady Hopely felt her respect diminish, and curiosity was again predominant.

"And, pray, ladies," said she, with an ironical smile which brought the blood in Mrs. Steward's face, "who does Lord Lowder correspond with here?"

Mr. Steward, without answering, picked up the note, and having put it into her ladyship's hands, she read aloud as follows:

"I find you are an adventures, but I ask you no questions,—I like your person—name your terms—my gentleman will settle every thing—he has my authority—I am a man of honour.

LOWDER."

"Humph!" said Lady Hopely, throwing the note from her with contempt, "there lies honour! this note, child, is, I presume addressed to you; I saw the gentleman pass from the house as my carriage drew up; and did he settle every thing? you know, I presume, this man of honour has a beautiful young wife, and several children by a first marriage."

"I have not, madam," said Rosa, rising, offended at the changed manner of Lady Hopely, "the honour to know more of him than that he has insulted me, nor of you, than that you, from more curiosity than —,"

"Than politeness, I presume," interrupted her ladyship.

"A being of my rank, madam, will not dare to differ in opinion with a person of your's."

"Charming!" said the good Countess; "if you have but an equanimity of this spirit; if you can but despise this man of honour."

"I have however kicked this gentleman," said Mr. Steward.

It was not only our heroine's face that was now scarlet, the lily on her neck and arms was covered by

the impetuous and indignant rose, and Lady Hopely looked at her as if her fine eye mean to penetrate her very soul.

"What a history has that foolish woman been giving me," said her ladyship; "Mrs. Frazer I mean."

"I dare say a very true one," replied Rosa, who insulted by a lord, and affronted by a lady, was no longer ashamed of having been a beggar.

"Impossible! it cannot be *all* true?"

"To the best of Mrs. Frazer's knowledge, I believe."

"And how did she discover your mother?"

"My mother!" exclaimed Rosa, blushing still deeper.

"Yes, the Mrs. what was her name, at the burn side?"

"Mrs. Walsingham?"

"Yes, the same."

"Does Mrs. Frazer say Mrs. Walsingham is my mother?"

"Yes, that is a part of the history she has been giving me, which you dare say is true."

"Mrs. Frazer's discoveries are wonderful, but I will no longer dare to say they are true."

"Then you don't own this Mrs. Walsingham as your mother?"

"*Own her!* would to God I could *claim* such a mother! No, madam, you have heard that I am a miserable out-cast, taken by a dear liberal heart, that has long since ceased to beat, from the lowest class of wretches; this is what Mrs. Frazer has told you, and this is true; but know, madam, I am more abject than even *she* has told you; *my* unhappy mother, if alive, disgraces that sex to which Mr s. Walsingham is an honour; if I have a father or other relatives, they are of the same miserable description: This, madam, is what I supposed you had heard, and what I dared to say was true; but when to gratify an ill-grounded spleen, or to form excuses for her own conduct, Mrs. Frazer connects my fate with that of her excellent husband, or the dear woman who till yesterday I have mourned as lost; she dishonours

dishonours herself, and on herself only the falsehood will recoil.

Rosa's spirit was high, but it had in it nothing of the termagant; though the sense of mean birth, of extreme poverty, and dependance, had something humbled its natural forte; the pride of conscious rectitude, innocence, and honour, were easily roused into becoming dignity; but when these were asserted, it retreated to its humble post, and left her acutely sensible of all the calamities of her fate, aggravated at this moment by tender regret for lost and absent friends.

Lady Hopely's penetrating eye was still fixed on her's, and it was sorrow, not guilt, that made her turn her face towards the window, to conceal tears which were at once a pleasing and painful tribute to the memory of past scenes; the first object on which her tearful eye glanced, were the man of honour and his gentleman striding backwards and forwards in great apparent wrath; Lord Lowder—but Voltaire, among his other prescient writings, drew his lordship's portrait before the blazing of bonfires, ringing of bells, and firing of guns announced the grand event of his birth.

"This nobleman carried himself with a haughtiness suitable to a person who bore so many titles; he spoke with a noble disdain to every one; held his nose so high, strained his voice to such a pitch, and assumed so imperious an air, that every one who had the honour to converse with him, were violently tempted to bastinado his lordship."

The reader is now as well acquainted with Lord Lowder as he can reasonably desire, and we have only his gentleman to introduce. Mr. Linton was at present, and it will be impossible for us to trace him farther back than his present service, the favourite of Lord Lowder; he had been recommended to his lordship, when on his travels, as a devilish clever fellow,—and a devilish clever fellow he proved himself to be; he was the bosom friend of his Lord, the tyrant of the family, the aversion of the first Countess, and the terror of the second; he was hated by his lordship's children, and despised

pified by such of the Lowder family as cared about their noble chief; he was, in fine, so much the kindred soul of his lord, that had gallantry been as much in vogue, and the ladies as humble in their attachments as some of our quality dames have since proved themselves to be, and moreover, had not Mr. Linton's fire finished his famous life at a place remarkable for stopping the career of soaring geniuses, that is to say, had he not been hanged before the birth of the Right Honourable Lord Lowder, his lordship and his gentleman might have passed for as near relations as many other two brothers in the polite world.

Rosa's tears changed to a half shriek at sight of these personages; she fell back in her chair; and Lady Hopely, who had been lost in admiration of that firmness of character which had so well supported itself, was, as well as Mrs. Steward, alarmed for her; the concern she expressed gave a new turn to the manners both of her ladyship and our heroine; the former became all condescending goodness, the latter all grateful sensibility; and thus from a circumstance that threatened mortification succeeded one of the most fortunate events of our heroine's life.

Lady Hopely, informed by Rosa of the Major's reasons for introducing her to Mrs. Buhanun, *only* as the protégée and part heiress of Colonel Buhanun's fortune, without mentioning the distress from which that gentleman relieved her, applauded both motive and act. Having formerly known Colonel Buhanun, and being particularly intimate with many of his connections, she was exceedingly minute in her inquiries after him, and warm in her commendations of his protégée.

"But what," said she "can be done for you? If by taking you under my immediate protection, I provoked the clamour of all the tabbies in town, that would not give me the smallest uneasiness; but, my dear, you have the misfortune to be so very beautiful, that you cannot hope to be admitted into any family where there are unmarried girls; mine, for instance, would never forgive me for bringing among them so formidable a rival; and with respect to settling you in Scotland,

land, women are women all the world over ; were you a little beggar *looking* thing, indeed we should all be mighty fond of patronizing you, if it were only for the novelty of the thing ; but the Misses in Edinburgh have really suffered so much from the monopoly of all the men, by that foolish widow and her bonnie Kattie, that as soon as you are followed, which will be the instant you are seen, all their folly will be given, nay perhaps imputed to you."

Rosa's colour rose.

"Ay, ay," continued Lady Hopely, "I believe you are a very good girl, but, as I said before, you are intolerably handsome, and that is a crime to which all sorts of misdemeanors are attached ; I think you will do right in going to London ; here, take this morocco purse, it contains my address ; I desire you will call on me in the winter, when I go south ; and in the mean time, if I can serve you by recommending you, or any other way, make use of me, and don't fail to let me hear of you. Adieu, my dear ; avoid *honourable men* and *handsome women* ; adieu."

Lady Hopely then ended her visit with as little ceremony as she had begun it, and was out of sight before Rosa thought her gone.

Under the sanction of so respectable an adviser, added to the reluctantly given opinion of Mrs. Steward, Rosa became impatient to commence her long journey. A Newcastle coach left Edinburgh at four o'clock ; it was now two ; but in the unabated zeal of her new friends, she found the assistance of an host ; her trunks were sent to the waggon, and the small selection of changes for immediate use packed, while a hasty dinner was serving ; after which a coach was sent for, and, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Steward, she set off to meet the stage, which was directed to take her in a little distance from the town, in order to avoid any further notice from the *man of honour* or his *gentleman*.

So entirely had Rosa's mind been engaged, that she had not given one thought to her friend Doctor Cameron, whose carriage happening to pass her on the north bridge, he immediately pulled the cheque, merely to
say

say how d'ye, and to apologise for not having called, as he had been to Dalkeith on a consultation, and was now going to attend another in Hanover-street; she bowed, kissed her hand, and the carriages went on.

"Good man!" said Rosa, "how ungrateful should I have been, but for this accidental rencounter; you must, my dear Mrs. Steward, account for my sudden departure. and say every thing for me your own feelings can suggest."

Mrs. Steward promised, and our heroine's heart sunk as she once more passed Holy-Rood-Palace and raised her swimming eyes to the window where she had laboured so many weary hours for the ungrateful widow of her lamented friend, and his charming but unfortunate daughter; there she saw Emma and Jessy sitting in melancholy observation of the crowds which at this season of hilarity fill every part of Edinburgh. The idea, that this was probably the last time she should ever behold the beloved girls, filled her with anguish.

"Alas!" said she, "and is this then all that remains of the happy society which delighted the long summer's day, and cheered the dreary winter's night; sweet girls! amiable children! may the spirit of your father hover over, and bring a blessing on all your steps!"

Scarce had she uttered the heartfelt benediction, when the stage drew up, and Rosa's white hand waved from the window as long as she could retain a distant glance of her friends.

C H A P III.

Shews for the information of travellers, that though inns, except the inn, founded by one Squire Watts of Rochester, be not places where folks with little money, may be quite comfortable, yet that they are not all alike.

FEW as were the connexions, and fewer the comforts on which Rosa turned her back when she left Edinburgh,

burgh, an indescribable sensation, a mixture of sorrow and regret, with the dark shades a little tinted by melancholy pleasure, pervaded her mind, as from the back seat of the coach she cast a last look at the Castle, at Arthur's seat, the Calton, the Bas, and all the wonders on which Major Buhanun had so ably descanted, in their approach to the beloved metropolis of his dear country.

As Edinburgh was at this time too gay and too full both of business and pleasure, to be left by the voluntary choice of any of its inhabitants, Rosa was in the stage, as she felt herself in the world, "alone;" but notwithstanding every moment removed her nearer to the place she had so earnestly wished to reach, and further from that she had as earnestly wished to leave, her regret, her affections, and desires reverted to the land of cakes.*

On looking forward to the end of her long solitary journey, there was indeed little for imagination to dwell on with delight; no home to raise a throb in her sinking heart; no kind relatives to expect; no certain friends to greet her return to her native land: If Mrs. Harley existed, she was sure to be unchanged in disposition, but of, or from her it was long since Rosa had heard. Elinor's warm heart was still the same; but instead of governing Dr. Croak and his family, she was herself under the commands of her noble relatives; and should the Doctor's mismanagement of her fortune, render him still the object of their displeasure, even he might not be able to repair the misfortune of the loss of the franked cover of her letter, as he might be ignorant of the place of her residence.

Mrs. Walsingham had indeed, in her letter, declared her intentions of going to London; but she had also hinted her uncertainty of continuing there; and even if this were not the case, by what clue was it possible a being so unacquainted with the inhabitants and customs of the metropolis, should find a person who avowedly had strong reasons for concealing herself!

In the indignant sorrow with which she was overwhelmed at the fraudulent barbarity of Mr. and Mrs.

Frazer; in the transports of joy which the discovery that Mrs. Walsingham had escaped the calamity of the burn side, these were reflections that had escaped her; but now alone, nobody either to irritate or console her, her mind shrunk from the forlorn aspect which promised in its termination—infinity less of uncertain good, than certain unavoidable evil; and thence perhaps the increasing regret with which she reckoned every mile stone, that announced the distance from Edinburgh.

Want of rest, anxiety, incessant vexation, and exertions of spirit very unequal to her natural strength, had so exhausted Rosa, before she was tossed from side to side in a very uneasy stage-coach, that nothing but her wish to leave the scene of so many mortifications, could have supported her; that wish now abating in its force, she became more sensible of the fatigue of travelling in so unpleasant a manner; her delicate frame could ill endure the constant motion, which two or three fellow passengers would in some degree have taken off, and the long night's jumble from Berwick to Newcastle had nearly annihilated her: It was with the greatest difficulty she alighted from the coach, or sat upright before the untouched breakfast.

The danger she might encounter, and the expence she would incur, by stopping at an inn on the road, more especially as she had paid the fare of half the journey, only prevented her asking for a bed, instead of proceeding onward. .

The coach was changed at this place; and as she had neither eat nor drank, and really looked as she felt, near expiring, she was not disturbed by any demands at the inn; but being lifted into the stage, unable to thank the landlord for his civility, she was carried on without feeling the least abatement in the uneasiness of the motion from the change of the coaches to Durham, where, when the stage stopped, it was discovered she had fainted away; water was brought, and she recovered to a sense of the most acute pain, but still resolved to proceed on her journey; her wishes however far exceeded her strength, for on stopping at an
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an inn further on the road, the driver had the humanity to look into the coach, where finding her again fainted and her face covered with a cold dew, he declared he believed the young gentlewoman was dying, and therefore lifted her out of the coach into the inn, where he insisted on leaving her and her portmanteau, and then, having taken up another female passenger drove off, whistling the little Plough Boy.

Rosa's appearance, and every turn in her countenance, had gentlewoman written on it in legible characters; her habit was genteel, and the alabaster whiteness of her hand proving she was of the superior order of beings, procured her the notice of the lady landlady, who though in the habit of accommodating people of fashion *only*, condescended to give her own directions about the bed to which Rosa was carried, and sent for her own doctor to visit her, determined so charming a young lady should not be lost for want of care.

The doctor's attendance was followed by the usual et ceteras, such as bleeding, composing drafts, and a nurse.

Rosa, almost expiring with pain, weakness, and fatigue, did not think of her situation till the next day, when she awoke with some small degree of fever, but almost recovered from the fatigue that had overpowered her. The phials arranged along the chimney piece; the fat lady who told her she had the honour to be her nurse; and the officious enquiries of the sleek doctor, who next the innkeeper and the lawyer, was the greatest man in the little town, very sensibly affected our heroine, and she mechanically took her pockets from under the pillow, in order to satisfy herself as to the exact state of those finances on which she foresaw so many claims; the purse was not to be found in that pocket; she felt her heart bound to her throat, but proceeded to search the other; in four words, the purse was lost, and Rosa had nothing for it but to suppose either the fat nurse or polite lady landlady had taken care of it for her.

The nurse disclaimed, and with truth, any knowledge of it, and the landlady's answer was truly feminine;

"ine; it was both an exclamation and double interrogation, "My God! this is a pretty business! what has she no money then? does she pretend to have lost her purse?" The innkeeper recommended it to his spouse, to keep her temper; he dared to say such a pretty woman must have friends of one sort or other, if she had no money.

But ah grief of griefs! Rosa acknowledged she had lost every shilling of money she had in the world, without one friend to assist her with more.

"But you have a portmanteau," said the landlord, glancing his eye on it as he quitted the room.

Nothing could in the lady landlady's estimation be more sudden than the recovery of the fair patient, whom the doctor an hour before declared had every symptom of a strong fever; she protested that it was all a fudge, that the *young woman* was able, and must be willing to bundle into the first conveyance; who would take her story of losing her money on trust! for her part, she wanted all her beds; the Duke of Dunderhead was every moment expected from the north, and my lady duchess was very particular about the sleeping rooms of her own woman and her tall footman, the latter of whom always had the bed this trumpery thing, meaning Rosa, now occupied; wherefore the chamber maid was dispatched to the agonised Rosa, to inform her she was welcome to stay at the Rose *that night*, provided she gave up her room to the Duke of Dunderhead's footman, but every bed in the house would be full to-morrow night.

Rosa, who deigned not to answer this prudent message, had already left her bed; and as the fat nurse had enough to do to collect the phials, pack up her own bundle, and hope Miss would contrive some satisfaction for her, who had sat up all night, with no refreshment but a dish of tea and a pint of ale, she was tremblingly adjusting her cloaths, while the tears of unutterable anguish were chasing each other down her pale cheeks.

What at this moment would she not have given to be at Edinburgh with dear Mrs. Steward, near the friendly good Doctor Cameron, nay even at Holy-Rood-

Rood-House, bearing the injurious taunts of Mrs. Frazer; she wrung her hands and beat her bosom; what, alas! could she do! alone, unknown, without money, at an inn on the great north road, no friend to apply to, a debt already incurred she had no means to discharge, ordered, in effect, to quit that house without means to insure admittance into any other, "God of heaven!" cried she, impatiently, "what have I done! why am I thus made the mark of every calamity!"

"You have done nothing, my dear," said a short thick woman, in a travelling dress, who having heard Rosa's misfortune talked of, as well as the landlady's message, had an irresistible curiosity to see a young person, who having put angel into every body's mouth in the morning, was at noon changed into a "trumpery thing." "You have done nothing, that is no harm; but lost your money, which is the greatest harm of any thing."

Rosa was startled at the hoarse discordant sound, and looked round at a figure ill calculated to dissipate the unfavourable impression made by her masculine voice. Her short thick person was arrayed in a blue riding habit, with crimson cape and cuffs, and a dubarré silk waistcoat, and a green beaver hat and black feather; she had a large gold watch and chain hanging on the outside her habit; her ears were weighed down by bobs of the same precious metal, and all her fingers were decorated with rings; she appeared to be about forty five or forty-six years old; her loose and fallow skin proved her bulk to be greatly reduced from what it had been, and a hollow troublesome cough gave omen of inward decay.

"Innkeepers," continued the stranger, "are nothing but upstarts; they are so used to cheating, no wonder they think every body like themselves; if you have lost your money, you have; and it don't at all signify, when folks are in misfortune, to sit down and cry Lord help us! you have an honest face of your own, I say, let who will gainsay; and so here," pulling out a yellow canvas bag pretty heavily laden, "I'll lend you what money you want; which way are you going?"

Surprise

Surprise tied Rosa's tongue; an act of such open confidence from one whose appearance would rather have precluded than raised expectation of the kind, was so new, so un hoped, and so unlikely to happen, that she could not credit her senses.

The stranger saw her astonishment, "Why, to be sure," continued she, "you may stare, and to tell you the truth, I am surprised at myself; I never did sitch a thing in my whole life before, though Garnet gives a great deal to the poor; and, God help me, I know enough of that; however I shan't stay in this house a minute longer than I can help; so just send for your bill, and say what you want, and my little Phill shall stay with you, and come to me for the money."

Little Phill was a fine fair boy, about five years old, with flaxen hair, rosy cheeks and scarlet lips, whose dimpled smiles struck Rosa the instant she beheld him, as the strong resemblance of some person she had seen, but could not recollect who or where.

When a stranger had left the room, Rosa sighed deeply at the painful necessity she was under not only to accept a pecuniary obligation from an absolute stranger, but to consider it as peculiarly fortunate.

The woman was evidently vulgar and low bred, but the power to do a generous act blest also with the will, threw a veil over all the disagreeables about her; at any rate it was more bearable to confess an obligation to her, than even to receive a favour from the flinty innkeeper; and any thing was preferable to lying sick at the mercy of such people, to die perhaps among hard hearted strangers in the flower of her youth; to be consigned to earth, and no friendly tear dropped on her grave; no mark to guide dear Elinor to the humble sod that covered her poor remains. Her tears continued to flow as these sad thoughts occurred, while the boy played round, and bid her not cry, for his mammy had a great deal of money. Rosa turned from the child to the window, and in that moment, saw the coachman who had left her at the Rose, returning with the stage, winking and making grimaces at her, which she could not comprehend, and
was

was therefore offended at; but another surprize quite as convenient, and much more agreeable, awaited her: The honest coachman had found her purse in the straw when he changed his passengers south for those north, and having heard from the driver of a returned chaise of the landlady of the Rose's anger at having a sick body left on her hands, who either had no money or had lost it, had driven his stage with uncommon speed, and no sooner pulled up to the inn than he jumped from his box, and ran up with joy in his eyes, to restore the purse to the right owner.

The feelings of a sensible, delicate mind, on such an event, would suffer by an attempt to describe them: Rosa sent the little boy for his mother, to whom with an eloquence of gratitude, she would have wanted in accepting her favour, she displayed her restored property, and thanked her for her kind intention.

The woman was so much pleased, and in such good humour, that though she said she grudged every fixpence paid to the landlord of the Rose, yet as she was going further north, and our heroine was bound for London, why they would dine together.

Rosa's spirits now, as her distress had before done, rendered her inattentive to the fever that hung about her; she rung for her bill, which, as the doctor was apprised of her ability, and as the nurse had returned to be paid, amounted in the whole, including every expence, to five pounds eleven shillings, being near half the sum contained in her purse, which she paid with conscious pride to the unfeeling innkeeper, and then joined her new friend, though she was too ill to partake of the dinner.

The stranger herself had no appetite, and while little Phill devoured the pudding and tarts, she gave our heroine to understand she was on a tour in the north, to visit among her relations, whom, she thanked God, were all well to do, as, and again she thanked God, she was herself; that her cousin, one Thomas Chapman, a wealthy farmer, was to fetch her from the Rose in his own chaise cart, to pass a couple of days, may be more,

may

may be left, with his wife, and to stand godmother to his daughter; from thence she had two more cousins to see before she returned home to her good man, and warmly pressed our heroine to accompany her to her several cousins, where she assured her of a hearty welcome.

Rosa was now from principle what she never could have been from choice, the companion of a woman of low breeding and coarse manners; but she was by no means inclined to prolong an acquaintance so ungenial; she therefore civilly declined every thing that could lead to a further connexion; and understanding Mrs. Garnet expected her cousin every moment, and that no London stage would pass the Rose till next day, she resolved, low as her purse was, to cross the country in a chaise eight miles, to where the Leeds coach passed at six that evening, rather than remain another night at the Rose, notwithstanding the landlady apprised her, that the Duke of Dunderhead having deferred his journey south for a few days, her room would *not* be wanted for my Lady Duche's tall footman.

Before the dinner was cleared, Mrs. Garnet's cousin, Mr. Thomas Chapman in his *own* chaise cart, arrived at the Rose, when again she pressed Rosa to be of her party, assuring her cousin, she was a vast well behaved young body, and mighty good company.

This the farmer said he should have known by her pretty looks, and joined his invitation to his London cousin's, both which she civilly declined, but requested the good farmer would see her set off before him.

The boy, who had taken one of those childish attachments to our heroine, which, if not so permanent, is at least as sincere as those of a more advanced period, whimpered at parting with her, and Mrs. Garnet again passing an eulogium on her pretty behaviour, and the goodness of her company, vowed if it was not for standing godmother to her cousin Chapman's little daughter, she would have returned to London, rather than lose such good company. Her idea of good company must however be
allowed

allowed to differ from the common acceptation of the phrase, for Rosa had silently attended to all the anecdotes and business with which Mrs. Garnet had entertained herself, so that all the goodness of her company was comprised in an animated silence.

Rosa, though very unwell, assumed, at stepping into the chaise, where she was followed by the civil master and mistress of the Rose, a cheerfulness very foreign to her heart, and hearing at the little inn where the Leeds stage stopped, that it would be full an hour before it passed, she requested to be shewn to a room where she might lie down till it arrived.

The agitation of her mind had been more powerful than medicine; it had been a successful antidote against the composing draughts she had swallowed during the night; but though suspended, their effects had not evaporated. The Leeds coach stopped at the usual time, but as it was full, and as the servant, who was sent to inform her of the circumstance, found her in a sound, though restless sleep, they had not disturbed her; it was midnight when she awoke, under all those terrors which soporifics usually leave on weak nerves, and a transient delirium which took from her all power of recollection of the place and circumstances she was in.

The woman of the house was a direct opposite in person and mind to the landlady of the Rose inn; she had looked in on her guest, and perceiving by the starts and catches in her sleep, she was indisposed, left a maid to watch her, with orders to be called when she awoke.

When Rosa's memory was clear, she was informed of the reason she had not been called, and heard, to her great vexation, the Leeds coach was the only one which passed that little town, and it would not again pass south till the same hour next day. At that hour she was incapable of travelling; the fever had increased, her head was affected by the least movement, and though the landlady had not called in medical assistance, she grew worse every hour.

There

There was a gentleman in this town, the largest man, and the greatest feeder in the parish; in fine, he was God's vicegerent, the vicar.

The vicar had a lady, whose whole life was a comment on the perpetual motion; she was a great dresser, a great visitor, a great card player, and a great church goer; her head was stored with whims, her heart with vanity, and her beaufet with drugs; she read Buchan, and pretended to that profound knowledge in the medical science, that it was not her fault if the whole parish was not healed by her compounds.

To this lady our landlady would have applied, on behalf of the sick stranger; and perhaps it was happy for Rosa, Madam Parker the vicar's lady, was gone to pay a week's visit to a lady in the neighbourhood, during which period, as physic was not in the way of dame Nature, the fever took its departure, and left Rosa in the hands of an excellent kitchen physician.

Mrs. Ellis's house was a low white building, with a brown board hanging in front, on which was inscribed, "This is the Red Lion," the Leeds coach and no other, gave their horses water under this brown wooden Red Lion; but it was nevertheless a house of great repute, as tho' the landlord, who was also a farmer, generally took his cup at other inns, his wife brewed the best ale, and sold the best liquors five miles round.

On the sixth morning of Rosa's stay at the house of this good woman, as she sat in a clean parlour, and with an aching heart calculating over her expences, in burst the landlady with the important news, that Madam Parker, the vicar's lady was returned, and that it was a great pity Rosa got well so soon, because for certain Madam Parker was the best poecari in all their parts.

This landlady, as well as the more polished one at the Rose, had a very quick perception into the circumstance of her guests; she looked in Rosa's face, and saw in the languid cast of her eye the low state of her purse.

She

She left the room in the midst of an eulogium on the physical excellence of Madam Parker, and seating herself in the porch at her door, exclaimed, "Lord have mercy on me, what will such a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money!"

The result of Rosa's inquisition into the amount of her finances were the entire loss of appetite for dinner, an earnest wish to procure a place in that night's stage, and a requisition of her bill.

Mrs. Ellis's husband being gone to a cock-fight, she earnestly begged the young gentlewoman would that day eat a morsel with her, and notwithstanding all Rosa could say to the contrary, the good woman would have her morsel laid in the parlour, and would tease Rosa into tasting a number of little delicacies she set on table.

The more she observed of the beauty and delicacy of her guest, the more frequent did the exclamation rise to her lips, of, "Lord have mercy upon me, what will such a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money!"

Mrs. Ellis was an instance in humble life

"Where the head might take a lesson from the heart, and Learning wiser grow, without his books;"

she was talkative, but not impertinent; generous, not profuse; prudent, not parsimonious; the burthen of her song all this day was a cock-fight; and as she was quite alone, hoped Miss would not be anger'd if she just asked her to eat a morsel *with her*.

Though Rosa could not withstand her entreaties, her anxiety was insupportable; the bill at the Rose, for one night, came to five pounds eleven shillings, what would that at the brown wood Red Lion amount to for eight, with such superior comforts? She turned to the window, and wept.

"Oh the father! Miss, why do you fret?" said Mrs. Ellis, in a consoling accent, "dear heart, I wish I could serve you; you are going to Lunnun, Miss?"

Rosa sighed, and the landlady's eyes glistened.

"Well,

"Well, Miss, I hope you have good friends there, for Lunnun is a sad place for young women, without money or means.

Rosa, drying her eyes, answered, she had been in London.

"Oh dear! then she was no stranger there—nay, may be, she knew it well."

"No." Rosa said she had lived at a few miles distant, and only passed through it in her way to Scotland, whither she went with a gentleman.

"Dear! dear! a relation, may be?"

"No."

"A sweetheart, then?"

"No."

The benevolent enquirer began now to look with a doubting eye on her guest.

"I beg pardon, Miss, but the gentleman had some ladies belonging to him, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Rosa, half angry at her curiosity, "he had a wife and daughter."

The good woman clasped her hands together.

"Oh the father! lack a daisy! well now, pray don't be anger'd, Miss, I am certain I mean nothing but good; but pray now do be so kind as to tell me, have you ever been a tootrefs?"

"Something like it," replied Rosa, with a melancholy smile.

Again the landlady clasped her hands.

"Was ever any thing so lucky! Madam Parker had been to visit Lady Lydear, who had beg'd her to look out for a tootrefs for Miss Betty, who had a huge lump of money to her portion; now Lady Lydear would do any thing in the world Madam Parker advised; and to be sure Madam Parker would do any thing to serve her, and reason good, for her husband was the vicar's tythe-gatherer."

And she added, "I am sure you are fit for the place; them there taper fingers was made to be a lady or a tootrefs; and yonder goes madam; I'll run after her; you shall have the place; Lunnun! God love your pretty face, why, you will live in clover at the hall."

Rosa

Rosa was so much surpris'd at the hurrying good humour of the landlady, and so much pleas'd at her evident frankness of heart, that she had no power to detain her; although the last thing she would then have thought of, was the place the friendly creature was so anxious to procure.

From the window where she sat, she saw Madam Parker had been overtaken, and presently perceived her returning with the landlady to the inn.

Madam Parker entered the room where Rosa sat, with all the consequence of a vicar's lady. She had been told Rosa was handsome and in distress, but she condescended to speak to her nevertheless; for, as she observed, it did not become the wife of a vicar to be hard hearted.

Rosa fixed her eyes on this tender hearted lady, who, very fine and very dirty, was the wonder of the common folks in the little town; and as she had not penetration to distinguish between wonder and approbation, the vicar's lady was very well with herself.

She immediately gave our heroine to understand, Lady Lydear, the richest woman in the county, was her bosom friend. She complain'd, with the voice of a boatswain, of weak nerves, and with the face of a dairy maid, of ill health; which were the only objections, except indeed those made by the vicar, against her entirely living with dear Lady Lydear; who was a monstrous good woman, and certainly had applied to her, well knowing she was a judge of what was proper, to get a tootress for Miss; who, dear creature, had been let run wild among the servants; so indeed had young Sir Jacob before the vicar recommended Mr. Jolter, a mighty clever man, to be his tootor and ride a hunting and shooting with him, and take care of his money; "now," she continued, "if I thought you capable, as you are a young creature, who may be ruined by some feller or another, and fellers this age care not what mischief they do to poor young maidens; and as Mrs. Ellis informs me you are a poor young body in great distress,——"

Rosa's colour rose.

"Who,

“ Who, I, madam ! I ;—I protest, Miss,—dear madam——”

Shall I never, thought our heroine, rise above the littleness of false shame ! the woman perceives I am poor, and what is there in that, since I know I am innocent ?

“ You said truth, Mrs. Ellis,” said she, “ I am distressed, and this lady knows it —make no apology.”

“ To be sure ! Madam Parker thought it all fair ; for if poor people were too proud to own their distress, and to ask assistance, how were other people to relieve them ?”

The *people* and *distress* bore hard on Rosa’s patience ; she could not feel much inclined to respect an affluent mother, whose care of her daughter was guided by such a person as Madam Parker appeared to be. The proposal was indeed altogether forced on her, and such as she was not inclined to give a thought to, till Madam Parker went on to say, a relation of the family meant to carry Miss with her to London, in the course of two months, and Mrs. Ellis reminding her what a little bit of a while two months were, when she might go to Lunnun free cost ; and recollecting the rapidity with which her purse had, and still must decrease ; the hopelessness of her situation, and the uncertainty of meeting a reception at the end of her long journey when she got there, that would alleviate any of her present distresses, the indifference with which she at first heard of the place, changed to an earnest desire to obtain it ; she became anxious to prove her capability for the undertaking, and curious in her enquiries respecting the lady and her family.

Madam Parker was profuse in her praises of both, and Rosa presented Lady Hopely’s address as the person who would recommend her.

No sooner did Madam Parker hear of her quality connexion, than she became perfectly satisfied Rosa was in every respect entirely qualified to form the mind and manners of the greatest fortune in the country, and expressed a particular interest in her welfare ; she invited her to dine at the vicarage next day ; promised

mised to send her some medicines, and bidding Mrs. Ellis take great care of her, made a very cordial exit.

"Oh the father!" cried Mrs. Ellis, the moment she was gone, "what a golden day! why Lady Lydear is as rich as a Jew, and as generous as a churchwarden, though to be sure that is only an old woman's saying; only indeed there is one thing her ladyship is——" Mrs. Ellis stopped.

"Is what?" asked Rosa, anxiously.

"Why, my dear," answered the good woman, drawing her chair close, "every body has a something."

"Certainly," Rosa said, "but what was Lady Lydear's something?"

"Nothing to speak of," Mrs. Ellis answered; "but all ranks in this poor world had their bitters and sweets; she was sure found it so, and always had for that matter; her first husband, a goodish kind of a man enough, never thought any thing too hot or too heavy for her, but then, poor man, he was always ailing; no end to doctor's bills till he died, and so obstinate, that though Madam Parker would have given him physic enough for nothing, he would take nothing but what cost money; so that the pounds and pounds he cost was enough to make a grizzel fret; her second spouse, a fine tall portly man as one should see in a summer's day, as merry as a greg, and as brisk as her own March beer, till one harvest, one parson Whitfield, as ill luck would have it, got hold of him, and he no sooner got acquainted with godly folks than every thing went to rack and ruin, and at last, she was sure it was enough to have driven her distracted, what does he but take one of the empty barrels, and set up for a preacher himself; there was a pretty mess! and all his spite was against tiplers, when, God knew, what would such a bit of an inn as their's be, if it were not for people's liking her fine ale; well, he preached all her customers out of the house, and her almost out of her senses, and would have preached himself into York Castle, had it not pleased God one fair day the old barrel staved, over her poor dear

dear tipped and broke his neck ; she should never forget it, the longest day she had to live ;—then her third spouse——”

“ Heavens !” cried Rosa, “ another.”

“ Ay, God help her ! worse than the other two, and put them both together ; always cocking, racing, boxing, or drinking, at other people’s houses. So that indeed, as she said before, every body had a something ; and as to Lady Lydear, a fine lady ! a rich lady ! a charitable lady ! but, to speak truth, a little oddish, turned night into day, and day into night ; went to bed when other folks got up, and got up when other folks went to bed ; but wise folks must hear and see, and say nothing, that was her way, and a good way too ; she had prospered by it in spite of three husbands, and so might her guest, she begged pardon for being so bold.”

Rosa thought she had seen enough of the polite inversion of time to bear it with a tolerable degree of patience, if that were all she had to fear. The sun had often risen since Major Buhanun’s death, in all its splendor, before his widow returned from her evening parties ; and it had as often set before she was visible the succeeding day ; so that, to Mrs. Ellis’s evident joy, that trait in the lady’s character had no effect on our heroine.

The more indeed she thought on the desperation of her fortunes, the more eligible and fortunate did the prospect now before her appear : It was exactly the situation in life she considered herself able to fill with credit to her own abilities, and though a dependant, not a servile employ. It would be, she considered, impossible for her to reach London even in her restored state of health, with the money in her possession, without being exposed both to insult and humiliation ; and though her cloaths, and what few valuables she possessed, were sent to London in the waggon, she concluded they might be easily returned from thence. The desire of seeing Elinor ; of visiting Mrs. Harley, and inquiring for Mrs. Walsingham, had not abated of its energy ; it was not the will, it was the power
only

only she wanted: At all events, in her present situation, an eligible asylum was of all things the most important; her future first and dearest hope was to hear of her friends; and Mrs. Ellis, quitting her to attend to the affairs of her house, she wrote an account of her adventures and distresses to Mrs. Steward, and inclosed a polite note to Lady Hopely, apprising her of the early use she had made of permission to apply to her for recommendation.

It was with bitter reluctance Rosa had, after many struggles, brought herself to resolve on writing to Doctor Cameron, for a small sum of money to answer the exigence of the moment; the necessity for this step was now less urgent; if she succeeded in her present plan, she would not want it, and if she failed, there would always be time for such a mortifying confession.

She accepted part of Mrs. Ellis's delicate morsels for support with a better grace than at dinner, as she had now hope of being able to pay her bill without feeling the inconvenience she had dreaded. The barometer of Rosa's health acted with her spirits; and these being now rising, she hoped to be able to go to the hall the very next day.

Mrs. Ellis objected to that; a day or two could make no odds to Lady Lydear; but as Rosa suggested what the good woman had not before thought of, namely, that as Lady Lydear had probably commisioned others of her friends, as well as Mrs. Parker, she might be suited: That Mrs. Ellis allowed, and therefore as the sooner Rosa could go with safety to her health, the better, she recommended the stage in which she had intended to go to London, which passed the Hall lodge.

Rosa asked if it would not break too far on the evening, as it was fourteen miles, and the stage seldom passed till ten; so that it would be near twelve before she got there.

Mrs. Ellis reminded her she had before said, "that Lady Lydear turned night into day."

Rosa smiled, but knowing the difference fine ladies made between pleasure and business a little better than Mrs. Ellis, she resolved to be guided by Mrs. Parker, whose intimacy at the hall, as well as her superior rank, rendered her a more able counsellor.

The broken slumbers, frightful dreams, and nervous wakings, which had weakened our heroine as much as her fever, were now no more; she laid her head on her pillow, in the consoling hope, that her ill fortune was again changing, and that she would not be exposed to the thousand evils and mortifications her busy fancy, under the impression of ill health, low spirits, and pecuniary distress, had drawn in such vivid colours; she rested well, and her looks were so mended in the morning, that Mrs. Ellis, whose husband being now at home, she only brought in breakfast, uttered her old exclamation as she retired, of "Lord have mercy upon me! what would such a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money!"

Rosa, like the hero of old, never thought any thing done, while there was any thing to do. She felt so well, and so anxious to be at a certainty respecting Lady Lydear, that under the idea Mrs. Parker might advise the same mode of travelling Mr. Ellis had already done, she prepared every thing for her departure, and ordered her bill; but no bill could she get, it was not, the generous landlady said, the fashion to charge the servants of great folks any thing at inns.

"But I am no servant," replied Rosa, colouring; "I never may be."

"God forbid!" Mrs. Ellis hoped in her soul there was no fear of that; but however, if she got the place, she must invite her to the hall, and she would be sure to go, and carry a few friends with her, and so she would be paid that way; if she did not get it, why, as her good man said, she should certainly go and see Lunnun some time or other; why, she would surely call on her there, and go with her to see the wild Beasts, and the court, and the parliament house, and Mediam, and the Prince of Wales, and old mother Thingembob, and all the rest of the out-of-the-way sights, and that was another way of payment.

"But

"But here," cried she, interrupting Rosa, who began to object to her settlement, "here is Tom Gibs, Madam Parker's foot-boy, in his Sunday's coat, coming to call you to dinner. Oh the father! if you had not belonged to a lady, you might have fasted for she; however I shall put on my chintz gown, and my flounced petticoat, and run over to take a cup of tea, as madam invited me."

The saving so much of her little pittance, would not have reconciled Rosa to the acceptance of such an obligation, from a woman in Mrs. Ellis's station, had not her prospects been mended; and it was much less likely to have that effect now; but the servant waited, and the notable woman was already in the bar with her surly husband; so that without hurting both the peace and feelings of a generous, though humble mind, she could not resume the subject.

Madam Parker did not understand, or not practise, that beautiful and instructive sentiment, which says, "The ostentatious display of prosperity is an insult on the unfortunate," for every cuj board of the vicarage were ransacked to make a shew on the side-board; she talked incessantly of her riches, of quietude, great connexions, and good family, while the vicar, after saying grace, first helped himself plentifully to the roast pork and apple pudding, and then without taking time between his mouthfuls to speak, pushed the dishes towards his wife and her guest.

"His belly was blown up with luxury,
 "And eke with fatness, swollen were his eyes,
 "And like a crane, his neck was long,
 "With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,
 "For want whereof the poor did often pine."

Rosa, equally disgusted with the vicar's want of good manners, as with his lady's overflow, was glad when the entrance of Mrs. Ellis in some degree relieved the insipidity of the party; and Madam Parker having approved of her setting off that same night, withdrew, to write the letter of introduction to her dear friend Lady Lydear; after which, the best tea things being arrang-

ed, the vicar filled his monstrous craw with muffins and coffee, and then dropped asleep, leaving the ladies to their own chat, till the stage drew up to the door by order of Mrs. Ellis; and Rosa's portmanteau being already delivered to the coachman, she had no possible opportunity of forcing payment on the good Mrs. Ellis, who indeed studiously avoided coming near enough for the slightest whisper, and thus, having received the important letter from Madam Parker, and the best wishes of Mrs. Ellis, our heroine was again seated in a stage coach.

C H A P. V.

“ What is that vice that still prevails,
 “ Where almost every passion fails,
 “ Which with our very dawn begun,
 “ Nor ends but with our setting sun,
 “ Which like a noxious weed can spoil,
 “ The fairest flower, and choak the soil?
 “ 'Tis Slander, and withfame we own,
 “ The vice of human kind alone.”

THREE passengers, two male and one female, one of whom resigned his place in front to our heroine, fortunately preserved her from the great fatigue she had experienced in her lone journey from Edinburgh.

After a few minutes silent accommodation between all parties, one of the males asked Rosa if they were to have her company all the way to London?

Rosa, whose thoughts were little in train for small talk, on the question being repeated, returned a cold monosyllable, “ No.”

He was very sorry for that; for his part he liked the company of women much better than men; which indeed was but natural; for he supposed the women liked men better than women; and particularly addressing Rosa, added, “ I dare say you are of my way of thinking, maum?”

Rosa's

Rosa's dislike of the forward manners of the man would have prevented a repetition even of the cold monosyllable, "No," had he not again supposed "she must be of his way of thinking?" when the manner more than the "No," raised the risible faculties of the other passengers, and so mortified the inquirer, that after a moment's silence he resumed a conversation with his female fellow traveller, which it appeared the stoppage of the stage had interrupted.

"So then," said he, "you had not heard this part of the story before you left Edinburgh?"

"No, Sir," she replied, "it was the general talk, that Mr. Angus, after paying honourable addresses to the handsome Miss Buchanan, had deceived her friends, and carried her off; and it would have been natural enough for so good and honourable a man as Doctor Cameron to pursue the seducer of his ward; but as to what you have been saying, which I presume you would *not* say without good authority——"

"O depend upon that, maum; I'll take my oath to every tittle."

"Well, Sir, 'tis all very strange; I have passed but one year at Edinburgh, yet have heard of so many amiable traits in the character of Mr. Angus, that I am one of those who wish the story of the seduction was not so well authenticated."

"That is the wish, I believe," joined the other passenger, "of every body who knows any thing of Mr. Angus or his family."

"Yes, yes," resumed the first speaker, "he is a devilish good fellow; but there cou'd be no great harm in a little fun with a fine girl, eh maum?" addressing Rosa, "I should like to hear one of your "No's," to that now."

Rosa found poor Kattie's imprudence, and Mr. Angus's want of moral rectitude was the theme of general conversation; but as that, she thought, was the natural consequence of the indefensible step they had taken, she lamented, without being surprised at it; and taken no notice of the impertinence of the man's address, wrapped her cloak round her, resolving to listen to the conversation, without becoming a partaker of it.

"I did

"I did hear," said the female, "there was a young girl with them when Major Buhanan came to Lord Aaron Horsmagog's apartments, a natural daughter of some branch of the family, who was so very beautiful Mrs. Buhanan did not chuse she should be seen with her daughter; and nothing can be more likely, than that a girl, caged up as they say she was, should act imprudently; but as to Doctor Cameron, so humane, so good a man, with so excellent a heart, I cannot account for his conduct; it must be a madness; he is his own master, a man of known independence, great practice, and held in universal esteem; if therefore he was partial to the young person, he certainly might."

"Take my word for it," interrupted the first speaker, "the girl has all her Ps and Qs; she is as artful as the devil; how else could a common beggar impose herself so long on the family, as a gentlewoman—she is indeed so deep."

Rosa unwrapped her cloak, and placing her chesnut ringlets behind her ears least a syllable should be lost, listened in breathless attention; her panegyrist went on,

"That there is no fathoming her. Doctor Cameron is, as you say, a mighty good sort of a—that is he—in short, though he may be a fine doctor, he is what I call an ignoramouse in what I call the world; but the plain story is this, take my word for it: Mr. Angus knew better than to *marry* a pretty Miss with no fortune, or next to none; for what are a few thousands to him? well, he forms a league, what I and our lord calls offensive and defensive with Doctor Cameron; so this Miss Buhanan, as she has the assurance to call herself, what does she but sneaks out to the Doctor's, meets Mr. Angus there, concert the plan, and next morning the little tit, as I call such girls as Bonnie Kattie, runs off; well, what does the confident then! run off too, perhaps you'll think; no such thing; she was what I call too far north for that; the foolish old Major made a sort of a codicil to his will, and left her five hundred pounds, so she demands that;—Frazer, you know Frazer I suppose, Maum?"

"Indeed,

" Indeed I do not."

" I do," said the other person.

" A low fellow," continued the anecdote monger ;
 " I wonder Mrs. Buhanun—she is a fine woman, cursed handsome,—I have often waited on her from our lord ; if I had thought—but they say she is herself only the daughter of some tobacco seller in London ; so the girl, as I said, demands the legacy ; Frazer naturally demurs ; so then off she goes, and the very next day off too goes Angus and the Doctor. Now this I think is plain enough ; but I'll bet a cool hundred our lord keeps her in view hollow."

" 'Tis a great pity, Mr. Linton," joined the other male traveller, " your lord cannot employ himself to more advantage."

" Women, Sir, women are the devil ; and besides, to tell you the truth, we have a great bet depending."

" A Bet !"

" Yes, maum, two thousand ; I'll tell you how it was : There was our lord, the Duke of Evergreen, Lord Aaron Horsenagot, Dicky Pollygraph, and Mr. Janus Tumbledown, the great counsellor, talking over little Kattie's affair as they walked Princess-street, when who should ride by but that whimsical devil, as I and our lord calls her, Lady Hopely ; she pulls the check, and begins rattling our lord most unmercifully ; her ladyship is game, you know, maum ; so our lord looked a little blank, and the Duke says he cocking his one eye ; Lord Lowder says he, I am sorry to hear this ; what *you*, says he, *you* let a girl slip through your fingers !"

" I'll bet a thousand, says our lord, I have her in a month ; I'll have the honour to go your lordship's halves, says Dicky Pollygraph, in his little sniking no meaning way ; Done for two thousand, roared Lord Aaron ; I take half, said his grace, drawing his hand from his muff."

" His muff, Sir ! why 'tis July."

" The old Duke is game, maum, he takes especial care of the radical heat. Done, says our lord ; done said all parties. Mr. Janus Tumbledown, having
 now

now very little better employment, minutes down the bet, and let our lord alone for winning it; he never starts a woman without running her down; and if she is skittish as I and our lord calls it, oh! dam it 'tis a done thing."

"But, pray, Mr. Linton, how does the Countess contrive to kill her time, while the Earl is so happily amused?"

"Why, Sir, my lady is that sort of a woman that gives us rope—hem! you take me, maum? she led us a devil of a life at first; but our lord never gives in—"

"Never?"

"Oh dam it no! never! that's game, int it, maum? and faith my lady is now as good game as ourselves; she plays higher, is more extravagant, and less at home, except at night, I must do my lady the justice to own, she does pass *for me* part of every night at home; as to our lord and I, 'tis a matter of indifference where we eat, drink, or sleep."

"And pray, Sir, how long has Lord Lowder been married to his present Countess?"

"Near two years, Maum; 'twas a match of Lord Gauntlet's making, and to tell you the truth, I and our lord were sick of the business before it was half completed; but old Gripus wanted rank, his daughter a husband, and we wanted money, so that—you take me, maum,—that's game, int it?"

"You seem to be on very happy terms with this lord and lady of yours, Mr. Linton."

"Why, Sir, as to my lady, she is civil enough to me, and so indeed am I to her, for the matter of that; but I know she hates me like the devil: as to my lord, I know him pretty well, and he knows me; if I says the thing he does it, and if he says the thing, why, if I like it I do it; but I can't help laughing to think how quizzish the old Doctor will look when he finds my lord has got the girl."

"But pray how came Lady Hopely to know any thing of Lord Lowder's disappointment? she is not, I presume, in his lordship's confidence?"

"Oh,

" Oh, that is a part of the story I forgot ; the girl, you must know, got to the house of one Steward, a foolish fellow with a ridiculous prating wife, who pretended to persuade Lady Hopely some stuff or other ; that is, they said they were sure she was modest,— they sure, they be hanged,—she is an old stager, been on the town from her infancy, seen her myself, met her at the back of the boxes a thousand times."

" The lady was surprised, if that were really the case, Lord Lowder would give himself so much trouble about her."

This was rather an unexpected inference ; it puzzled the person who would "*take his oath to the truth of every tittle,*" but he proved himself game.

" Why, I have before told you, maum, my lord's game ; he is indeed the very soul of contradiction ; I suppose, Sir, you have heard of my lord's speeches ?"

" Oh certainly !"

" Well, and what do you say to them, Sir ! an't they trimmers ! I and our lord always composes them over night, and you may see by them my lord is not to be joked with ; that's game, int it, maum ; the girl's a fine girl ; besides, as I tell you, he has a great bet depending ; and she behaved so cursed insolent ; I'll be bound our lord gives a good account of her ; he'll teach her how to behave to a man of his rank."

The reader may conceive our poor heroine's feelings during this conversation ; her heart, at one moment bursting with indignation, and the next sinking with terror ; she was several times on the point of asserting her innocence, of confronting her slanderer, and convicting him of the greatest baseness man can be guilty of, "*Sporting with the character of a virtuous woman ;*" but as often as her outraged honour was provoked into an impatience of further bearing, some hint of the power, the resolution, and intentions of this great lord withheld her, and she shrunk into the corner of the coach, trembling at every ray of light from the few houses it passed, till it stopped at the porter's lodge belonging to the hall, which in that moment appeared to

her a terrestrial paradise, so anxious was she to escape from the man of honour's gentleman, for it was no less a personage who blending his own spiteful recollections of the kicking he had received from Mr. Steward, with the evil disposition of his ignoble lord, was at once the object of her terror and abhorrence.

He jumped out of the coach, and offered Rosa his arm, which she instinctively declined, and threw herself trembling on the coachman who stood at the step.

She was proceeding to the lodge, when the voice of her tormentor, speaking to the coachman, suddenly stopped her; he was going, he said, to the hall; his stay there would, he believed, be but two minutes, in which case he should cross the park, and meet the coach at Shawford's farm gate; but as it was possible he might be detained, bid them not wait, and then brushing by the trembling Rosa with all the insolence of mean pride, piqued and offended at deserved mortifications, he entered the gates, and our heroine's portmanteau being delivered to the porter, the coach drove off before she had power to speak. The porter seeing her genteel appearance, stood with his hat off, and asked if he should conduct her to the house?

"The house!" repeated Rosa, "God defend me! when shall I enter a house that will shelter me from injury?"

The porter understood nothing of this exclamation, but the word "shelter," and answered, if she chose to wait till the rain, which indeed was nothing but a Scotch mist, ceased, she might shelter in the lodge.

"Where did he say he would join the coach?" said Rosa, wholly engrossed by the fear of again meeting the *gentleman*.

"From Shawford farm," answered the man, "'tis but a little bit across the corner of the park, and he'll get there, if he don't stop at the house before the coach."

What now could Rosa do? there was a chance he might leave the hall before she could reach it; but as it was only a chance, she considered that as the coach was gone on, if he remained there she had no possible means of avoiding him. The porter told her no carriage

riage was to be hired within nine miles; she was an absolute stranger to the country, and every creature who inhabited it; and if it should be her misfortune again to encounter a wretch, who was equally her enemy and that of truth, she would do it with more safety under the roof of a person of rank, whose protection her youth, sex, and recommendation, gave her a natural right to claim; conscious therefore she could easily clear her character from the aspersions his vain folly had cast on it, as far as regarded her own actions, though those which proceeded from her despicable origin, and the deception put on Mrs. Buhann by the Major, were uncontrovertible facts, she, after long hesitation, resolved to be guided by the porter, to the house.

The dark night, rendered more dismal by the closing of the high trees over head, as she followed the porter up the avenue, with the distant howling of dogs, added to the terrors of her mind; and as she seemed out of the aid of all earthly power, she, *the thing is not without the example of many very good christians*, recommended herself to heaven.

"Bless me! ma'am," cried the porter, you are very godly; but if you are going to stop in our family, it will be of no use to you; for though there is a parson in it, I believe you may pray by yourself."

Rosa's heart already recoiled from the situation she had been so anxious to obtain; and coming at once to an opening in the wood, the house in full view, every room lighted up as if for an entertainment, struck her with a fresh panic; this was the road to London, and though not the direct one from Edinburgh, it was far from impossible that Lord Lowder himself might be a visitor there.

The porter's pace not being slackened by feeling, he went on to the house, through the stable yard; but stopped short at the door, and asked who she was going to?

Rosa, almost sinking under the terror of her own apprehensions, could hardly articulate. "What sort

of

of a person," she asked, was the housekeeper?" The answer, "A very good old gentlewoman," determined her, and she desired to be shown to her.

After traversing vaulted passage after passage, the porter rapped at a door, which being opened, our heroine was desired to walk in by a fresh coloured country damsel, and received with great courtesy by an elderly woman, whose dress and figure were neatness itself.

Rosa's apology for troubling her, was, having a letter to deliver from Mrs. Parker to Lady Lydear, and being very much indisposed, she had on that account, as well as the lateness of the hour, and the company she perceived were in the house, requested to be shown to her, in hope she might be permitted to recover from her fatigue before she waited on her ladyship.

Mrs. Gerard commended her prudence and forecast; said there was but one lady visitor in the house; and then asked if she was recommended by Mrs. Parker, to teach Miss Betty? Rosa replied in the affirmative; and the housekeeper eyeing her with visible pleasure, increased in her civilities, and desired her to order any thing she could like to take.

Rosa, merely to prolong the chat with Mrs. Gerard, asked for a glass of water, and to her infinite satisfaction, heard Mr. Linton only stopped to deliver some papers, and went away immediately. This, and there being but one lady visitor in the house, reassured her.

She requested to be shown to a bed, and retired with the repeated good nights of the housekeeper, lighted by the still room maid to a very handsome chamber.

On the stairs she was met by a tall girl in white, followed by a mean looking man jumping down half a dozen steps at once, with such a noise-making velocity as had almost precipitated her backward, and did strike the light out of the servant's hand.

Rosa's disposition was naturally lively when not saddened by reflections on the misadventures of her life; but

but to that kind of mirth which is called *romping* with men, and which too often levels the delicate barrier betwixt broad laugh and female modesty. she was an absolute stranger; no such thing had ever been thought of at Mrs. Harley's, and at Castle Gowrand, where all the holyday hours were passed at the burn side, there needed no gross amusements to wing every passing hour with delight: even in the giddy amusements of Mrs. Buchanan and her daughter there was preserved an undeviating decorum of behaviour. So that from all she had witnessed of the conduct of well bred young women, she concluded the rude hoyden and her companion were some of the inferior domestics.

The servant having relighted the taper at a lamp on the stair, she was conducted to the chamber, and left to reflection. She could not but feel the light in which Linton had been pleased to paint her character, though founded on the grossest falsehoods, might bear too near a semblance to truth, not to gain some credit. The meeting Mr. Angus at Dr. Cameron's; Kattie's elopement so soon after; and her own sudden departure from Edinburgh, were circumstances which so unfortunately tallied with each other, that had it been possible for her, in the purity of her own heart, to have foreseen the inference chance and malice might combine to draw from them, she would, no doubt, have braved every humiliation which could result from Mrs. Frazer's representation; but regret was vain, and she had too much right sense to dwell intensely on that which, though unfortunate, was not criminal.

That Kattie Buchanan had certainly gone off with Mr. Angus, notwithstanding Doctor Cameron's positive declaration to the contrary, she did not from many circumstances doubt; they had left Edinburgh on the same day; and though he had been seen there after, it was not improbable that he might have secret reasons for their taking different routes to England; but then how to account for Doctor Cameron being his companion! her opinion of that gentleman, had, it is true, been a little shaken by Frazer; but how noble! how tender! how

how candid ! and how manly was his justification ! Could he, the guardian, the friend, the man of unimpeached character, league with the seducer of his own ward ? impossible ! it was all an impenetrable mystery, except what particularly concerned herself ; that indeed was plain enough.

That a profligate nobleman, who had so little respect for himself, as to insult a modest unprotected woman, should find mortified pride a painful sensation ; that himself rejected, and his grand agent punished he should be inflamed with rage and resolve to pursue her, even if not stimulated by a bet of two thousand pounds, merely to teach her, as his *gentleman* said, how to *behave to a man of rank*, were, her understanding and her fears told her, but too probable ; and they also told her such a subject would not have been made the theme of unguarded conversation in a stage coach, had the turpitude or injustice of the act been of the smallest import, either to Lord Lowder or his *gentleman* ; and shocked and disgusted as she had been at his libertine address, she was now much more so at the unmanly revenge, with which, according to his *gentleman's* account, he was now pursuing her, nay, she had perhaps escaped personal insult by that illness which she considered as a misfortune ; for if he really had, as the *gentleman* insinuated, followed her, he had probably pursued that stage to London, which indisposition obliged her to quit.

With respect to her own history, she had lately begun to feel an increasing reluctance to avow the meanness of her origin ; and it seemed this fault was punished in the very letter of the act, by an exposure of the truth, with additions at once false and disgraceful.

This had often struck her in the course of her journey, and she several times resolved no longer to retain a name to which, in truth, she had no right ; but there was a possibility that a resumption of her own might expose her to the recognition of an abandoned mother, of a father who was one of the refuse of society, and that too perhaps at a time and in circumstances most important

to her welfare and interest ; this idea again discouraged her.

Yet why should a meeting with her natural connexions appear so terrible ? her parents might have repented the cruel manner in which they deserted her ; they might even now be seeking her ; they might languish after their child, or they might be themselves in want even of the feeble assistance God and nature gave them a right to receive from their daughter ; they might be enduring the accumulated horrors of want and sickness, aggravated by a remembrance of their cruelty to her ; conscience might at last have overtaken them ; and should she presume to reject the only means by which it might be appeased ?

“ Shall I,” said she, “ put it out of my own power to comfort, to assist, nay, it may be, to close the dying eyes of the authors of my being ! no, I will resume the humble name to which God and nature has given me a right ; that God who sees and knows my heart, it is in his hands,—who have I to appeal to but him ? how many evils should I have escaped, if when my benefactor died I had dared to be *myself* ?”

Having thus formed the resolution to discard all local pride, and despise all local debasements ; a resolution easier formed alone, by a single taper, than kept in intercourse with the world, she reposed her weary body, and exhausted spirit, and proved with Rousseau,

“ The pangs of sorrow, the attacks of misfortune respect the hour of repose ; it is remorse alone forbids that necessary restoration.”

C H A P. VI.

Shewing an old friend with a new face, and proving the impossibility of persuading a fine lady that it is better to be respectable, than ridiculous.

ROSA was in the habit of early rising, but illness had weakened her, and the fatigue of the last day acted

as an opiate ; a large house clock was striking ten as she awoke.

Blushing at the sample of indolence this would give the family, she hastily arose, and having dressed with as much advantage as her portmanteau would afford, hastened to apologize for her late rising. On going out of her room she perceived the shutters were all fast ; she trod lightly along the passage, and by opening a wrong door, found herself at the top of a broad grand staircase, hung with fine pictures, which a cupola over head was calculated to light to advantage ; she descended into a handsome marble hall ; as these windows were also closed. she could not believe the day was so far advanced, notwithstanding the evidence of the solar ray through the chinks ; but a fine time-piece, which stood on a pedestal, pointing eleven, was conviction ; she turned from the right into a very large handsome eating room, and proceeded through it to elegant drawing and withdrawing rooms ; the chairs were standing as they had been used the night before, and one wax light was still burning in the socket of a girandole ; she returned into the hall ; the opposite side led to another suite of apartments, out of which a pair of glass doors, without shutters, opened into a beautiful park. Again she returned to the hall, and pushing back a double baize door, got into a passage which she thought led to the house-keeper's room, and before she was aware of her mistake, found herself in a spacious kitchen, opposite a door that led across a stable yard into the park.

A maid servant, who sat at the further end, with breakfast before her, started as if she had seen something supernatural ; Rosa apologized for her intrusion and inquired for the housekeeper's apartment ; the girl's strong white teeth were visible from ear to ear.

" Oh yez, I ll zhow thee thaten, ef thaten be ale, but zhe's not gooten oop yet, nea, vor the matter o that, zhee's gift gun to bed."

" To bed ! what, has she been up all night then ?"

" Anon "

" Has she been up all night ?"

The

The girl grinned in a manner so disgusting, that Rosa, turning away, ventured to cross the stable yard to the charming park.

The grooms were the first beings she saw, who seemed sensible of the approach to meridian. She was passing them, when a young man of eighteen or nineteen, with a fine unwashed face, matted brown hair, soiled linen, and ungartered hose, rushed out from one of the stables, and having overtaken her just as she gained the park, caught her in his arms, without any sort of ceremony, swearing, in a dialect as broad as the girl's, she was a pratty lass, and he would gie voive shillings vor a boos.

Rosa, on whom the unhallowed touch of gross brutality had never before been laid, shrunk into nothing in his arms, and gasping for breath, in vain endeavoured to free herself from his Herculean grasp; Bruin swore it did not signify, vor he wud hae a boos, coft what it wud.

"A middle aged man, from whose habit Rosa hoped protection, appeared in sight.

"Save me, Sir," cried Rosa.

"Zounds, Sir Jacob," cried the parson, "is the devil in you? just under your mother's window!"

"Wounds!" Sir Jacob swore, "he never thout o'that," and to the inexpressible terror of Rosa, was actually carrying her back to the stable yard, in spite of her shrieks and struggles, when a movement in the window shutter pointed to by his companion was the signal of escape, both for the man in black and the youth in brown.

A lady demanded the cause of the shrieks which broke her rest.

Rosa, scarce respiring, was beginning to re-adjust her dress, when the lady repeated her question, with the addition of, who are you, child? what is the matter?

Rosa, on raising her eyes, saw another shutter opening, and a younger lady appeared at it, who, as far as the countenance was the "tablet on which her thoughts were visibly charactered," seemed to be extremely amused at the scene; she was indeed in a convulsion of laughter, and it was a few seconds before she could speak.

"Open

“ Opon my honor, Lady Lydear, that thou of yourth
eth fa fine dathing fellow ; bleth me, Mith, you are a
vath deal more frightened than hurt, I fanthy.”

Lady Lydear was excessive sorry her friend was disturbed by that rude boy, and her friend lithped out entreaties her ladyship would not trouble herthelf to make any apology, for that she had been vathly diverted ; she however hoped all the Yorkthire damthels were not tho thoon frightened.

Lady Lydear again apologized for her son, but as to the young person (Rosa still stood trembling before them) she protested she knew nothing about her, nor could conceive who she could be, or where she could come from ; however her head would be actually distracted ; so good night, dear Lady Lowder.

As one lady’s window closed at the end of this speech, the other lady dropped a fashionable bob, and shut hers.

Rosa, who had time to collect herself during this curious dialogue, looked fearfully round ; one lady had wholly forgot the occasion of her being disturbed ; the other’s pretty lip had made a joke of it ; but the name of Lowder was of more serious import to her than any thing, except the Baronet and his “ voive shillings,” she retreated with all possible expedition into the house, and by mere chance found her way to the room where she had slept. Here, breathless with surprise and indignation, she again threw herself on the bed ; the house seemed all mystery ; the same stillness continued, except indeed about the stables, where the trampling of horses, yelping of dogs, and whistling of grooms proclaimed mid-day.

The clock had struck three before light treads along the passage, and opening of the lower window shutters, gave omen of living inhabitants, and soon after the servant, who lighted her to her chamber the preceding night, brought Mrs. Gerrad’s compliments, and begged to know whether she would favour her with her company to breakfast in her room, or whether she chose to have it served in one of the parlours. She preferred the former, and followed the servant.

Mr.

Mr. Morton, the respectable white headed house steward, a middle aged butler, Mrs. Gerrad and a young woman highly rouged, dressed in a morning robe made and trimmed in all the extremity of the mode, were already seated when Rosa entered,

“ With beauty truly blent, whose red and white

“ Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on.”

Mrs. Waters was in the middle of a very accurate description of one of her lady’s *Fetes*, interlarded with instances of the high degree of favour in which she stood, both with her lord and lady, all obliquely directed to her male auditors, who, though they were mere rustics, and both her seniors, were reputed rich enough to repay her attentions with something more durable than the favours of a lord or lady; but from the instant of Rosa’s appearance, *rougé*, dress and anecdote were disregarded.

The old steward handed her to his seat at the upper end of the table, Mr. Butler placed a napkin before her, and Mrs. Gerrad hoped she had not suffered much from the fright, she was sorry to hear the young Baronet’s wild freaks put her into in the morning.

“ Fright!” repeated Mrs. Waters, measuring her with her eyes, and concluding from her blushes she was ‘ nobody.’ “ nonthense, the Baronet would not hurt a worm, tith hith way; Lord, if I wath to thet an alarum going every time he toucheth me!”

“ I dare say,” answered the old steward, dryly, “ that would be very often; but you are more used to such things perhaps than this young lady.”

Whether Mrs. Waters received the old man’s answer as a compliment or a reproof, we must not deponc, for

“ With the friends of vice the foes of satire,

“ All truth is spleen, all just reproof ill nature,”

but conclude, not the latter, as she instantly recommenced the amusement she was giving them before the subject was started; and a real amusement it proved

to Rosa; for of such fine fights, fine entertainments, and fine guests, as were constantly seen at Lowder House, in town, according to Mrs. Waters's account, she had never before heard; and could she have given all her assurances implicit credit, it must have been a great consolation that Lady Lowder wath the thweetest woman in the world; and that the Earl wath not near thuch a rattle ath the world believed him, to be thure he did admire beauty, tha the did, and who did not?

Mrs. Gerrad observed she thought he must then be very happy, for Lady Lowder was a very fine woman.

"Thertainly, and no body could be more the rage; thee thet all the fathionth; and indeed between leaving off petticoath and thtayth, going bare necked, bare armed, and almotht bare legged, thee had liked to have killed herthelf laht winter; however every body followed her fathion; and now ath nothing more could be done in dreth, exthept going thtark naked, thee ith bringing in the lithp; how do you like it, Mr. Morton? ith vathly admired, I athure you."

"I observe, young lady," replied the steward, "you have an unfortunate impediment in your speech; but I have not had the honour to hear her ladyship lisp yet."

"An impediment, Mr. Morton! me an impediment! you are the first person—you are really very oddish, Mr. Morton; but you are quite mistaken, 'tis the fashion to lisp; my lady does not pronounce the S this year; but you hear I have no impediment, S S S."

"Oh the unfortunate S! what has it done?" cried the good humoured old man, winking both his rheumy eyes.

"Dear, Mr. Morton, you really talk quite nonsense; can't you understand me? I think I speak plain enough; it has done nothing; 'tis my lady that does, and next year she may relent, and put an S into every thing."

Lady Lowder's bell happened to relieve her woman at that moment, and she hastened to answer it.

Mr. Morton now addressed Rosa; asked her opinion of the country, the weather, and such leading questions as would engage her in conversation.

After

After having said so much of our heroine's right mind, it may be needless to add she felt a peculiar propensity to reverence years—white hair was a passport to her favour which never failed in influence, except where the pained and sober eye retreated with disgust from the heterogeneous mixture of the follies of youth, with what *should be* the gravity of age.

Mr. Morton had a little of the garrulity of seventy three, without its tediousness or infirmities, “his age was a lustrous winter, frosty, but kindly;” he, any more than Mrs. Gerrad, did not tell our heroine in words, he felt the influence of that letter of recommendation she carried in her countenance; nor that he was charmed with the native sweetness of her manner; but his looks expressed a cordiality she could not mistake, and as the surest proof how worthy he thought her of being approved by the family, he was anxious she also should approve them.

“That young person,” said he, speaking of Mrs. Waters, “is *not one of our family*; she is the prime minister of two contending powers, to each of whom, by her own account, she is of equal importance; if indeed she is as close an imitator of the vices of one, as of the follies of the other, God help her. She was lady's woman to the first Countess of Lowder, till her ladyship not having perhaps a predilection for servants who lived long in her family, or for some better reason, thought proper to discharge her; but on his lordship's second marriage, he recommended the pretty Mrs. Waters to his Countess, who set out with such a determined resolution to make the very most of all *innocent* pleasures, that the constitution of one woman was absolutely inefficient to attend her; Mrs. Waters is therefore allowed a deputy, who sits up, and does the hard duty of the toilette alternately, except when the Countess travels alone, which to confess truth, happens as often as she travels at all, when the pretty Mrs. Waters being more conversible, and mistress, I believe, of more subjects to converse on than her colleague, rides in the carriage with her lady.”

Encouraged by the frankness of the venerable satirist, Rosa asked when the Countess arrived, and how long she was expected to stay?

“We

"We understand from Mrs. Waters," answered he, winking both his eyes, "that her lady was actually on the point of having a terrible fit of the dolours, when the earl was obliged to set off at an hour's notice for London, and consequently left his lady at liberty to follow when she pleased, and she did please within that very hour. The noble couple never travel the same road; he goes by Newcastle; she by Carlisle."

"Does she visit here often?"

"Generally twice a year; going north and returning."

"And my lord?"

"Never, never, my late master was cousin to his mother; but since her death, which is now twenty, ay, twenty five years ago, he has not been at the hall; our lady indeed never visits, but Lady Lowder is so good as to waive ceremony; and shall I tell you the truth, young lady? and won't you think the old man a cross cynic, young lady? no, you won't, I can see it in your pretty eyes. without my glasses; you can understand how it is that,

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"The foul's dark cottage, shatter'd and decay'd,

"Lies in new lights, through chinks that time has made."

and lowering his voice, "I'll tell you how it is; Lady Lowder, poor woman, finds it impossible to make two thousand a-year answer all her separate expences, and so having *particular objections to an inn*, visits all the way down and up from London to the north; you understand me, young lady?"

Rosa could hardly tell whether she did or not, but altogether her mind misgave her this was no resting place for her; the insult offered her by the young heir, under his mother's window, spoke very little for the authority of the parent, or the dignity of the lady of the mansion; and an ill governed house is never a safe asylum for a virtuous woman. It was hard necessity compelled her to seek her bread where she feared esteem and respect could not sweeten duty; that cruel motive still remained in even fuller force, since having troubled Lady Hopely for a recommen-

commendation; she remembered "the advantage we possess by the good offices of friends is a kind of sacred trust, wherein we have their judgment as well as our own character to maintain, and therefore to be guarded with peculiar attention." But scarce the most trifling event of Rosa's life passed without either involving her in some fresh difficulties, or shewing her others she had narrowly escaped; and one circumstance equally remote from her rank, connexions, and imaginations, proved in this instance her peculiar blessing: had Lord Lowder happened to travel the same road, and with the same prejudices against an inn with his lady, instead of being frightened at meeting his gentleman, who was sent to deliver some papers to the Countess, she would most likely have had the honour of a *tete à tete* with his lordship himself; this idea made her shudder, and with a faint heart she presented Mrs. Parker's letter to Mrs. Gerrad, begging it might be delivered to Lady Lydear as soon as possible.

Mrs. Gerrad understood the purport of the letter, and wished from her soul it might succeed; "my lady," she added, "is a very worthy good woman; she has some few oddities, but——"

Mr. Morton interrupted her; he desired he might deliver the letter; he believed he should know what to say.

Rosa was anxious to have her credentials presented, though less solicitous about its success, than about the steps she must take if it failed; she had heard nothing of the young lady, but concluding was her mother's companion, expected to be introduced to her when she received the fiat from her.

She asked at what hour it was likely Lady Lydear would be pleased to see her.

The old steward and Mrs. Gerrad looked at each other with a meaning Rosa could not comprehend, at length, "Plain sincerity, young lady," said the old man, "is, and always will be, the best policy; 'tis the natural bias of honest minds, and a certain indication not only of truth but wisdom; 'tis a rule I practise as much as I can: our lady lives out of all reasonable rule;

rule ; she sleeps all day, and rises when the world goes to rest ; she breakfasts at seven in the evening, dines at midnight, takes coffee at three in the morning, sups at five, and goes to rest at seven."

This was an inversion of time with a witness ; Rosa was amazed ; " and this," asked she, " always ?"

" Constantly," Mrs. Gerrad said, " which indeed was a reason why people of rank so seldom visited the hall ; as none but the needy or obliged would sacrifice their health to her lady's habits ; Lady Lowder was almost the only exception she remembered ; but her ladyship having been obliged to keep tolerable hours in the north for want of companions to keep intolerable ones, declared herself delighted at being once more in a house where she could turn night into day."

" But what," demanded Rosa, " becomes of the children ?"

" Why, young lady," answered Morton, " that is the worst part of the story ; the young Baronet will never be able to hold it ; he gets drunk by this custom twice in the twenty-four hours ; my lady has at last, at the young gentleman's own instance, got him a tutor, and he is now learning to write his name ; so her conscience is easy about that : He dines with this tutor, the head groom, and game-keeper at two ; staggers off to bed at five ; rises again to dine with my lady at twelve, and reels off again about two ; but then he's often up again and on horseback at five or six."

" But the daughter, Sir !" cried Rosa, in a voice of apprehension.

Mr. Morton had nothing to say about her, poor child ! but he should have some hope of living to see one of his dear master's children honour his memory, if so sweet a young lady took charge of her.

The best light in which these faithful servants could paint the arrangements of the family, was strongly discouraging to Rosa ; she thanked them for their frankness, and in expectation of an interview with their strange lady, went to her chamber, to alter her dress before the dinner hour in the house-keeper's room, chusing to associate with her till she was certainly
fixed,

fixed, and the arrangements were made for herself and pupil.

On passing the lobby she saw the hoyden, whose rudeness had annoyed her the night before, among a group of female domestics, handling the broom with uncommon dexterity; she saluted our heroine with a horse laugh, which was echoed by her companions, and so disconcerted her, that when she entered her chamber, the painful alternative of residing in a family so vulgar, eccentric, and disagreeable; or exposing herself to all the mortification, distress, and insult, to which poverty is subjected, drew a flood of tears from her eyes; and it was with a heartless, though nice attention she finished her toilette; as no fond wish to gratify the admiring eye of virtuous friendship, no latent spark of vanity, no wish to please, nor hope of being pleased, lightened the short labour.

The clock struck; there was yet an hour before the dinner; she had not seen a book in the house, nor implements for writing, but as thought was hopeless, and of course painful, she rambled into several handsome open apartments, admiring the views through the windows, and at length having crossed two of the most spacious, entered a large library, well stored with a great number of books in tolerable order and condition.

Pleased at a discovery that promised at least a short oblivion of anxiety, she reached a Spectator, and soon lost in one of Addison's charming visions all thoughts of Lady Lydear, her son, and even the unfortunate vicissitudes of her own life.

But the calm illusion was not suffered to last, a smacking of whips, coarse laughs, and loud hoic hoics, with shrill hollows, preceded the entrance into the room of the same young man who had given her such undeniable proofs of stable breeding in the morning, followed by his worthy tutor, their countenances flushed with wine, and a stagger in their gait that made her tremble.

"So ho! so ho!" whooped Sir Jacob, the instant he saw Rosa.

“ So ho ! so ho ! ” echoed the tutor.

And Sir Jacob reeled towards her, swearing by jingo, now he would ha a boos.

Dreading the brutal rudeness of an intoxicated being, who in his sober senses had so terrified her, and seeing no other way to escape a second insult, she at once resolved to trust to her own agility, and his evident inability to overtake her, so fairly took to her heels, and had near gained the door, when her speed was impeded by running full against the Countess of Lowder.

When this lady shewed her divine face at the window in the morning, the distance, and the treble lace of her night dress precluded a possibility of distinguishing features so closely enveloped ; but here she stood in her own proper person, wife of the Right Honourable the Earl of Lowder, and youngest daughter of Sir Solomon Mushroom, Knight.

From the time when the death of Colonel Buhanun became an undoubted fact, the sun of our heroine’s favour in the family of the Mushrooms, proved, “ our friendships are mortal.”

No sentiment whatever had recalled to the minds of the fair and elegant Miss Mushrooms a single trait of the fondness they once professed for the pretty Rosa, although the impossibility of entirely forgetting how much they had been disgraced by even a school acquaintance with a little beggar, also proved “ it is our enmities that never die.”

Every former circumstance indeed now seemed to be forgotten by the beautiful Countess, and she stared at Rosa without betraying the smallest symptom of recollection. The latter was indeed increased in stature and improved in beauty since her last interview with the Miss Mushrooms of Mount-Pleasant, and the then lovely girl was fast maturing into a more lovely woman ; the charms of Sophia Mushroom were, on the contrary, stationary, save only the milk of Roses and liquid bloom from Warre’s, with a reasonable increase of haughtiness and vanity from the rank of her husband ; it was therefore quite as possible for the Countess of Lowder to have forgot the little Beggar, as it was certain
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the little Beggar perfectly recollected her ladyship, who however was as much surpris'd to meet Rosa in the Baronet's library, as Rosa could be to meet her any where.

The lady of quality collected all the scorn and malignity with which her narrow heart abounded, into her countenance, for the good natured purpose of looking little folks into nothing.

The heart of our heroine, on the contrary, was springing to her eyes; she turned short, and with a kind of April day face, glowing cheeks, and agitated eagerness, extended both her hands, her mind animated with a thousand tender recollections of juvenile affection, and every feature animated with joy.

But the dignified deportment of the Countess of Lowder very opportunely repelled the approach of genuine friendship to a region where it was impossible that celestial plant could take root; she cast a vacant stare at Rosa, and turned to the young Baronet,

“ Rolling her charming eyes in spite,”

and looking

“ Delightfully with all her might,”

Rosa felt hurt and abashed; her ladyship was superior to either; she walked slowly on, took a Tasso from a shelf, and read with suitable emphasis from a folded page,

“ Oh could I press my faithful breast to thine,

“ And on thy lips my fleeting soul resign;

“ So might we fainting in the pangs of death

“ Together mix our sighs and parting breath.”

“ That's your fort,” cried Sir Jacob, looking at his tutor with a kind of corrected archness, who most obsequiously bowed to her stately ladyship as she passed him out of the library.

Rosa, confounded, and indeed a little ashamed of her old friend had no time to lose; stupidity was fast changing to a more troublesome sensation; Mr. Jolter staggered off, the Baronet was advancing, and again re-

duced to the necessity of seeking safety in flight, she had just gained her chamber, and shut the door when he bounced against it, insisting on admittance.

Rosa rung with violence, and again disturbed the slumbers of the lady of the mansion, who also rung, and her bell set every servant in the house in motion.

Rosa was now determined not to remain in a house where she was continually subject to insult and mortification, whatever might be the event; and on Mrs. Gerrad's inquiring the cause of the commotion, declared she would not give Lady Lydear any trouble, as she could not on any terms accept a situation in her family.

Mrs. Gerrad advised patience, and called the old steward to second her persuasions; but Rosa considering that in addition to the worrying of a brute, she would be obliged to endure the scornful stare and perhaps, what was worse, the society of her unfeeling school fellow, persisted in her resolution, to the great mortification of both the respectable domestics.

Mrs. Gerrad's mother had many years filled the place to which her daughter succeeded at the hall; and Mr. Morton had been steward to three generations of the Lydears; he had acquired a competency in their service, which far from alienating his affections, or abating his zeal for the family, endeared the one and increased the other; he was anxious to retain Rosa, not only as he admired her, but as he conceived such an example and companion would be of the most important advantage to his young lady; and he now went to Lady Lydear's apartment, full of vexation, resolved not only to relate, but remonstrate.

Lady Lydear, widow of the late, and mother of the present Sir Jacob, was a foreigner of family; she still retained an agreeable countenance, had a large jointure and possessed great personals; the inversion of time, so which she never assigned a better motive than the old female one of "I will, because I will," was a very unfortunate trait in her eccentric character, as it not only deprived her of the society of respectable people

people of her own rank, but left her children open to low connexions and pernicious examples.

Sir Jacob had of himself insisted on the propriety of learning to write, without which he could not act as a magistrate, be returned to parliament, or serve in the militia, all which, as his father, grand, and great grand-father had done, he also resolved to do.

Miss Lydear had reached her seventeenth year, without shewing on any one occasion she considered herself as superior to the house maids, her companions, by whose aid she had actually beat off with brooms a relation of her father's who had attempted to rescue her from the vortex of ignorance and vulgarity into which she was sinking : A few months prior to this period of our Beggar's history, a young glazier, who was employed about the house, perceived something in Miss Lydear's disposition more brittle than the glass he was employed to repair, and communicated his discoveries to Mr. Grift the baker.

Mr. Grift was an honest Yorkshireman, who had no occasion to travel for information how to turn every thing to his own advantage ; he conscientiously warned the old steward of the glazier, and instructed his own son how to profit by the silly lad's discovery.

Lady Lydear, though as her daughter, was such a mere baby, she had never thought of inspiring her with the smallest particle of self respect, was enraged at the degeneracy of her propensities ; and it was on that account she employed one of her most polite nocturnal companions, Mrs. Parker, to inquire after a proper person to unlearn Miss Betty some things, and learn her all things.

C H A P. VII.

Recommending Lady Lydear's mode of regulating a family to every rich widow, who wishes to get rid of a tall overgrown girl without the trouble of deeds and settlements.

MR. MORTON presented himself at Lady Lydear's bedside, with his spectacles in one hand, and Mrs. Parker's letter in the other, just as she was exclaiming against the ungovernable state of her family, by which her rest had been twice so unseasonably broken.

Mr. Morton, nothing dismayed, delivered the letter, and after a panegyric on the bearer, launched out into a severe Philippic against both the young Baronet and his tutor, neither of whom, he protested, were worth the salt they eat.

The lady was too sleepy for argument; her son was very fond of her, very handsome, and had besides written a whole page of legible writing since the Rev. Mr. Jolter became his tutor; it therefore did not strike her how either could be so very worthless as old Morton protested they were; however as she knew the goodness of heart of the white-headed declaimer, and as his severity did not render her less disposed to think well of the person in whose praises he was so profuse, and who was recommended by her friend Mrs. Parker, she directed Rosa to attend her breakfast table at ten, and turning her pillow, bid Morton good night.

The old man immediately repaired to Rosa, and conjured her not to stand in her own light; he would take care her salary should be handsome, and she should be protected from the Baronet, who, after all, was only a spoiled child.

"I have," said he, "lived a few years and seen a few things; I know you will do for us, and pray, my sweet new acquaintance, let us do for you; you don't
answer;

answer ; I see you are not quite perfect, young lady ; obstinacy is an unnatural trait in a young character.

Whether the old orator was right in imputing obstinacy to our heroine or not, she accompanied him to the housekeeper's room, less disposed than ever to remain at the Hall ; but her invention on the rack, how to reach London in safety with so small a stock of money.

Eleven at night came, and she was desired to attend Lady Lydear's breakfast table.

Rosa had in preparing her mind for the interview, considered, that as some name would be demanded of her, she must at once either for ever renounce that of Buhanun, or resolve on continuing to retain it, in spite of the mortifications to which it might expose her ; she had some doubts whether Lady Lowder did or did not recollect her ; should the latter, which she fervently wished, be the case, the name of Buhanun would bring the little Beggar as fresh to her recollection as even that of Wilkins, though she well remembered the last time the Miss Mushrooms visited at Mount-Pleasant, they had addressed her as "*Miss Wilkins*," with a precision which nothing but cold premeditated malice could dictate.

True, she had taken great pains to fortify her mind against local debasement, and flattered herself with success ; her conscious rectitude was unfulfilled, and she had as much true humility in her heart as falls to the share of any girl of eighteen ; but theory and practice do not always mean the same thing, with wiser and older heads than hers. Buhanun was a name she wished to drop, and Wilkins one, notwithstanding all her resolution, she blushed to take.

Rosa never wanted an adviser, without being instantly transported in imagination to the burn side, with her whose wife counsels were engraved on her heart ; it was the thought of a moment, "*Walsingham*," said she, " was a fictitious name ; I cannot injure nor offend by *assuming* an *assumed* appellation ; yes, I will bear the same name with the best of women ; I shall be inspired
by

by the virtue, and protected by the spirit of him to whose soul it was dear."

And no sooner had she so resolved than a glow of animated fortitude seemed to lift her above the vain Countess, whom she rightly supposed would be with Lady Lydear.

She reached the breakfast room without one dispiriting apprehension, and was announced by her own desire as Miss Walsingham.

Lady Lydear received her very graciously, and returned her easy courtesy by a polite bow; the footman reached a chair, and Rosa, on a motion from the lady, drew it close.

Lady Lowder was indolently lolling on a sofa, playing with a part of her decoration, for which, at the time Rosa was familiar with her, no mortal could suspect she would have occasion, namely, an eye glass set with brilliants, and hung by a gold chain round her neck; she alternately put it to her eye, in order, we presume, to scrutinize the furniture, and poured cream into a saucer to feed her sweet pretty little black nosed puppy, not for one second forgetting how infinitely beneath the dignity of a new made Countess it was, to bestow the honour of her notice, on such a being as Rosa.

Lady Lydear's looks expressed the approbation she felt, and entering immediately on business, professed herself pleased with the person and manners of the young candidate for her favour, and obliged to Mrs. Parker for the recommendation.

Rosa was beginning to speak her gratitude, when the young person who had so annoyed and disgusted her in the morning, and the preceding night, romped familiarly into the room. If the surprise of our heroine was visibly blended with disgust, the countenance of the young person was equally expressive of aversion, and the introduction of her, as the child whom her mother hoped Rosa would new model, was followed by such proofs of spirit, and mature knowledge of a certain description, as would have frightened Rosa from the undertaking, had she no other objection.

Miss

Miss Lydear had been apprised by her particular friend, the housemaid, that a Scotswoman was sent from Mrs. Parker, to lock her up, make her read the bible, and be false hearted to young Mr. Grist, and she was heroically resolving to do neither one nor the other, at the same moment when Rosa was considering on the most delicate manner of declining the situation, frankly confessing she felt herself inadequate to the undertaking.

"There's a goo now," cried Miss, with a hoyden laugh.

Lady Lydear was both surprised and disappointed; but self-secluded as she had been for some years back from the world, she was not deficient either in observation or sense, when she could so far conquer habitual indolence and apathy as to make use of either; the striking difference between the manners, not only of her own untaught daughter, but even the belle of fashion and those of our heroine, were greatly to the advantage of the latter; and she declared she could not accept a negative so repugnant to her wish without further consideration.

"That's a good one!" quoth Miss.

Lady Lydear blushed. "Your care of this neglected girl shall be amply——"

"Don't vex yourself about me, mamma; I warrant I've stuff enow about me to teak care of myself; bent I as big as she?"

Again Rosa declared her utter incapacity.

"I shall consider the having so amiable a companion for myself as a——"

"Ecad mamma's vound her tongue, and I'll void my lags, vor I wunt be luck'd oop, I'll promise you thaten, and zoo here goes," and away scampered Miss Lydear.

Lady Lowder burst into a fit of laughter, protesting her cousin was the greatest droll in nature,—the very model of the Jordan, and she really must go and kiss the sweet creature.

Lady Lydear felt something more than drollery in "the sweet creature's" behaviour, and having again endeavoured to prevail on Rosa to remain at the Hall, at least for a trial, rung for Morton, to whom she con-

signed her, with such expressions of kindness and approbation, and such hope that he would have more influence on his favourite than she had, as delighted the old steward.

“ Did not I tell you ? ” said he, winking both eyes and stroking back his white locks as he led her down stairs ; but though the good old man exerted all his powers of oratory ; though he enumerated the advantages of living with so generous a woman as Lady Lydear ; though he insisted on the certainty of the reformation of her daughter ; and though he protested he should feel his own youth renewed in now and then being permitted to pay his respects to her ;—the brutality of the son, the pride of the visiter, and the vulgar ignorance of the daughter, were objections too potent for all the eloquence of fourscore ; and in despite of her almost empty purse, she determined on leaving a roof where, though in the abundance of wealth, it was impossible a mind like her’s could find content. She retired to her chamber, determined to proceed with that high’s coach, and since there was no other resource, humble her mind to the necessity of her circumstances, and leave her portmanteau in possession of the coachman, till they reached London, where she would not suffer herself to doubt her troubles must have, at least, a suspension. This, out of innumerable plans, which in the exigence of the moment occurred to her imagination, was the only feasible one ; true, it subjected her to a momentary humiliation ; she must confess her poverty, but it was in the direct way of business, her sensibility could not be wounded even by the caution of a stranger, and it was a measure far less mortifying than he studied contempt and affected forgetfulness of an old friend and companion.

Mrs. Gerrard very good naturedly came to invite her to sup with her, and added, if indeed she was, as Mr Morton informed her, resolved on going to London, she would meet a person, who was also on her journey thither, whose company would be some protection to so young a traveller, both from her age, and her experience.

This

This was a very acceptable idea to Rosa, and she gladly accompanied Mrs. Gerrad to her room, where she instantly recognised her acquaintance, in the blue habit, to whose kindness she was so much obliged at the Rose Inn, and found her neck encircled by the arms of the little boy, who climbed on the table to reach her, with a vivacity at once joyful and affectionate. The woman, whose red face seemed to have undergone a fresh and deeper dye since they parted, was rejoiced at a second meeting with so well behaved "young body," who was such "good company."

Mr. Morton hoped Rosa would not persist in her resolution, and Rosa hoped he would not give her the pain of refusing to comply with his wish, as her mind was positively made up to go immediately to London.

Mrs. Garnet was again rejoiced; she had now visited all her relations, cousin Gerrad was the last; and tired enough she was of going from place to place, like a wandering Jew, and indeed her good man was tired enough of being at home alone, and please God, she would only go in the stage from the hall to Sheffield, and then take a chaise all the way home; and if the young body would accept a part of it, without any preamble, why she was heartily welcome.

Rosa's heart bounded. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was the daily proverb of honest John Brown; it recurred to her memory at this moment, and with it, the almost forgotten friend of her youth: she gave a sigh to his memory, and secret thanks to Providence. She was now sure not only of decent company upwards of two hundred miles, but her purse would, in the offered conveyance, more than last the long journey. Thus relieved from the mortifying obligation of opening her circumstances, and asking forbearance of strangers, she thankfully accepted Mrs. Garnet's offer, and literally became such good company that old Morton declared himself undone.

Mrs. Waters, as high rouged, feathered and dressed as her lady, seemed to have lost all relish for conversation; she had her netting and her badenoire, which she took up by turns; but though, as old Morton ob-

served,

served, she did not prattle, she lost not a sentence from those who did, and indeed condescended to be a part of the company for the sole purpose of observation.

Mrs. Gerrad, anxious to pay every possible respect to her London cousin, proposed cards, and Mrs. Garnet saying she liked a game of wix well enough; Mr. Morton challenged Rosa, and Mrs. Waters declining to cut in, the party sat down to a sixpenny rubber.

The old steward having just thrown down three honours, at the calling point of the first game, was interrupted in the midst of his triumph by the sudden entrance of the young Baronet, followed by his shade in black.

The Rev. Mr. Jolter had a quick conception; he soon saw how deep an impression Rosa had made on his pupil, and hearing she was to be an inmate in the house, in which case he presupposed certain consequences of no less importance to himself than to the parties concerned; that is to say, he was willing to make himself *useful*, and resolved to be well paid for being so; he had accordingly proposed this visit to the house-keeper's room.

Mrs. Gerrad rose with respect, Mrs. Garnet with confusion, Mr. Morton with gravity, Mrs. Waters to flirt with the Rev. Mr. Jolter, and Rosa to make her escape.

The Baronet was a little more rational than when he met Rosa in the library, and notwithstanding his inebriety, remembered all that had passed, and feeling for the first time in his life, the power of beauty, like his brother Cymon, civilized by love, said, "Ef he droove the young las from hir company, he wud goo himzel."

Mr. Morton put on his spectacles in astonishment; here was not only a change of manners, but appearance; he whose slovenly habits proved he considered, that "to make himself neat was but losing time in this world," had actually acquainted his face and hands with soap and water; his linen was clean, his hose gartered, his shoes japan'd, and his fine brown hair, which had hitherto seldom been disentangled by any thing but the comb "*de la mam*" of Rabelais, was now dressed.

dressed. The old steward, when particularly pleased, was in the habit of stroking back his white locks, and his venerable face was now prominent, unshaded by a single hair.

Mr Jolter, with the assumed importance of little minds invested with authority, ordered every body to keep their seats, and with a look he intended to be very expressive, told Rosa she would not be so coy when she knew the Baronet better,—an intimation little calculated to defeat her.

Sir Jacob, abashed by the scorn and indignation flashing from her eyes, drew back, and in a faltering voice, looking piteously at Morton, said, “Do ye noo bag hir to stop, wull ye; I wunt touch her, ef she duont loik it, rot me ef I do; zoo noo do ye zay zoo, wull ye mon?”

Morton convinced, by a change so brief, of the benefit the young Lydears would have derived from such a companion as our heroine, wished to remove the ill impression she had imbibed of the Baronet, and perhaps hoped if that were effected, she would be prevailed on to rescind her resolution; he therefore begged she would finish the rubber, in the confidence no offence would be offered her; but Rosa had too lively and indignant a recollection of the rudeness both of Sir Jacob and his friend in black, to be on any terms with either.

Mr. Jolter, with a rude stare and attempt at what he called fun, placed his back against the door, but Mr. Morton, whose anger was neither soon excited, nor easily appeased, was not to be trifled with; he insisted the young lady should be at perfect liberty to go or stay, as she pleased; and Jolter, with a very bad grace, let her pass.

The son of Mrs. Garnet, whose infantine liking of our heroine increased every moment, followed her to her chamber, lamenting he was not a big man, to fight that great fellow in the black coat.

Rosa had before fancied that the tones of this child's voice were perfectly familiar to her ear, and on again attentively examining his round chubby face, flaxen hair, ruby lips, and the clear red and white of his skin,
her

her eyes seemed to rest on objects of long acquaintance; it was the features, the complexion, and the voice of some body she had known; every time he spoke, every turn of his features was congenial to her mind; but after scrutinizing, and recollecting till she was weary, she found it impossible to fix the resemblance, and was obliged to relinquish the idea as a chimaera of fancy.

In the exhilarating hope of reaching London on a scale of expence so suitable to her scanty means, and under some sort of protection, it was not in the power of Sir Jacob nor his companion entirely to upharmonize her mind.

"Yes," said she, emptying the small contents of her purse on the table, "it is him who feeds the young raven, and cloaths the lily who hath done this." And in her enthusiastic thankfulness she bent her knees before the power that protected her. The child, who continued earnestly to gaze on her, also knelt, and when she observed him, asked with a dimpled smile, if he also should say his prayers? Rosa started; the voice, the up raised face spoke to her heart; again she endeavoured to recollect.

"Your name, my dear, I think, is—"

"Phil Philip Garnet; so is my daddy's; and what is your's?"

"Rosa."

"Rosa!" the boy capered for joy; "oh that is mammy's name; I'll go and tell her; oh! I am so glad you are my mammy's namesake; do let me go and tell her, she will be so glad."

Rosa smiled at the child's vivacity, and having dismissed him, went to rest.

Mrs. Gerrad having, in respect to her London cousin, altered the hour of breakfast, Rosa was summoned at the moderate hour of ten, and early as it was, the pretty Mrs. Waters was also present; not indeed the voluble entertainer, but the gloomy observer of the company; she haughtily bid the boy not be so noisy, he distracted her head.

Mrs.

Mrs. Garnet stirred her tea in no small agitation when their attentions were called to a new object by the entrance of a house maid, who out of breath, declared that "Miss Bet was sartainly lopped along with Dick Grift, vor that hir had not been a bed ale night lung, and sartainly hir had teaken Rachael Powers along, vor hir had gutten ale hir duds away."

Up started Morton and the housekeeper, jussling each other in their haste to reach Miss Bet's apartment; no Miss Bet was to be found; and moreover Dick Grift had loitered among the footmen till after Lady Lydear dined. Mrs. Waters withdrew to inform her lady of this piece of family history, and the housekeeper dreading the disturbance the event would raise in the family, hurried her visitors away to an adjacent farm house, whither Rosa, anxious not to lose the advantage and convenience of Mrs. Garnet's company to town, would have followed, had she not been stopped by Mr. Morton.

"Stop, young lady, stop," said he, "you are here under my lady's own authority; it is impossible one who behaves so well and is withal so handsome, should not make enemies as well as friends; you have both, young lady, yea even under this roof, young lady, and if you sneak off as if you were guilty, who knows how soon you may be thought so young lady?"

"Guilty!" repeated Rosa, "guilty, Sir, of what?"

"Nay, nay, in truth I do not mean to offend, but you are guilty."

Rosa looked amazed.

"Very guilty; you make a riot in the men's hearts, yea, even in my heart; what will the women say to that! and then it will not look well for a stranger to enter a family, just before the elopement of an heiress, and quit it just after; they may say you have a finger in the pye, young lady."

Had Rosa really been the contriver of Mr. Richard Grift's good fortune, and had she been at this moment convicted of stealing an heiress, she could not have looked more confounded.

It

It was only two nights since she heard herself accused of being privy and aiding to the ill conduct of one unfortunate young creature; and was she already liable to experience the same injustice on the account of another! she had not power, nor indeed time to answer, for Lady Lydear's maid, a woman who, as in duty bound, was the exact copy of her lady, and never stirred from her own, or her lady's apartments, had thought proper to be so much grieved, and so vociferous when the house maid rapped at her door with the news of Miss Bet's loppment, that she disturbed her lady, who immediately arose, and left her chamber, followed by her servant, who wept, wrung her hands, beat her bosom, scolded, railed, and lamented, echoing her lady's tones, and imitating her manner, as she traversed the apartments till they reached Mrs. Gerrad's, where also they were joined by the Countess of Lowder and the pretty Mrs. Waters.

Lady Lydear's temper was easy when she was kept perfectly pleased; which for a woman who had so many whims, and so much money, was not, it must be owned, so hard a task as might be expected; but when ruffled by anger, or attacked by misfortune, no lady could be more furiously impatient; her voice now resounded through the whole large house; she accused every creature she saw with being a party in her daughter's imprudence, and threatened to have them all hanged, cost what it would; at length, exhausted by ravings which at once proved the strength of her passions and the imbecility of her mind, she threw herself on a chair, and burst into tears.

The old steward and housekeeper now advanced, to offer humble consolation, but again retreated, to give way to the pretty totter and thoft lithp of the Countess, who gave it as her decided opinion, that her thweet couthen, poor Mith Betty, had been frightened into her ruin by the dithagreeable countenance of the woman who thee wath told wath to have the government of her; for that poor thing she had vowed with tearth in her eyeth to Waters, thee could not abide her.

Lady

Lady Lydear, in all the impatience of self actusing sorrow, cast a look of interrogation on Waters, who advancing to confirm her lady's assertion, was rudely pushed back by Sir Jacob Lydear, now, to the great terror of Rosa, one of the council.

Sir Jacob swore that was all his eye, "vor az to the countenance of the las, it cud not wrien any liven zole, zeeing as how twor the comeliest in ale the coonty, and moor liken a leady than ony he iver zeed, liven or ded."

"Soh, ma'am," said the penetrating Countess, piqued into compassion for the discarded S, "you will respect *my* opinion another time; you may else have your son follow his sister's example; for my part, I shall not be at all surprised to find this *comely* person, with her two names, as you see by Mrs. Parker's note, was not the only occasion, but the contriver of my poor cousin's ruin."

Lady Lowder suddenly stopped at this period of her speech: happening to cast her fine eyes in the direction towards the place where the astonished Rosa stood, she met the expressive glance of her, who of all God's creatures looked least likely to plan or participate a bad act her ladyship actually blushed; and as Rosa, bold in conscious innocence drew nearer Lady Lydear, she retreated towards the young Baronet, who impatient of any thing that obstructed a full view of the charms he admired, pushed directly before her.

"Brute!" said her ladyship; "do you ma'm" to Lady Lydear, "countenance this? will you authorize an insult to *me*, on behalf of an artful low creature, who has her bread to get, or——"

Again the calm indignant glance of the poor low creature silenced the Countess.

Lady Lydear, irritable from conscious error, and suspicious of every thing, now roughly demanded of Rosa whom she was? where she came from? where going when met by Mrs. Parker? who and what were her parents? their names and situation? and lastly, her reasons for introducing herself to Mrs. Parker by one name, and to her by another?

At

At the conclusion of these interrogations Rosa looked full at the Countess, and saw in the triumph of her eyes, that her ladyship's recollection was as clear as her own; but though the thoughtlessness of adopting a different name from that on the address she had given Mrs. Parker, did not credit her policy, it was an error of the head, which, though it left no culpability on her heart, could not be defended without mortifying references to a part of her history it could answer no purpose now to explain. She had good sense enough to distinguish between the satisfaction due to Lady Lydear, and that which the cool malice of the Countess was eagerly waiting for; but literal answers to the several questions propounded by the former, however gratifying to the latter, wounded neither her pride nor sensibility, and she replied without hesitation, "That she was, as Lady Lowder rightly said, a poor creature, who had her bread to get; that she was travelling from Scotland, on her way to London, when she met Mrs. Parker."

"Scotland!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Well Lady Lowder," said the Baronet, "noo body axes you any questions, so you need not be in zitch a hurry; cant you let the lafs speak vor hirzel."

Rosa proceeded to say, that the poverty of her parents was all she knew of them, and that her motive for changing a name she was not conscious of having dishonoured, for one, by which she had not before, she confessed, been known, was to avoid a mortification from which however she had not had the good fortune to escape.

As it was impossible Lady Lowder could misconstrue the look and manner in which Rosa concluded her answers to Lady Lydear she had nothing for it but patting little puggy, and humming an Italian air, while Lady Lydear, who had sense and penetration enough to know, the mind which could submit to such humble avowals, must have internal support, eyed our heroine with silent admiration.

Rosa calmly waited to give opportunity for any further inquiry Lady Lydear might please to make, and then

then gracefully curtesying retired, followed by Sir Jacob to the hall, where the still room maid waited, by Mrs. Garnet's express entreaty, to show her the way to Shawford farm.

Sir Jacob's persecutions, though in a humbler strain than what he had before used, made her anxious to join Mrs. Garnet, in the hope that she might immediately set out on her return to London; but that good body had other matters in her head; she had been so frightened at the idea of encountering the anger of a "my lady," and had made such haste to escape from it, that she was under the absolute necessity of asking the farmer's wife for the *least drop* of spirits in the world; the dame fetched out her long stored case bottle of brandy, but such was the flustration Mrs. Garnet declared herself to be in, that first, second, and third drop were insufficient to allay the ferment in her blood, and she had taken so many of the *least drops in the world*, she was now unable to speak plain.

This was a sight no less new than disgusting to Rosa; she recoiled from an object so disgraceful to womanhood with abhorrence, and her modest cheeks were tinged with the deepest glow of shame at the recollection, that circumstanced as she was, she must be considered as the avowed companion of the now almost insensible Mrs. Garnet.

Sir Jacob, on the contrary, was never more delightfully amused; and Mrs. Garnet, with that spirit of liberality which often distinguishes the votaries of intemperance, while under the inspiration of their god, offered him a glass which, he drank off, and then sat down "gift vor run, to zee how vuddled the owld deame wud make her zel."

The farmer's wife, who on the contrary extreme, could not taste a drop of any sort of liquor, no not, as she said, to save her life, would have been well disposed to clear her house of such a guest, but the presence of Sir Jacob, and the request of Mrs. Gerrad, were ties on her hospitality she dared not disregard; she however saw in our heroine's countenance an abhorrence of inebriety,

ebriety, at least equal with her own, and civilly invited her to another room, while Sir Jacob amused himself by staying "gift to zee how vuddled the owld deame wud make her zel"

But there was no "zeeing the vun" without now and then taking a drop with the "owld deame," so by the time Mrs. Garnet tumbled off her chair, Sir Jacob was calling manfully about him for "the pratty las, zustir Bet's tutrefs," and the little boy vociferating with no less harmony for mammy's namesake, to come and help poor mammy up.

Rosa had manifested great presence of mind, and no small degree of fortitude, when before Lady Lydear in her own mansion, where she reigned paramount, and we have seen that even the scornful invectives of a peeress could not intimidate her; but of that sort of courage necessary to brave either a rude or intoxicated man, she was entirely destitute. With earnest terror, she implored protection of the farmer's wife, who promised to stand by her to the last drop of her blood; but the Baronet was her landlord, whom she had never contradicted in her life; he insisted on speaking to the pratty las, and insisted too on putting a golden guinea into her hand, and whether her courage like Acre's, oozed out, or the gold oozed in, or whether conscience took her landlord's part, certain it is, she was taken in such an "odd comicalish zort of a woiy, she was vorced to goo to the doore gift vor a mouthful of air."

Nothing, it is agreed, is bolder than cowardice in despair, Rosa now could have no hope from the farmer's wife; and she had seen no other being in the house, so, affecting courage while almost choaked by the palpitation of her heart, she fixed a steady eye on the enemy, and waited the attack.

Sir Jacob, though reeling, had his hat on his thumbs as he advanced one step and retreated two.

"Have you any business with me, Sir?" asked Rosa, with a gravity of mien and utterance that would have struck good sense dumb, but as "it is the gods only who can inspire the wisdom of silence," and as the gods had

at

at this time nothing to do with Sir Jacob Lydear, a broad grin, which displayed the whole of his white teeth, prefaced a declaration of love, such as it was.

"Why, yeez, young woman, I cant zay but what I hae a leetle zorte of a bit of caffion, if zo be az you bent zoo crofs, vor I be desperdly teaken with you; and Jolter, you do know Jolter, he do zay az you'll be desperdly teaken with me too, only you be sheame faced, when you do know what a vine vorten I hae gotten; but I am nut zitch a keak az to believe ale he do zay ouden a buk, and zu here iz the lang and the shart of the matter; moother may tauk az zhe do loik abooten getten me a woife liken oor coosin leady, but rot me if I wudnt zooner goo to ftatue and teake aad leady ooten a market pleace, and az to thaten painted jezebel Waters, zhe wunt do vor the north, noo vaith! vor ale zhe thoft to coom over me with hir Luonnun slang; Ecod, if zhe loiks me, zhes in a despefed woiy, I tell hir bot that; vor there's a zartan parson noot a moile off thizen here pleace, az I do loike hir leetle vinger better nor zhes whool body.

"Have you any businefs with me, Sir? repeated Rosa.

"Do ye noo have a bit of patience, wull ye? I am cooming haome to point az vast as I con bent I? zoo nowdye zee I be moinded to teaken my own advice, vor az to Jolter zaying I must teake you into kipen, and zu when moother has gotten a woif ready and vitten to meake a leady, zend you packen; ecod there's not a man in ale Yorke need be afhamed to call you woife; I do loike you desperdly, and zu there's the lang and the shart ont."

"What is all this to me, Sir?" interrupted Rosa, glowing with indignation at the groffnefs of that part of his language she could comprehend.

"Why noo donte be zu crofs, I'm gwain to tell ye, bent I? you be fo pratty that I—coom now duont ye luk zoo cursed glum Id gie, by jingo Id gie the forrel crap, and zhee coft me two hoondred poonds vor one boos."

Sir

Sir Jacob advanced; the brandy was potent, the squire athletic; and what would have become of our trembling heroine at this moment, the gods who manage all such critical matters alone know, had not some gentlemen who were passing asked for a glass of dame Shawford's whey.

The sight of a decent dressed woman, in a state of senseless intoxication, was, in the west riding of Yorkshire, so equally strange and disgusting, that Mrs. Shawford's ruddy countenance received a heightened tint from the astonished looks of her guests; instead of fetching the whey, she smoothed her apron, and evinced her solicitude to clear her own character from the disgrace of such a connexion, by assuring their honours, "the pore zilly bodi war nothen at al to she; zeeing az how hir wur a Lunnuner coomed to theezn parts to zee houz-keeper at hall."

Dame Shawford would have proceeded in vindicating the sobriety of her own character, which ignorant people do sometimes think a little hurt by bad company, had not the attention of the gentlemen been diverted by the sudden appearance of an elegant young woman, whose deranged dress, confusion, and terror, proved Dame Shawford had company in her house, more disgraceful than even the "pore zilly bodie," on the floor.

We have always given the reader to understand our heroine was very beautiful, and beauty, every body who reads novels know, always appears most captivating on occasions like this; what is meant by "occasions like this," will be understood by gentle Misses who are the support of the Goddess of Wisdom—in Leadenhall street,—when they are informed it was at this precise critical minute the hero of this history surrendered his heart to the sovereign of its fate—our little Beggar.

No mouse, escaping from the gripping claw of a merciless grimalkin, ever panted with more terror, or looked round with more anxious solicitude for some little corner to hide, than did our poor heroine, when she broke from the loving arms of Sir Jacob Lyde; her panting bosom, dishevelled hair, and pale cheeks as she rushed
into

into the room in the moment Dame Shawford was defending the credit of her house, engrossed all the attention of the gentlemen; one of whom sprung forward, and caught her in his arms, just as the sight of her brutal lover, who immediately followed, rendered her nearly as insensible as the "zilly bodie," on the floor.

Sir Jacob, notwithstanding the fumes of liquor, had penitence as well as passion in his looks; and the fear of losing the object of his first attachment, were visibly blended with his desire of possessing her.

"Coom, coom noo," cried he, in an accent half whining, "duntee be crofs; wull ye ha me? do ye noo gi me your hond opont, an I'll goo vor a loizens an make ye my woif, in spite of moother's teeth; coom, coom, coptin, let the las' goo, cont you? what dye hould her zoo vast vor? hir can staund mun othout hauling."

The gentleman, who not only continued to support our heroine, but extended his right arm, as a kind of guard from the touch of the Baronet, was neither young nor handsome; neither was he, as we presume our young readers expect, the person whose heart, at this period, was enslaved to the charms of the affrighted Rosa; he was, on the contrary, a hardy rough looking man, about fifty; but had he been ever so young, so handsome, so susceptible, or so addicted to falling in love, he could not have been more attentive to the lady, or more exasperated against the savage, whose looks and trembling anxiety proved the sort of insult he had offered her.

The companions of this gentleman, were a tall venerable looking person, in the undress uniform of a naval commander in chief, and an elegant young man, whose manly, handsome countenance spoke the interest he felt for the lady, and who had now ran for a glass of water to keep her from fainting.

It was not without several efforts to tear Rosa from her protector, and a volley of stable oaths, that Sir Jacob quitted a place where he had indeed no power to remain; the commands of the old gentleman being supported

ported by the middle aged, and the young one, all of whom he knew to be respectable.

In the mean time our heroine recovered, and on looking round, encountered a pair of eyes as expressive and as brilliant as her own. beaming with benevolent kindness and repressed curiosity.

If these eyes had any other expression in them, it was such as was *only perceived* by Rosa, who certainly did recal her hasty glance and fix her own on the ground, in a manner so sudden, so new to herself, that it was some time before she could again venture to look at her other protectors, whose ardent gaze, though they were much more calculated to inspire respect, one from his great age, the other from his active kindness; she could meet with less embarrassment.

The old gentleman, with the air and manner of a courtier of Queen Ann's reign, put his broad brimmed laced hat under his arm, and approaching Rosa, congratulated her on her escape from the Yorkshire *Orson*. The middle-aged person, who had now relinquished his air burthen, took out a massy silver tobacco box, and having deposited part of its contents between his teeth and under lip, "Yes, Admiral," said he, "'twas a fair gale that blew us to this quarter; the little shallop would have been fairly run down by that clumsy lugger."

"The lady," replied the Admiral, raising his venerable figure quite perpendicular, "was certainly in very impolite hands."

Rosa attempted something like thanks; but again encountering the afore said pair of expressive eyes, the words died on her lips, and she, for the first time, felt herself at a loss in well bred company."

"But," proceeded the Admiral, "I profess nothing surprises me so much as to find so elegant a young person under the same roof with two such——."

As he spoke he placed his eye glass in the direction towards the snoring Mrs. Garnet.

Although this gentleman was a seaman of seventy years standing, "whose services were his patrons," a nice regard to every minutia of politeness and etiquette con-
tued

tinued a leading trait in his character, even on the boisterous element on which his life had principally passed ; he saw with pain the blush on Rosa's cheek, and his own faintly glowed with confusion, for having *abashed* a woman ; he apologized, and his apology more embarrassed her ; he entreated her pardon ; he had certainly, he confessed, grossly expressed a sentiment raised by the interest he had the honour to feel in her safety, which could only be insured by her permitting him to escort her to her friends.

"Oy, oy, madam," joined the gentleman with the tobacco box, "we'll not part company till we convoy you into safe moorings ; that *whorson*, as the Admiral calls him, won't give up the chace ; he may bear down upon you again if you have no body to keep a look out."

"Allow me, fair lady," rejoined the Admiral, holding his hat with one hand, and having first consecrated the other with a kiss, offering it, "to have the felicity of waiting on you."

Rosa had yet only uttered confused monosyllables ; the young gentleman's earnest and silent attention confused her as much as the formal politeness of the old one, or the blunt kindness of his friend.

Never before, since the first dawn of embellished reason, had she associated with a being of depraved mind, or vulgar manners. It was not her situation, nor her humble rank in life, which were difficult to explain ; but while the old Admiral was anxious to pay her the respect, he took it for granted she deserved, she felt the most inconceivable reluctance to discover she was even the casual companion of the intoxicated being, so justly the object of disgust and contempt.

Mrs. Garnet's boy now ran to her, begging her to come home to his mammy, who was her namesake, and finding she neither answered, nor motioned to go, hid his face in her clothes, and wept.

Back started the old gentleman, as if he had been bit by some venomous reptile ; he looked at Mrs. Garnet, then

then at Rosa, at Mrs. Garnet again, and lastly directed an interrogative glance to Dame Shawford.

"Eez zur," said the dame, perfectly comprehending him, "they be ale a lungen to the same coompany."

A dagger struck to Rosa's heart, could not have more seriously hurt her; had no other eye but her own witnessed it, her cheek would have crimsoned with shame at the sight of a woman in Mrs. Garnet's present condition; how then must it affect her when by a combination of unfortunate circumstances she was implicated in her misconduct! it was in vain she essayed to speak; the dignified mien of the old Admiral, the astonished look of his friend, and the earnest glances of the young gentleman, confounded and embarrassed her.

The boy continued obstinately to hide his face in the coat of her habit; tears rolled down her cheeks, and she threw herself on the seat of the antique window, utterly exhausted with shame and vexation.

The Admiral, with all his politeness levelled his eye glass directly at her face; the tears however, which he by that means discerned, affected him.

"'Tis a fine boy," said he, attempting to pat the child's head, "is it?—no it cannot be——"

"Let's look at thee, my hero," said the other gentleman, endeavouring to drag him forcibly from Rosa.

The boy had fine lungs; he made the house ring.

Mrs. Garnet gave a kind of hollow groaning sign of existence; the Admiral hobbled out, leaning on his gold headed cane; his friend stopping both his own ears, after hollowing in Mrs. Garnet's, followed; and Dame Shawford, disappointed of the piece of silver she was in the habit of receiving from the Admiral for her whey, carried it back to the dairy in very ill humour.

Scarce did Rosa dare to raise the long lash of her eyes as the two gentlemen departed; still less did she dare encounter the gaze of him who, transfixed to the spot on which he stood, still remained.

"May I be permitted, madam," said he, in a low voice, "to ask if you live in this country?"

"Noo, lord! why thay be travellén voke," answered Dame Shawford.

He

He gave her a look that returned her to her dairy, and repeated his question, to which, after a moment's hesitation, he received a cold and single negative.

"Do you leave it soon?"

An affirmative as cold.

"Are you safe from the further insult of the young man who—"

From the moment Rosa's fear of Sir Jacob subsided, she had been so entirely occupied by her feelings, on account of the company in which she was found by people for whom she felt an involuntary impulse of respect, that fear was entirely absorbed in shame, and Sir Jacob no more thought of than if he was not in existence; but it now recurred as a most serious evil, that he had sworn, at his departure, he would "ha hir."

She was alone, helpless, and the moment the person who now took the trouble to concern himself in her safety followed his friends, might be exposed even to worse insults than those she had so recently escaped.

"Good God!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "what a situation am I in!"

"If," said Mr. Montreville, "you will favour me with your commands, you will infinitely oblige me; will you direct me to your friends?"

"Friends!" repeated Rosa, with an air at once moving and graceful, "direct you to *my friends*! Ah!" sighing deeply, and at that instant her thoughts reverting to the Colonel and Major Buhanun, "where are they!"

Mr. Montreville changed colour; he saw before him a woman whose beautiful and intelligent countenance both attracted and interested him, and he found himself irresistibly impelled to admire her; the sentiment he conceived for her was perfectly new, he gazed on her face with transport, yet he was far more pleased to discover in it the lineaments of innocence and candour than he could have been to receive the voluptuous smile of invitation; he wished to know her, but he wished to know her worthy; yet so strangely was she situated, so mysterious were her manner and words, that he hardly dared to credit the modesty of her countenance; and then

the horrible woman ! the companion of such a creature, must be, what indeed must she not be ! he considered and reconsidered, at length, " How long," said he, " do you remain in this house ?"

Rosa had also been considering ; she recollected the danger to which she would perhaps be exposed the instant this gentleman left her ; the embarrassing events which had succeeded each other so rapidly, since her departure from Edinburgh, might be followed by others equally embarrassing and more dangerous as she drew nearer London ; should she attempt to proceed by any other conveyance than the regular stage. Sir Jacob Lydear, equally her terror and dislike, might follow her unprotected steps, he might even endeavour to prevent her taking the only safe conveyance ; this gentleman was, it is true, as little, nay less known to her than Sir Jacob, but his countenance, his manners, his company, were at least sureties for a cultivated mind ; if he was the man of honour he appeared, and would put her into the coach when it passed, (for she no longer thought of Mrs. Garnet's protection) his rank, which the respect of Dame Shawford evinced, would enforce that care, and those little attentions which a woman quite unknown and unaccompanied needed in such a journey ; at least she would reveal her situation, and be guided by his behaviour as to the limits of her confidence. Her answer to his question was a frank avowal of her distress ; and her natural good sense superseding the transient confusion which had enveloped her faculties, she took courage to ask that protection, it was now his anxious wish to offer.

Except from the warm spirit of universal philanthropy, which in some few minds greet congenial virtues with excess of pleasure, and mingle tears over human frailty, it would be difficult to ascertain the source of that benignant joy which now lighted up the fine features of Mr. Montreville.

" You are not then the companion of that woman ?"

Rosa blushed, not at the question, for it was a natural one ; but the manner in which it was put, and the interest it implied in her answer.

The

The acquaintance, she said, was a mere travelling one, whom she first met in a stage coach, and after at the house of Lady Lydear, and having no suspicion of the poor woman's unhappy propensity, she had thought herself fortunate in meeting a fellow traveller of her own sex, whose age and experience would be a sort of protection.

Mr. Montreville, though pleased at the frank manner in which she accounted for the connexion so apparently degrading, felt a pang of regret when he understood he was to feast his eyes and heart in her charming society no longer than that one day; he asked Dame Shawford what time the London coach passed, in a manner that shewed the strongest interest in the question, and then fixed his eyes on Rosa's face, as if totally regardless of the answer.

Dame Shawford, awed into silence by the frown of the young gentleman, had been thinking it was very hard to be deprived of the liberty of speech in her own house, and no sooner was an opening allowed her than she began to wonder what "wur coomed of Madam Gerrad, who had promised to come and look ater her freens, but vor zartain hir would be daunted vor to zee the zilly bodie zoo mutch overtane, and az to the cuoch, why hap it mout be vul, and hap not; but az to that, what in the neame of vortin cud be dun with the pore zilly bodie, if zo be az zhe wur gotten to bed happen she wur gotten zoober afore the cuoch coomed.

Dame Shawford's proposition was an appeal to decency Rosa could not resist; she offered her assistance, the dame called her maid, and between them they got Mrs. Garnet up stairs, and left her snoring on a bed. Mr. Montreville had in the mean time been amused himself with the boy, whose artless tale confirmed Rosa's account of the commencement of her acquaintance with his mother; and whether it were this or the heightened beauty which the little exercise raised in her cheeks, time will determine, something had certainly increased her interest in his heart during the short absence; he rose to meet her with a tenderness as unstudied as unexpected,

expected, and after leading her to the seat she had left, besought her to accept his protection till she was out of the reach of further insult; in order to which he proposed sending for his chaise, and escorting her on horseback as far as she would permit him.

Rosa felt all the kindness of this offer, but it nevertheless occurred to her, that putting herself under the protection of an entire stranger, might be to avoid one evil, by running into another; she therefore could not accept, and was at a loss how to decline his offer. If ever Rosa was ungrateful, it was at this moment; but Mr. Montreville's was a capacious and intelligent mind; he saw her downcast eyes were fraught with meaning, and recollecting that the honour of those sentiments, and the delicacy of those motives which prompted him to make the offer, were known only to himself, frankly apologized for his want of thought.

Rosa! what became of poor Rosa, when a mind so delicate, so sensible and so honourable, broke on her with fresh lustre every time he spoke; and when she dared look up, and beheld a fine oval face, where bright dark eyes and animated eye-brows, fine teeth, regular manly features, and strong expression, mellowed by sensibility, well atoned for the absence of the rose and lily in his clear brown complexion; added to a form whose every graceful attitude might vie with Apollo of Belvidere; and was it then only during the few hours that would elapse before the stage passed, she would see and converse with a being so every way amiable!

A silence, more expressive than words, was broken by the farmer's invitation to "zitch az they had, thof to be zure they had nothen vitten vor young zifquire."

Rosa declined his civility, but would thank Mrs. Shawford for a dish of tea after her dinner, and would in the meantime walk into the corn field before the house.

Mr. Montreville made many efforts to draw her into conversation, but an unusual weight oppressed her spirits, and a confusion of ideas no less painful than embarrassing, kept her almost uniformly silent.

He

He adverted to Lady Lydear and her family ; spoke of her eccentricities with some compassion, of the injury they were of to her children with more ; pitied the imprudent girl, though nothing better was to be expected from the companions she was allowed to have ; the young man he could no longer pity,—no, he could only hate him for having dared——.

Mr. Montreville stopped, and Rosa was still silent.

He proceeded to say, that although, if she had remained at the hall some happy chance might have given him the honour of being known to her, he could not regret her removal from so unpleasant a family.

Rosa courtied.

He continued, “ My grand-father, the old officer you saw does not visit Lady Lydear, although their estates join.”

Rosa no longer looked “ into the earth.” Mr. Montreville could not be more anxiously curious in regard to her than she felt at this moment about all which related to him ;—Estates and grandfather ; alas ! these were blessings she knew not.

“ The young man has once or twice dined at the Grange ; I then thought he might have been improved, had he not been put into such hands as his tutor.”

“ A tall disagreeable man,” said Rosa, “ with a loud imperious voice, and staring black eyes ?”

Pleased at having at last drawn an answer, he replied, she had well described him. He could not comprehend how such a person could be engaged for the improvement of a young man with sense enough to feel his own deficiencies ; he was so complete a mixture of pedantry and vice ; had so much knowledge of the world and so little principle ; was so great a hypocrite, yet so daringly immoral, that it was to be expected a young man of strong passions, with large fortunes in possession and reversion, would not come out of his hands mended in mind or circumstances.

Rosa entirely coincided with Mr. Montreville in opinion and sentiment ; but though she grew less embarrassed, would have been a much better pleased listener to more of the Grange family anecdotes.

Returning

Returning to the house, Mr. Montreville hoped their acquaintance, tho' begun in such unpleasant circumstances, would not terminate here, but that he should be honoured with her address in London.

This was not the first instant it occurred to Rosa she had no home, nor, though so anxious to reach London, sure of a single friend there; but it certainly was the first time she felt a desire to conceal her real circumstances from any being whose esteem she desired to cultivate; it was her wish to make a grateful return for Mr. Montreville's politeness, without confessing to what a destitute being it was offered; again she coloured, hesitated, and felt a want both of breath and words.

"Perhaps," said he, regarding her attentively, "you are under the protection of friends to whom it will not be convenient to announce me."

Rosa was dumb.

"I dare not press you, madam," he continued, with a mortified look, "but if I must not be favoured with your address, will you do me the honour to receive mine?"

Still Rosa was silent.

"I make no empty professions when I declare I shall be zealous to serve or oblige you."

Rosa chusing at this moment rather to look on any other object than the amiable speaker, turned her face towards the house, at the door of which Dame Shawford stood beckoning her to come in, and she hastened, rather to conceal her emotion than to obey the summons; he however put his card into her half reluctant hand, and had but just reached the Dame's best tea table when Mrs. Gerrad joined them, too full of the disturbance at the hail, to recollect with whom she familiarly seated herself.

She began to lament the imprudence of Miss Betty, but Mrs. Shawford cut her short with anecdotes of imprudence nearer home; even in her own London cousin.

When Mrs. Gerrad, who was the pink of all kind of regularity, heard of Mrs. Garnet's inebriety, and understood

derstood her present situation, she first looked round on the witnesses of her implied disgrace, and seeing a strange gentleman, for Mr. Montreville's person was not known to her, became as anxious to disclaim the connexion, as Mrs. Shawford herself had been.

"My cousin!" cried Mrs. Gerrad, with a peevish and disdainful toss of her head, "No, she thanked God, she had no such relations; the woman was married to a kinsman of her deceased husband's, and plague enough he had with them both for many years, no end to his trouble and expence; people might talk of London, but Jabel was an industrious man in the country; nay, for that matter, so was his wife; but all sorts of ruination followed them in London, till poor Jabel lifted for a soldier and took his wife with him over sea, where he, poor soul, was soon killed, when some fool of an American, with more money than wit, married his widow, and as soon as it was peace, comed over to England. The foolish woman had been round at all her own and her first husband's relations; and indeed behaved very well to all who had formerly served her; the Hall, Mrs. Gerrad added, was the last place she stopped at, and brought a present of a very handsome silver cream pot with her, though it was more than she desired; indeed she thought the unhappy creature was quite reformed, but poor Rose Wilkins was no changeling."

The tea cup dropped from Rosa's hand; she had felt herself uncommonly interested in the history Mrs. Gerrad's pride impelled her to give of her London cousin, without the remotest presentiment it could at all affect her; but, "Rose Wilkins;" a north country dis-fortune woman; her husband a soldier, who took her abroad; the name too well remembered, the circumstances too exact, and the character too just, to admit a shadow of doubt; no wonder the child's voice and features were so familiar to her, and that his mother's own face had struck her as one she had before seen; for in the intoxicated Mrs. Garnet, the woman her relations were so anxious to disclaim,—her for whom, as a being of her own sex, she had so deeply blushed, who at that

moment lay in a state abhorrent to decent women, and despised by all descriptions of men,—even in her did our poor heroine recognize the mother who abandoned her at Penry.

So sweet, so soothing, so ultimately full of comfort is the parental tie to those who, like our Beggar, are thrown at large on the world, that though the utmost effort of memory could not retrace one instance of parental tenderness the favourite object of Rosa's fancy, was a meeting with her parents, and both her waking and sleeping thoughts had often stripped them of their rags, reformed their evil habits, and restored them to that rank in virtuous society in which her glad heart would with transport greet them; but those dear illusions nourished with tender delight, were now torn away; at last that mother whose bosom she had often wetted with her tears was found; she was indeed no longer a beggar, but the poverty, the abject poverty of her soul was unchangeable;—yes, in a state that degraded human nature, and overwhelmed her with shame, she found her only parent; it was too much; she sunk back on her chair; a cold dew overspread her face, her limbs trembled, and she must have fallen had not Mrs. Gerrad supported her, for Mr. Montreville's surprise and concern rendered him immovable.

After a shower of tears had in some degree calmed the strong emotions of her mind, her high sense of filial duty together with a sensation of tenderness, which the name of mother inspired, induced her to go to the chamber where Mrs. Garnet lay; but the sight of her unwieldy figure, her bloated features and inflamed countenance, spite of herself repelled every impulse of natural affection.

To ask the maternal benediction of a woman from whom her heart recoiled; to acknowledge to the elegant Montreville her near affinity to one whom it had filled him with such evident joy to find was only her travelling acquaintance; to submit herself to the guidance of a woman so totally unable to govern herself, and who after all, might not receive her with kindness,

was

was more than duty enforced, more than prudence could warrant; so at least she would have hoped had not those principles of filial duty which glowed in her heart, upbraided her with that false pride which prevented her acknowledging an only parent after so long a separation; her temples beat, her mouth became parched, she threw herself on a chair by the bedside, and gave way to her tears; but the scent of the spirits with which every breath Mrs. Garnet drew was impregnated, again turned her so faint, she was obliged to leave the room and return to the corn field, where she had so lately passed some comparatively happy moments.

Mr. Montreville arose hastily as she passed, but deterred from following her by the visible agony which almost distorted her features, he contented himself to watch her agitated and unequal steps, whilst unable to reconcile feeling to duty, she addressed the common parent of the universe, and fervently implored him to enable her to conquer the unnatural repugnance with which her heart recognised her parent: her prayer was vain; the repugnance increased; she remembered that a parent must have estranged from her heart every trait of natural affection, before she could abandon her child; that it was by no means certain her's had, on her second marriage, mentioned the incumbrance of the first, which she had so mercilessly shaken off; and even if it were admitted possible a woman who still continued in the practice of one abhorred vice, should have forsaken others, and repented the cruel desertion of an helpless infant, how could she ever live in terms of amity with such a mother!—a mother whose manners were disgusting, whose connexions were vulgar, and whose principles were corrupted; and should the paternal authority be exerted, even to the subversion of that integrity, which was happily become a part of her nature, how could she after once subjecting herself to a mother, evade her power,—how escape from a woman, dead as she seemed to shame, or how, oh how! separate one idea from the torturing mortification her shocking propensity to intemperance must

must always inflict. Oh! no, never, never! would Rosa acknowledge such a mother.

Yet what could she do? should she leave her in her present situation, insensible, heated, and overpowered with liquor! and should her excess produce a fever! "Ah miserable!" she exclaimed, "abandoned by her own child, what claim has she on strangers? oh no! I will not leave my mother."

Mr. Montreville at that moment made a respectful motion to join her; she started into another path

"Good God!" she cried; "oh! forgive my weakness, I cannot, cannot explain to that amiable man the wretched origin of her for whose safety he is so anxious"

The last reflection had at least an equal share in the immediate resolution she formed of waiting to see her mother restored to reason and health, but not to discover her consanguinity; to procure, if possible, her address, in order to acquaint herself from time to time of her welfare; to let her partake in all her good fortune, but not to trouble her with the bad; to attend her in sickness, and in fine to discharge all the duty, without claiming the relation of a daughter.

C H A P. IX.

Very loving, and of course very short.

OUR Heroine having thus made up a sort of armistice with her feelings, she turned towards the house, near which Mr. Montreville yet stood, a little hurt at being left so long to himself, and not a little curious to know the cause; he did not however wait for permission to join her, but seeing the distraction that had marked every feature was succeeded by placid serenity, hastened to meet her.

There were certainly traits in this young gentleman's manner extremely congenial to our heroine's feelings:
To

To manly beauty, high accomplishments, and fine sense, were united such a warm solicitude for her safety, as could not fail of attraction; her acquaintance with him commenced at a time, and in a situation, when the consciousness of her helpless state endeared a protector; and when the contrast between the rude unimproved Sir Jacob Lydear and the elegant Montreville was but too favourable to the latter; her restraint, her internal anguish, even the meeting with her mother was forgotten, as she walked, entertaining and entertained by his side; and her inexperienced heart was expanding itself to receive for the first time,

“ The charming agonies of love,
“ Whose misery delights;”

Nor was Mr. Montreville less charmed with his fair companion; he had before seen beauty of all colours and complexions, but “ what a picture is that to which love gives a colouring, where the imagination is strained to paint something more beautiful than beauty itself!”

Mr. Montreville was easy and well bred but his cheerfulness was now affected: he felt a depression all his efforts could not shake off; it was in vain he could have reasoned with his feelings, for they were out of all reason; and as the hour drew near when he must no longer find new beauties in a face he felt it would be impossible to forget; the weight at his heart increased almost to suffocation, he had formed a latent design of asking her permission to accompany her one stage; but on how many chances did this dernier hope hang! should the coach be full, should the intoxicated woman recover in time, and above all should Rosa object; the last idea deprived him of power to ask, and the three hours flew as three minutes; it was mere small talk, and but little of that, which passed, yet what a fund of wisdom did he discover, what capacious ideas she, what infinite delight both; but ah! the pity of it not all Montreville's regret, nor all Rosa's blushing sweetness could arrest the swift pinions of passing time.

It

It was now nine o'clock ; and the coach was expected to pass at ten ; Rosa was pondering on the conduct she must observe to her mother, when the hoarse voice of the latter, close to her ear, at once surprised and shocked her.

Mr. Montreville could not restrain a glance of contemptuous ridicule when he beheld Mrs. Garnet's broad red bloated face come in contact with the fair and delicate bloom of Rosa ; and when, asking if she were ready, her heavy brown muscular hand rested on that which out-vied the lily, it was with difficulty he constrained himself from removing it.

What a moment was this for Rosa ! her heart which recoiled from her mother's touch, reproached her for the unnatural sensation ; but with all that milkiness of human kindness it was possible to feel or conceive ; with the rightest sense, and the warmest wish to perform every function of duty, she felt, and was shocked at herself, the strongest antipathy to the new and natural claims on her duty and affection.

Mrs. Garner, who was now sensible, though she could scarcely be called sober, complained of the head-ach, and, to the horror of Rosa, said she would go into the house, and get one of the farmer's pipes, as smoking always did her good.

Mr. Montreville, during her stay reflected that he had imperceptibly let the time pass without making one effort to insure a future interview, and no sooner saw her waddle away, than he took Rosa's but half reluctant hand.

" Soon then," said he, " we part, and must it be for ever ? you will not favour me with your address, why are you so inflexible ? can you doubt my honour, —my discretion ?"

Rosa's silent fit returned ; what indeed could she say ? a more ingenuous heart never beat than her's ; but to confess she had no home ! no friends ! no connexions ! to one whose family, fortune, and rank formed a contrast so honourable to him, so humiliating to her, was impossible.

Grief,

Grief, they say, is stout; but none of the passions that vex the human heart is half so proud as love, even in the infant state, in which our heroine felt it.

Vexed, mortified, and disappointed, Mr. Montreville walked a few paces away; Rosa, unable to speak, took the contrary direction, and fell into a passion of tears, without being able to ascertain why she wept; Mr. Montreville returned.

"I dare hardly hazard to you," said he, "an explanation of sentiments, that are inexplicable to myself; yet I confess I am unhappy at the idea of this being my last interview with so lovely a woman; you do not answer; is it pity or obduracy that imposes this silence? I would not be importunate, but surely, peculiarly as you are circumstanced, you might venture to place some confidence in me; only say in what part of London I may look at the outside of a house that contains you."

Rosa's heart was full, but as Mr. Montreville was every moment rising in her esteem, her repugnance to lessen herself in his, rose also, yet she was considering whether she might not venture to give him Dr. Croak's address, when a noise across the field, and the boy's whistle, who was set to watch for the coach, threw her entirely off her guard.

"Alas!" she cried, "we must part; there they are!"

"There!" repeated Mr. Montreville, "where? who?" and he sprung towards the place where now voices were distinctly heard, and where also some of the farmer's people were going.

Rosa, on finding herself quite alone, was terrified, yet unconscious of any cause for being so; her mother was ready to proceed on the journey, and the signal that all was ready had been given; but instead of hastening towards the coach, she was turning to the house, when something was suddenly thrown over her head, her mouth stopped; she was caught up in a man's arms, who ran by the back of the house, into what was called the Barton, and lifted her into
a carriage,

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

a carriage, which was then driven off at full gallop.

C H A P X.

“ Tell me, ye learned, shall we be for ever adding so much to the bulk, so little to the stock !”

“ Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another !”

HAVING now in compliance with the well known and long established rules of novel writing, made a breach in the peace of our sovereign lord the king, against his liege subject, Rosa Wilkins, by putting her in bodily fear, and forcing her against her will and consent from her friends.

The author corrects herself; she is anxious the world should not have reason to suppose she has lived a few years in, and with it, without knowing a little of its customs.

Sir Solomon Mushroom had, on a former occasion, said, “ one Colonel Buharun was enough for one century ;” that granted, and our heroine being still poor and unprotected, she had *no friends*, and it was not very possible for any act of violence to deprive her of what she had not got.

But although, if Sir Jacob Lydear had chosen, on the credit of his own fortune and countenance to demand a young creature, placed by his mother’s servants, under the roof of one of his own tenants, it is far from our intention to insinuate the farmer, or any part of his family would have known, or knowing, practised so little of their duty as to refuse to obey him ; yet it is but just to own there was not an individual at Shawford farm, who would not much rather have seen the unfortunate stranger set off safe in the coach, on her way to the metropolis, than thus spirited away no body knew how or where ; and one person there certainly was, though we will not presume to give even him
the

the sacred appellation of *friend*, who would have parted with a finger or two to have her still standing on the precise spot where he had left her, even though the obstinate silence which gave him so much pain, had still remained unbroken.

That Rosa was exceedingly frightened, when she felt herself encircled by a pair of muscular arms, against the strength of which all her struggles were no more than the flutterings of a new caught linnet, against the wires of its cage; but the person to whom she was delivered was not a jot less frightened than herself.

Sir Jacob Lydear had certainly never seen so "pratty a lass" before, and not having been in the habit of conversing with any thing superior to the maids of his mother's household, excepting her ladyship and Mrs. Gerrad, till the Countess of Lowder's visit in her way to the north, he felt himself not only filled with admiration of Rosa's beauty, but inspired with a sort of respect by the delicacy and sweetness of her manners, which increased with the recollection of every graceful action, and every word, even "the crafes ones" she had uttered.

Nothing, it is true, could be intended more captivating than the person and manners of the Countess; and the great pains she took to leave a lasting impression both of her sweetness and beauty, on the handsome Sir Jacob, were not only observed by the Rev. Mr. Jolter, but pointed out by him to his pupil's observation; the young man's heart was however invulnerable till he beheld our fair Beggar.

"You shall certainly have this girl," said Mr. Jolter to Sir Jacob, after listening to an ireful and hardly comprehensible history of his misadventure at Shawford farm; and as it was an affair in which his interest, if not his honour, was concerned, the Rev. Mr. Jolter had no temptation to break his word; so having a female friend, who lived in a little cottage on the verge of a common a few miles distant, so commodiously situated as to be out of the way of impertinent inquirers, should any little commotion happen under her roof, he
laid

laid a plan which promised, and would indeed have been crowned with success, had not the same private road which led to the intended scene of victory, also passed the back gates of the Grange; and had not the shrieks of Rosa (who, freed by her struggles from the wrapper thrown over her head, was opposing, with all her strength of lungs and body, Sir Jacob's humble petition "vor wun boots;" and Mr. Jolter's loud and reiterated protestations, that if she were so obstinate it would be worse for her,) been heard by some horsemen, the instant of the chaise passing the gates.

"What the devil is that?" said a rough voice.

"'Tis a signal of distress," answered one more rough.

"Shall we bring to?" joined a third.

"Ay, ay, bear a hand, my lads," rejoined the first speaker, brandishing an oaken cudgel, and riding up to the chaise, while one of his companions stationed himself at the horse's head, and the other ran round to the opposite side.

"Holloa! holloa!" cried the person who appeared first in authority, "whence came ye, and where are ye bound with a cargo of live lumber, against their own will and consent?"

"If you do not go on," cried Mr. Jolter, in a marvellous rage, "I'll break your bones."

"And if they do, I'll send a small gun or two after every mother's son of them," said the stranger on foot.

"I'll gi voive poonds a peece, Toom, ef thee woot goo along," quoth Sir Jacob.

"I'll tell you what it is, my lads," said the chief of the assailants, "here's a girl in the case; now, dye see, if so be as she—"

"Oh, for ~~God's~~ sake!" cried Rosa.

"What the deuce! why sure! what is it thee, Mr. Whorson! what, hast got on the pirating tack again!"

Mr. Jolter now knew it was Captain Seagrove who stopped them, and though well assured the captain was

was no joker, yet unwilling to lose his credit with his pupil, determined on a *coup de grace*, and levelled a cane tolerably heavy loaded at the captain's head, which would have certainly silenced him for some little time at least, had his aim been half so good as his intentions, but the blow lighting on the head of the horse, instead of the rider, the animal was actually knocked down. Enraged at the injury the captain was so near sustaining, his two followers vowed revenge, threatened instant death to the portillions, if they stirred; and having released Rosa, dragged Jolter out of the chaise, then swearing they would inflict immediate corporal punishment on both, and were on the point of laying their merciless hands on the Baronet.

The drivers, who were pickles of Sir Jacob's own breeding, seriously apprehensive of the event not only to their master, but themselves, in that moment suddenly spurred their horses, and galloped off with all possible speed, nor once stopped, till by a turning out of the bye way they got into the turnpike road, and so on to the hall, where Sir Jacob, bruised, disappointed, and full of rage, was received by his domestics with concern and astonishment; and as soon as Lady Lydear heard how her poor boy had been treated, she sent express to York for the family attorney, resolved to avenge the affront and injury he had received at the expence of half her fortune.

Mean while the escape of the Baronet was a stimulus to the revenge vowed by Captain Seagrove's companions on the prostrate Jolter; but as he implored mercy in the most humble terms; and the captain was apprehensive of the excess to which his men might carry their resentment, he reminded them that the Admiral was a justice of the peace, and that to take the law into their own hands would be an affront to him; therefore he advised returning to the house with the prisoner, and submitting his punishment to their commander.

To this arrangement, in which Rosa was quite forgotten, the men agreed with evident reluctance,
and

and they were actually proceeding, when Rosa, terrified at the prospect of being left alone at that hour in a strange country, besought them to suffer her to accompany them.

The captain immediately offered his arm, saying, he had forgot her; and one man leading the horses, the other having bound Jolter's hands behind, also leading him, the cavalcade reached the Grange.

The servants gathered round, eager to learn the cause of their so sudden and strange return, and the captain led the way by a private door into a lobby, where he proposed leaving the offender and offended, while he related the particulars to the Admiral, but was suddenly stopped by a little dark woman, passing with a light in her hand, who the instant she cast her eyes on the Rev. Mr. Jolter, gave a loud cry, and seizing him with one hand, threw the light away, and tore off her cap with the other, and indeed by her gestures and extravagance, exhibited so many marks of insanity, that the captain concluding she was mad, pushed Rosa into a magnificent hall, and followed her and Jolter into a parlour, the door of which was instantly closed.

For some time nothing was heard but the voice of the little dark foreigner, which indeed was very audible; sometimes depressed by tears, at others raised by passion, and when she ceased speaking, all was a few moments silent till the bell rung; the servants dispersed; the captain and his follower passed almost close to Rosa without observing her; their horses were brought to the grand entrance of the hall; they rode off; the door was closed; the porter retired, and she was left quite alone, to reflection, surprise, and conjecture.

Rosa was now, she understood, at the Grange, the home of the amiable Montreville—a home, where every thing spoke the magnificent taste and opulent circumstances of the owner.

That the man who had violated the laws of his country, insulted female innocence, and disgraced his sacred profession, would be severely punished by a magistrate

gistrate who had fought in defence of those laws he was called on to administer, she could not doubt; but in punishing the guilty, the innocent must also be questioned; and what must be her answer when the venerable magistrate should demand who and what she was, and when eager attention should fix on the animated brow of his young heir, could she—oh! how could she own her condition and connexions! yet this she must do, or be guilty of a falsehood, and that perhaps on oath. The painful alternative dwelt so strongly on her mind, that she no longer thought on the singularity of her situation; the approach of footsteps agitated her to agony, and their retreat was a reprieve from apprehensions the most painful and mortifying. A clock struck one; the lamp which hung at the foot of a grand staircase now burned to the socket, and glimmered a pale unsteady light; yet no being seemed to remember there was a stranger under the roof.

Tortured with suspense, and shivering with cold, she retired to the farther corner and wept; in that moment a distant door opposite the hall opened; through a large mirror at the further end of the room, she could perceive a gentleman, who by his uniform she supposed to be the Admiral, seated by the side of a lady; Mr. Jolter, yes, Mr. Jolter, was also seated near them, and the little dark woman at a small distance. Ah! now, thought Rosa, is my doom approaching; I must now own what will overwhelm me with shame; I must confess I am the daughter of a poor despicable woman, so justly the object of contempt, after having told Mr. Montreville she was only a casual acquaintance; yes, I shall in the same hour be convicted of a falsehood, and deprived of the power to vindicate my innocence.

She was mistaken.

A servant attended with lights; she sees the little dark woman take them from him; Mr. Jolter advances to the Admiral; he rises; she sees, heaven and earth! was it not a deception! could she believe it! she sees the Admiral, the venerable parent of him who
had

had spoke so just and so true of the Rev. Mr. Jolter, the respectable officer, the upright magistrate, yes, she sees his hand extended to the wretch on whom she had expected his vengeance to fall; astonished, breathless, and indignant, her eyes were yet fixed on the objects before her, and an universal trembling seized every joint: Preceded by a footman with one taper, and followed by the little dark woman with another, he leaves the room, the door closes, and he advances towards her; she shrunk behind a pedestal; Mr. Jolter, with a firm steady step, a look of more self importance than she had seen him assume even at the hall, and an appearance of familiar friendship with the little dark woman, still advanced, but to her unspeakable joy, turned after the servant, up the grand stair, the female returned to the room she had left, and all again was darkness and mystery.

What now could Rosa think? her deliverer, as she thought him, had left the house; instead of punishment, the vile Jolter met reward; he was caressed, honoured, and entertained, while she was left totally disregarded, to anguish, fear, and uncertainty. In this inhospitable region guilt was triumphant; what therefore was left for innocence but to fly from it! It was indeed hard to believe the mild and venerable looking Admiral was a patron of vice, and more hard to allow the open manly countenance of his grandson was a covering to hypocrisy; but facts were too stubborn even for secret partiality to do away: and after a thousand conjectures the mortifying truth came home to her heart; she actually had seen a despicable vicious ruffian caressed and honoured, and the outrage he had committed on the laws of society, passed over, if not sanctioned; those who could act thus were unworthy confidence or esteem; no redress, no protection, no justice, could be hoped from them; why then should she expose herself to certain mortification, without hope of benefit, or even safety?

The day dawned, and she ventured to remove a shutter; the same spirit of grandeur and taste, which were displayed in every article of the furniture and ornaments,

ornaments, seemed to be communicated even to inanimates; and as the sun, in splendid majesty arose over hills of fine plantations,

“ Of solemn oaks that tuft the swelling mount,
“ Thrown graceful round by Nature’s careless hand,”

it portrayed to her dejected fancy that happiness, that splendour, and that power, which cast her obscure fate at such an awful distance as precluded all right to the common intercourse of social kindness; it returned her to her original state of beggary, and awed by the pride of prosperous iniquity, the secret disappointment of her heart almost reduced it to that state of abject despondence, which, if not repelled, renders poverty a more evilserious than even vice; the weakness was however but momentary; that pride, which if not the basis, is certainly the support of female virtue, and which was in her innate, restored her to herself, and she resolved to quit the hateful mansion.

“ Yes,” said she, lightly stepping from the window, “ yes, I leave to specious and affected virtues the honour of entertaining real vice! I have pierced this enchanting surface; it is a covering for what I now despise; I will think no more of this terrestrial paradise, nor of its worthless inhabitants.”

The resolution was no doubt very sublime; it wanted nothing of heroism but to be kept, and that was what Rosa had the least power to do; for though nothing could be more certain than that Mr. Montreville was unworthy a single thought, yet as she hastily crossed the spacious park, to a wild, but luxuriant heath, now impelled by fear, now by anger, and now by shame, he was so much connected with every sensation of her mind, that it was wholly occupied with the certainty of his demerits. No young lady, whose supreme felicity depends on exciting a general stare, without troubling herself to distinguish whether it be a stare of wonder, of contempt, of curiosity, or admiration, could be dressed in a style more calculated to attract all eyes than Rosa’s at this period.—Her
black

black habit was covered with the powder which had been profusely, for the first time, thrown on every hair of Sir Jacob Lydear's head, and was torn by her struggles in several places; her hat had, in an effort to get out of the chaise door, dropped from her head out of the window, and with it the comb that confined her hair, so that her chestnut tresses now fell from her bare head over her shoulders, below her back, at the sport of the little air that blew; she however walked on, and after crossing a field directly before her, came to a road, where a finger post pointed to Sheffield, and reminded her, that was the place from whence her mother proposed to take a chaise, and where, if she was not already arrived, it would be easy to send to her.

This discovery adding as well to her spirits as strength, she resolved to stop at the first place where there was an appearance of decent people, and procure some sort of conveyance to Sheffield.

On therefore she lightly tripped, in the confidence every step was a remove from the Grange, the Hall, and all the hatefals belonging to each of them; her eyes often, notwithstanding the tumults of her mind, delighted with the luxuriance of the harvest, which was every where getting it: in one of those happy, though momentary respites from care, her foot got entangled, and she had like to have fallen; but adieu to every sensation of delight, every respite of care, when she beheld on the ground her own hat, and at a small distance part of her broken comb, proofs that instead of flying from, she was actually hastening into the very teeth of danger; all her spirits in a moment forsook her; she sunk, weary and disheartened on the ground, afraid now of letting her head be seen above the hedge row, over which a moment before she had tip toed to look; every leaf that fell seemed impregnated with danger; she was probably now on the demesne of him who was her terror, without power either to evade or escape from him. She sat on the ground, trembling and desolate, and hiding her face in the unfortunate hat, wept in helpless agony.

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The sound of wheels roused her ; no longer elated with the hope of escape, nothing could move without filling her with terror ; she crept close to the hedge, and turned her face from the road.

A carriage approached ; the sound of voices struck her ear ; yes, the voice, a few hours past so hoarse, discordant, and disgusting, now so well known, and so welcome ; she looked round ; a little tilted cart stopped ; a woman alighted ; she shrieked with joy, and running towards her, was received into the expanded arms of Mrs. Garnet ; and as her face, covered with tears, sunk on her bosom ; “ Mother,” escaped her lips.

“ Ay, child,” said Mrs. Garnet, “ if you have a mother, as I dare say you have, how her poor heart would ache if she knew how you have been bamboozled by a parcel of wicked fellows. Come, don’t cry ; I am overjoyed to meet you ; though I should never have thought of finding you in a dry ditch ; and though my poor old Phill wants me bad enough at home, I would not have left the country without knowing what they had done with you, no, not if it cost me fifty pounds, and fifty to that ; for such wickedness to escape hanging in a christian country, is both a sin and a shame ; for a fool of a Barrowknight for to come for to go to ruinate such a well behaved young body, willy, nilly, if it was the king himself, God bless his honour and glory ! why he ought to be gibbeted without judge or jury ; but, pray, child, where have you been all night ? there is Sir Jacob brought home black and blue, and serve him right too, my lady playing up old gooseberry with the Shawford’s for harbouring such mischievous folk, and when that old captain comed to the farm, just at day break, to inquire for the young gentleman who walked the cornfield with you.”

Rosa’s heart still glowed with resentment towards the inhospitable inhabitants of the Grange ; but the remembrance of the cornfield suggested a possibility that her companion there, might not partake of all the ill qualities she ascribed to them.

“ Was he not there ? ” she asked.

“ No ! ” replied Mrs. Garnet ; “ the farmer’s people said he galloped after you like mad ; but that must be all fudge, because you see he did not overtake you ; but when the captain called, who to be sure is old enough to know better, than to beat out the brains of such an oaf as that Sir Jacob, I thought they would all have gone stark staring mad, for fear my lady should know it. The dame took fits, I believe ’twas all sham ; and so, when she came to, “ I bag, mistress,” that was to me, “ I bag you wont bring that tootrefs back, for she shant darken my door ; I shant take no such rubege into my house,” and then she run on about liquor ; I believe she had been taking a drop ; for as to me I hant been in liquor this month ; however some folk don’t care what they say ; so says she, “ I desire, mistress,” that was to me again, “ I desire you’ll take yourself off.” Now, you know that was downright turning me out of doors ; however I don’t care for that ; and so, as the captain said you were at some great house, and a mortal fine place, the old fellow that drivd the cart said it is, I told her I did not value her nor her house ; and as to cousin Gerrad, if she was turnd from the hall, she should be welcome to my house as long as I had one ; so she agreed to lend us her cart, and poor little Phill is fast asleep o’top of your portmanteau ; so now, if you have a mind to go to London, why we’ll set off direct, and you shall stop with me as long as you please.”

What now became of all our heroine’s wife arrangements ! the protection of a parent, even so undesirable a one as Mrs. Garnet, was an acquisition of the utmost importance ; a few hours before, all her thoughts were employed in getting rid of the very connexion which was now the means of rescuing her from a situation as distressing as dangerous, and her heart reproached itself for the involuntary impulse. The proposition, to set off directly to London, was the only one that could effectually shield her from future insult and mortification ; she therefore embraced it with the most lively gratitude ; little Phill was awakened to

get

get at the portmanteau; and after arranging her dress, having learned from the man who drove the cart that a cross road would carry them to Pontefract without going near either of the two seats Rosa wished to avoid, they prevailed on him to drive them thither, purposing to take a chaise from thence.

When Mrs. Garnet found herself seated in the cart, Rosa by her side, holding her son on her lap, she felt the said, kissing them both, so comfortable, that if her good man was of the party, she would not mind travelling all the world over in that manner, only indeed getting up so early, or rather not resting at all; and the cold morning air rendered it necessary she should get the least drop of spirits in the world at the first place they came to.

Rosa coloured, tears started into her eyes, and though in consequence of his orders the man was driving up to the door of a little public house, the success of her earnest dissuasions proved

The drunken deity might have been reduced to temperance by a sober one,

for Mrs. Garnet gave up the point, and they proceeded without further stoppage till it came in full view of the beautiful little town of Pontefract, where meeting a chaise and four driving with more speed than care, the cart was over turned,, and the heavy cart horse plunged violently till it broke away, leaving our unhurt heroine offering her weak assistance to Mrs. Garnet, who prostrate on the ground, rent the air with her cries. The man who drove the now shattered vehicle having run after his horse, Rosa found, to her inexpressible grief, that Mrs. Garnet was greatly hurt, without a being near to afford her any assistance; she wiped the cold sweat which ran down her forehead, and to her prayer for the love of heaven to get help, could only answer with tears; for having got the poor woman's head on her lap, she could not stir.

All the repugnance Rosa had hitherto felt towards Mrs. Garnet vanished at this moment; in the agonies of her only parent, perhaps dying before her, were buried all her former neglect, all her recent intemperance and inherent vulgarity; every groan pierced her to the heart; she called aloud for help, implored the mercy of heaven, and at length finding her cries and prayers were vain, tore her own hair, and in an agony of despair started up, determined to seek assistance, though the unhappy Mrs. Garnet begged she would stay and see her die.

Two gentlemen in the chaise were not aware of the accident till the continual looking back of the postillions excited their curiosity; but the moment they saw the broken cart, and a woman lying by it, they alighted and returned.

The gentlemen were Captain Seagrove and Mr. Montreville, who though astonished at meeting our heroine in that place and situation, were anxious to offer every possible assistance.

Rosa was too much engrossed by the calamity which had befallen her mother to recognise even Mr. Montreville. "Help! assist for God's sake!" were all of her incoherent lamentations he could understand; and indeed the object for whom she was so distressed lay in a condition truly pitiable.

Her leg was broken in a dreadful manner, and the natural impatience of her temper became now frightful; her shrieks, as they endeavoured to move her, pierced the heart and ears of the distracted Rosa, who, while all her mother's errors were forgotten, had a most lively recollection of her own want of affection, as well as that it was *her* misfortunes which had brought a mother, for whom she had felt so little, into extreme misery, if not to death; and while sensible only of "the pain of a too late gratitude," it was in vain the gentlemen, who seemed to be peculiarly selected for her service, attempted to console her.

One of the drivers was dispatched for assistance, and soon returned, accompanied by a surgeon and the inn-keeper, who by direction of the former, had two planks

planks tied together, and a mattrafs laid on them, to convey the still shrieking sufferer to his house.

On lifting her from the ground she fainted, and continued insensible till the operations of the surgeon, in setting a compound fracture in her leg recalled her to a sense of torture : during which Rosa wiped the drops of agony from her face, and applied volatiles to her nostrils and temples till the dreadful scene closed by administering a powerful opiate, which took immediate effect.

The surgeon gave positive orders to keep her in profound quiet ; and the room was immediately cleared of all but a nurse and Rosa, who trembling, pale, and silent, sat by the bedside the picture of despair.

Captain Seagrove, calling at the farmer's to inquire for Mr. Montreville, was told he had "gun ater the lafs !" but not having met nor heard of him in the way, he doubted the truth of the information, and had reason to compliment himself on his own sagacity, when at the first turnpike on the high road he heard, from the man, who knew him, "the young squire gallopped through the gate, on varmer Shawford's bald filly, axing ale suorts of questions abooten a pust chaise that wur goon on avor." This intelligence was confirmed at every other gate, and the captain, in his friendly zeal, would have continued the pursuit, if it had reached to the land's end, had Admiral Herbert's fast trotter been as easy to him as the wooden Horse, which no man knew better how to manage ; but truth to confess, when Captain Seagrove reached Pontefract, he made an oath never to mount a Horse again ; and after ordering a chaise for himself and followers, bid the waiter bring a pitcher of grog, which he was entering a parlour to drink when the person he was in chaise of, drove into the inn yard.

Mr. Montreville, in his zeal to rescue Rosa, would have armed every being at Shawford farm, had they been as warm in the cause as himself, but though men, women, and children cried out on the shame and the sin, they considered, "it wur nothen to them, and
though

though it was neither meet nor vitten to refuse the young squire down right, yet he wur not their landlord and Sir Jacob wur ; and so if it wur the zame thing to squire, why they had as lif stay till it wur day light."

Mr. Montreville, to whom every moment of delay was an age of torture, flew to the stables, and throwing a saddle on the first horse, galloped off alone, at the discretion of the beast, which happened to be the one that carried the farmer to the market.

The bald filly soon reached the turnpike, where Mr. Montreville was told a chaise and four had passed the gate with great speed, not ten minutes before, and it never occurred to him that any body could at that time be travelling with speed, except her he so ardently desired to overtake ; so flashing away with a broken whip from the farmer's stable, he arrived at Pontefract in time to hear the chaise wheels roll on before him after changing horses, and away again was the poor bald filly obliged to gallop. At Sheffield he was more fortunate ; for arriving at the instant the chaise stopped, and running his head into it, a red nosed personage, with a hair cap, and wrapping great coat, croaked out, what the devil is the matter ?

This could not be Rosa ; nor, had she been one of the most *petite* of her sex, could she have been well concealed in a chaise which was literally filled by one of the *greatest* lawyers in the county, who being a leading man at Sheffield, had travelled all night, in order to attend a meeting of the corporation, called for the express purpose of nominating a new member. No doubt, as Mr. Montreville was in the best of all possible humours to be provoked, with or without cause, he would have turned the bald filly about, without considering any thing of the fright his following the chaise so close, had put the great lawyer in, but though no Houyhnhnm in all Swift's collection could be more attached to his own stall, or better acquainted with every foot of the road, the bald filly demurred, and instead of sharing the impetuosity of his rider, in spite of the broken whip, fairly laid down at the inn door.

Mr.

Mr. Montreville was not inhuman ; he was only in pursuit of the most beautiful creature he had ever seen ; he desired the horse to be taken care of, and ordered a chaise, into which he stepped, though the great lawyer very cordially invited him to better acquaintance, and was driven back to Pontefract, where he met Seagrove full of news of joyful import ; first, he had rescued, and left in a place of safety the beautiful creature, in pursuit of whom, his young friend had fairly foundered farmer Shawford's bald filly ; and next—but as Mrs. Garnet's opiate is now doing its duty,—as Rosa is stillness personified, without an opiate,—as the room is cleared, and the inn as quiet as an inn can well be, the editor presents her readers with the long story which begins the next chapter.

C H A P. XI.

The long story, about great folks with hard names.

JAMES MONTREVILLE, eighth Earl of Gauntlet, a very courtly nobleman in the reigns of William and Mary and their sister Ann, was high in office, had a great estate, wore the finest cravat, and the largest perriwig of any peer of the day ; and no courtier in either reign could draw on his stiff topped gold fringed gloves with more grace than his lordship, when, which often happened, he had the honour to lead a royal lady to or from the drawing room ; but however paradoxical it may seem, though sipping at the very fountain of honour, he was far from being a happy man ; for both he and his Countess were too magnificent for their large rent roll, and the estates, with the title, were entailed on the male Heir ; whereas his courtly lordship had only a legitimate daughter, and he could not literally spend more than he possessed, however well inclined so to do : This provoking circumstance was perhaps a reason why Lady Gertrude Montreville
passed

passed the bloom of her days without any persecution from the Adonis's of the court, and why, after the decease of her noble parents, she accepted the hand of a superannuated Colonel of Marines, which corps, at that period, were in the habit of looking up to the naval officers as a race of superior beings; ergo Colonel Herbert's son was destined, from the hour of his birth, to be an Admiral; he was accordingly sent to sea as soon as Lady Gertrude chose to emancipate him from the nursery.

As her ladyship still retained a place about the court, where she was bred, her little son was a perfect courtier, when he put on the uniform of a mid, and exchanged a very polite French instructress for the school-masters of a man of war.

Although failing in and out of Torbay was not always quite so much the rage as it has been in later days, the navy of old England rode at this period the peaceable, as well as triumphant masters of the seas; and young Herbert was a summer sailor and a winter courtier; as however his father was a brave experienced officer; as the lad was reminded, at every interview with his mother, of the Heroes he sprang from, and the noble blood that flowed in his veins, and as he was naturally intrepid, it was not in court effeminacy to spoil him, though it certainly did so far tincture his manners as to deprive him of the respect of his more hardy companions, and gave a formality to his behaviour not quite characteristic with the blunt honesty of a British seaman; well indeed was it for the reputation of young Herbert, that on the breaking out of a war, his first commission was steeped in the blood of the foes of his country, otherways a certain preciseness of manner, a formality of speech, and a delicacy of person seldom met with in a naval commander, might have rendered that bravery doubted, which at the age of twenty-two was honoured with the approbation of the sovereign, a vote of thanks from the commons, and the universal esteem of the nation.

Excessive joy on this occasion was said to be the death of his mother; and the Colonel, whether from
the

the same cause, or grief for his wife, only survived her two months.

But though the laurels of the young hero were thus dressed in sable, he was received at court, and at the house of his great uncle, the Earl of Gauntlet, with the highest favour and distinction.

Don Philip Rinaldo Constdello Albertina had been so long the minister of his Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal, at the court of Great-Britain, that his daughters united to the brown beauty of their own country, all the grace and freedom of ours; they were twins, and precisely at that age when a brave young man, who has also the felicity to be very handsome, appears like a demi-god: His Faithful Majesty happened to be an ally of Great Britain, in the war which had just been declared, and Don Philip Rinaldo Constdello Albertina's house being the fashionable rendezvous for the first people of both sexes, Captain Herbert was in no small degree of favour there.

In those barbarous days, men not being enlightened by the host of Pharaoh, actually did sometimes go to the assemblies of women, to make use of their faculties, without so much as the aid of an eye glass or tooth-pick; the sure consequence of seeing and hearing pretty women, in all ages and countries, is to admire them; so that the two fair, or rather brown excellencies, were the thing. Captain Herbert could not only see and hear, but he could talk, and truth came mended from so brave a tongue. Aurelia, the eldest twin, would have thought of nothing else but him, had he not been an heretic: Magdalena, the youngest, was solely occupied with a proposal, which he had the audacity to make her, of meeting him at May-fair chapel; notwithstanding it was well known Don Philip Rinaldo Constdello Albertina, besides being grandee, and bon catholic, was worth half a million moidores, and himself a poor heretic, with nothing but his captain's commission, his character, and good blood; the poor Lady Magdalena was so shocked at his *courage*, and so puzzled how to rebuke it, that one morning she stole out of her father's house, got into a hack, and found herself in a few minutes the captain's wife.

The Don was in a rage, a truly Don-like rage; he flew to court, and demanded revenge at the foot of the throne; doubtless the Don thought himself in Portugal, where revenge is certainly in royal hands; in England they order matters better; there it is in the hearts of the people, and never called forth but by a bleeding constitution; the king of England could not oblige the Portuguese minister so far as to drag the poor captain before an inquisition, and confine his wife in a monastery; nor were the aids of the cup and poniard congenial to English law; all the poor king of England could do for the Grandee, was to refer him to a jury of his peers. Now as there was not in Great-Britain any peer for a Grandee, who was the subject of a despotic monarch, his Excellency obtained letters of recall, fully bent on making his daughter Aurelia the pillar and support of the ancient house of Condostello Albertina, by marrying her to a Grandee and a bon catholic; he was however ready to curse his holiness the pope, and all the reverend fathers, when Aurelia insisted she had a vocation for the veil; but as he had left the land of freedom, and the gentlemen of the inquisition were at that time more mighty in Portugal than even a Don worth half a million of moidores, he was obliged to consent.

Lady Magdalena's letter, imploring pardon, and acquainting the Don she was pregnant, which had lain on his escrutoire three months, and would but for this event have lain there much longer, being now read through, he commanded Aurelia to hold out the insignia of mercy to her sister, on condition her child should be sent to Portugal, and consigned entirely to him; if she consented, twenty thousand moidores should be immediately remitted to her husband.

Captain Herbert was poor in purse, but not in spirit; he promised his daughters should be educated in their mother's faith, but his sons, who would be born Britons, and the native defenders of British liberty and British laws, were above price; he would never sell them, and it was his proud hope *they* would never sell themselves.

This

This was a conduct and language no Grandee could bear, more especially as the first child was a fine black eyed, almost copper coloured boy, born, as it proved, not only with the complexion and features, but the disposition of the Grandee his grandfire, into whose head it never could enter, that a Don with so many names, and so many pieces of gold, would condescend to offer what an half pay captain, with a quality wife and family, could proudly reject; he swore never to forget or forgive the insult, and he kept the oath inviolate till the suffering soul of his once loved daughter, after bringing a female child into the world, was called before a less rigid father.

The captain, who was then as poor as any gallant half pay officer in Great-Britain, which is certainly saying all that can be said for poverty, then consented rather to resign his little Magdalena to be heiress to a grandee, than to see her want that care, and those indulgences to which her rank entitled her. With a thousand fond prayers and blessings he consigned her and her nurse to two women and three attendants, sent to fetch her by the Don, who when he saw the infant likeness of his lost daughter, wept, tore his hair, cursed its father, and gave the first proof of his regard to the stipulations he had entered into with his son-in-law, by sending back the English nurse, whom he had promised to retain.

The captain's honest heart glowed with rage at this treatment, but such was the low state of his finances, that after the first burst both of grief and anger, he ceased to regret an event that enabled him to perform the engagement with his deceased wife, to make her daughter a catholic.

The Don put his heiress into such hands as would impress on her young mind an awful sense of his own grandeur and authority, and the infallibility of the catholic religion, till she was eleven years old, when he placed her with her aunt, who was Superior of the order of Mercy.

Lady Amelia had more liberality of mind than was common in a bigotted abbess; she remembered England
with

with regret, and Capt. Herbert with that "nameless inexpressible tenderness," with which the heart recollects the object of its first love, when passion is no more; and though she took infinite care of the soul of her young niece, had her taught the language of her native country, in which she delighted to converse with her. As her fondness increased for the amiable child, who at once reminded her of a beloved sister, and the only man for whom her heart had beat with tenderness, she became more anxious to see her mind improve with her person; nor had she reason to regret the time and pains bestowed on either.

The Don now seldom saw either his daughter or grandchild; but though that apathy towards social connexions, which is the certain concomitant of avarice, increased with his years, he was not less solicitous about the grandeur and permanence of his family.

Count Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez, the same nobleman who had offered himself to the acceptance of Lady Aurelia, retained a predilection for Don Philip Rinaldo Condostello Albertina's immense riches, and having obtained the consent of their Faithful Majesties, proposed to Don Philip to espouse the young Magdalena, and let his and her eldest son take the title of the Albertina family, reserving that of his own ancient house for the second issue of such marriage.

It was not that the gentle Magdalena had the smallest objection to the mode of succession adopted by the Count Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez for his children; the secret causes of that fit into which she fell at the feet of her stern grandfire, were, first, an invincible dislike to the Don himself, and next, *tout au contraire*, a more than liking, she had conceived for another person.

Magdalena was very lively, the lady abbess very indulgent. Miss Knightly, the daughter of an English banker, who resided at Lisbon, was placed, with a very high pension, at the convent of the order of Mercy; and Magdalena not being intended for the veil any more than the sprightly Elizabeth, the former obtained frequent leave to visit the latter.

It

It was again war, and still his Britannic Majesty was his Faithful Majesty's most true ally : A fleet of English men of war lay in the Tagus, and an army of English soldiers guarded the frontiers.

Captain Montreville, with fine eyes, noble demeanour, and good shape, had nothing of the British officer about him but the immorality too often attached to the character ; he was on his mother's side a distant relation to the Knightly's, on his father's, more distant to the Earl of Gauntlet ; he had art enough to conceal the worst part of his character, whenever it was his interest so to do, under the appearance of a *gaieté de cœur* and frankness of nature, that was irresistible to a girl of seventeen, who excepting the Don her grandfather, and Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez, with a few bald monks and fat abbés, had not been in the habit of seeing men.

Captain Montreville, on his part, having learned from Mr. Knightly the immense wealth to which Magdalena was heiress, fell violently in love.

Magdalena had fine dark melting eyes, hair, and arched brows, to say nothing of her white teeth and graceful form ; and as no man who knew how to spend a great deal of money, with infinite spirit could well have less to spend than the captain, his passion became exceeding violent, and Magdalena loved the captain as young women generally do love the first time, with rapture, transport, and idolatry.

Unconscious of a motive for concealing the new delight which filled her young heart, she first revealed it to her lover, and then would have confided to her aunt, had the captain not vowed, in *very soft* terms, that such a step would certainly be his death.

It is, it must be confessed, very surprising how many sorts of death environ a young captain while in love with an heiress ; he had scarce time to congratulate himself on escaping the confidence of a sensible lady abbess, before a new death threatened him in the shape of Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez ; he cursed, swore, wept, knelt, tore his fine hair, and acted all the extravagances men of no feeling can act so very well.

Magdalena

Magdalena was frightened out of her wits ; she entreated him to be calm, vowed to live but for him, and said a thousand of those silly things that put a simple girl into the power of an artful designing man.

But an evil spirit had got into the poor captain, which could only be exorcised by a priest ; and by the help of several broad pieces of gold a priest was procured, who, in spite of the inquisition, married the greatest heiress in Portugal to an English heretic. The good father, who was appointed to propagate the christian religion among infidels, took the gold with a safe conscience, and sailed the next morning on his mission.

The evil spirit was yet but half laid ; the captain was too good a protestant to submit to exorcisms of a popish priest only ; he therefore the next interview with Magdalena at the good bankers, introduced the chaplain of one of the English men of war, who not fearing the inquisition, nor indeed any thing else, but the accident of dying at sea, or living at home in a prison, completed the business on very easy terms.

Magdalena was full of terror, and the captain as full of rapture ; he assured her the old Don would have no right to be dissatisfied with his son-in-law on the account of blood, for that he was third cousin and next heir to an English peer, who had only three sons ; and as to fortune, gods ! what a paltry consideration when opposed to love, almighty love !

Magdalena was naturally affectionate, ingenuous, and sensible ; the passion she had so imprudently and unfortunately conceived threw her into the power of a man whose callous nature shrunk from nothing that would forward his interest or pleasure ; he persuaded her, love was a venial fault, which the young all committed some time or other, and the old all forgave some time or other ; her feelings confirmed the one, and her hope the other ; but what became of the captain's fine theory, when after throwing herself at Don Rinaldo's feet, and confessing her repugnance to Don Joseph, she felt his left hand twisted in her long dark hair, and saw a sword held to her breast with his right ; and when instead of the tremulous

mulous founts of parental forgiveness, the keen lightning of unappeasable wrath flashing from his eyes, his voice in thunder denounced curses on her head, and his own, if he did not revenge on her all the pangs her mother's undutiful conduct inflicted on his age, and let out every drop of her rebellious blood on the spot, except she swore to wed his friend Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez.

Not one word more of repugnance did Magdalena dare to utter.

"Swear!" said the furious Don.

Magdalena obeyed, and we venture to affirm, that the young woman of seventeen, who will not in this case allow

"'Tis he that makes the oath who breaks it,

"Not he who for convenience takes it,"

would not have behaved better in the same situation.

The next evening a profusion of jewels were placed in Magdalena's hair by her trembling confidante, and loaded with gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds; she was led into a saloon, to salute the forehead of the old Countess Dowager Tavora Alvarez, and the cheeks of her two fallow daughters. The moment this agreeable ceremony was ended the old Don went to court, and his daughter ran bursting with agony to her good aunt.

The lady abbess was sorry for her father's violence, but could not at the same time exonerate her niece, as Don Joseph's family and rank rendered him a very proper match; it is true she had not thought exactly so when he was proposed to herself, but then her heart was devoted to a handsome English officer, which she had no suspicion could possibly be the case with her niece.

The history of her parents had, by the Don's express command, been concealed from Magdalena; but the abbess could not resist her entreaties, to have an explanation of the invectives, which, in his rage, the Don had dropped against her mother; and such were the impressions it left on her mind, she felt at once resentment for his cruelty to her, and a momentary transport at hearing she had a father yet living, whose heart might be softened by the perfections of her charming captain.

While

While things were in this train in the family, the captain was not idle out of it : The amity of the two courts was the protection to every British subject at Lisbon, more especially those who came to guard the country. The captain had not married Magdalena with intention to let the secret die with him, and Mr. Knightly, who also had his expectations in the ultimate settlement of the Albertina property, undertook to apply to the English minister, on behalf of two such unfortunate faithful lovers. The banker was in high credit with all his countrymen in Portugal, and his interference succeeded so far as to interest the minister, who undertook to solicit the king's protection for the young couple.

The king, who had himself arranged the marriage of Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez with the heiress of Don Philip Rinaldo Condostello Albertina, sent in the utmost amazement for the old Don, and petrified him with the news. He returned home as fast as his mules could go, and had Don Joseph been then at Lisbon, would have insisted on the marriage being performed instantly, but as he was not, he contented himself with twisting a few more ringlets off Magdalena's head ; and after again obliging her to swear she would marry Don Joseph, sent her and an incoherent note to his daughter, with orders to confine her close till Don Joseph's arrival.

This mental exercise was not well calculated to preserve an old man's health ; Don Philip was seized with terrible spasms in his stomach, and telling his servants he was dying, sent for his will, in which after handsomely endowing the convent where his daughter was superior, he had left Magdalena his sole Heiress : In the midst of his spasms he added a codicil with his own hand, wherein he bequeathed his fortune to Magdalena, on the express condition of marrying Don Joseph, who in case of her refusal he made his Heir ; and in order to make all sure, again added, " If Don Joseph died, or any unforeseen accident, on his side, prevented their union, he gave her his fortune, on condition she married a *catholic* and a *native* of Portugal ; in failure of which the church was his Heir."

Nothing

Nothing could more strongly prove Don Philip's implacability than the eagerness he expressed to finish this codicil to his will, which was done at intervals as the spasms grew stronger.

The king's physicians visited him, but the blow was struck, and neither his half million of moidores, his four great names, nor noble blood availed; "he died and was buried with his fathers."

Magdalena felt as much sorrow as was becoming in a young bride of seventeen on the loss of a grandfere so awful and despotic, whom she had seldom seen since she was nine years old, and who, moreover, twisted his left hand in her long hair, and held a sword to her breast with his right.

The Lady Abbess was inconsolable, and Magdalena, who loved her better than any body but the dear captain, willingly adopted the advice of the friends of the family, to continue some time in the convent, as a proper mark of respect to the dead, and affection for the living.

"The idle man treads heavy on the earth, but the proud man makes it groan;" now Captain Montreville was both idle and proud; yet he trod on air while he impatiently waited till the Don was buried and his will opened, when he determined to sail with all his treasure in a yacht he had already engaged for that purpose to England, that delightful country where every thing may be had but that which buys every thing, "money;" but the unfortunate codicil overturned his whole system; he flew to his bride more passionate, more tender, and more enamoured than ever, and oh! with what rapture, what enthusiasm, what eloquence, what every thing but truth, did he not speak!

Magdalena, melted, charmed, enraptured, blessed heaven for so faithful, so honourable, so disinterested a husband,—one whose fondness increased with loss of wealth.

"Exactly so, my angel," said the captain, pressing her to his heart; "but—"

"But what, my beloved?" answered she, returning the embrace.

The

The captain would tell his lovely wife, but first he must kiss her dear eyes a thousand times ; he was, it was true, third cousin and heir to an English lord, who had but three sons, and had besides great contingencies ; but a few people must die before he could inherit any thing ; in the mean time could he bear to see his Magdalena deprived of any of the elegances she had been accustomed to ? oh no ! that was a more cruel death than any that had yet menaced him ; now as the Romish priest who married them was gone to disseminate the true religion among a parcel of infidels, and as he could command the English chaplain—

Magdalena shed tears of grateful tendernefs.

“ What a dear man, to forego the privilege of an husband, merely to secure her fortune to his wife ! ”

“ *Not* exactly so, my angel,” quoth the captain, again tenderly embracing his spouse.

“ *Not* so ! how then ? ” and Magdalena shrunk in surprise from the embrace.

The captain’s proposal was simply to turn every thing that could be turned into specie ; leave Portugal ; and live together without satisfying impertinent curiosity, whether they were or were not married.

Although Magdalena’s fine sense was enveloped in her passion for her husband, her heart was pure and dignified ; all her noble blood flew into her face.

“ What ! live a burthen to her own feelings ! a disgrace to her family ! and a cheat on the world ! sell her reputation for riches ! no ! she would starve, die, perish a thousand ways first.”

The captain sighed ; he must then tear himself from her ; his honour would not suffer him to ruin the woman he adored ; no ! he must be a self banished, miserable man.

Magdalena had passionately declared she would starve, die, perish a thousand ways, rather than live in dishonour ; but as to the affair of parting with the captain, that was worse than any kind of death, and required a long, long consideration ; so giving the present to mutual endearments, they deferred the final arrangement of their affairs till another opportunity.

Magdalena,

Magdalena, though still resident in the convent, was at perfect liberty ; the interviews with her husband, at Mr. Knightly's, became more frequent and tender ; in a few weeks she found herself in a situation that gave him absolute empire over her in all respects, and he easily contrived to possess himself of the immense riches in specie and jewels with which the old Don's coffers were crammed. Having now prevailed on his wife to leave deeds of trust in Mr. Knightly's hands, executed according to the form of the laws of the country, they left Portugal, and were settled at a superb hotel in the fauxbourg St. Germain at Paris, as Lord Grandon and suite, before Don Joseph's respect for the order of Mercy allowed him to offer there his compliments of condolence.

The Lady Abbess was distracted ; she wrote to Mr. Knightly, and conjured him for the love of the blessed virgin, to satisfy her, that her dear child was married.

Mr. Knightly cared not a straw for the blessed virgin, but he would not venture to tell the truth, because that would immediately take the Albertina possessions out of his management ; neither would he affirm a falsity, because from the high spirit of the young heiress, he had reason to expect her explanations would soon detect him ; he therefore waited on the abbess, and after assuring her he was entirely ignorant of any of the private arrangements of her niece, had the address to persuade her the honour of the Condostella Albertina family would receive a mortal stab, if the affair were made public ; she consented therefore to make the best possible excuse for her niece's absence to Don Joseph, not disguising her dislike of him, and giving him room to suppose the young lady had joined her father in England.

Don Joseph did not expire ! but resolved to wait with patience till he should be united either to the heiress or her estate.

Magdalena lived at my lord's hotel, and was called Lady Grandon ; so far she had the privileges of a wife ; but my lady had no acquaintance, no recommendation, wore no rouge, blushed at the stare of effrontery, and
indeed

indeed was so totally ignorant of all the forms of the polite world, that no ladies could possibly visit her. My lord, on the contrary, was so handsome, so lively, talked so fast, dressed so well, and had so much money to spend, lose, and throw away, that he was an hundred deep in engagements with the men, and intrigues with the women, while his unfortunate wife, such is the nicety of some sort of virtuous ladies, being set down as the companion of the divine Lord Grandon, could not appear in public without being sneered at by one sex and stared into confusion by the other. The captain, of course, was very soon seen every where, and his wife no where but at home, where with no other consolation than a little black ugly Portuguese girl, who witnessed her marriage, internal regret and external mortifications brought on a premature labour, which affected both her health and spirits; my lord considering, that if she died, there would be an end to the broad pieces from Portugal, actually gave up a petite souper with a Duchess, to attend his wife to one of the southern provinces, from whence he returned in three months, eager to resume every suspended engagement.

In the mean while it happened that Magdalena made an acquaintance with an English gentleman, who with his family were health hunting at Languedoc.

The ladies indeed understanding she was only the mistress of Lord Grandon, did not visit her, but their father, who was rather an eccentric character, did; which was the more extraordinary, as he knew Captain Montreville's person, and had heard a great deal of his character.

Pleased with the ingenuity and apparent innocence of a woman of whose misfortune he had no doubt, he was attracted to her by a sort of active benevolence, which interested him in her fate, and plainly perceiving, by that weary, tasteless, yet affected attention which, when passion is no more, "useth an enforced ceremony," the captain had no real attachment to her, and consequently expecting she would share the common fate of her situation, he gave her at parting a letter to a relation at Paris,
which

which he requested her to deliver, if she was in want of advice or assistance.

Lord Grandon's return to his hotel was greeted by a host of friends; Lady Grandon retired to her apartments, followed only by the faithful Christiana, and the next morning dispatched the letter to the friend of her Languedoc acquaintance.

Mr. Adderly, to whom his relation had written under the impressions before mentioned, put some notes in his pocket book, and prepared to see a distressed, forsaken, frail fair, but was surprised to be ushered into the presence of a graceful woman, in possession of every elegance, whose simple request to him was to recommend a man of character, if of the church the more acceptable, who could teach her the refinements of the English tongue, and select for her such authors as would best acquaint her with the manners, sentiments, and customs of the English nation, for which she was ready to allow a handsome pension.

Mr. Adderly promised to obey her command; but the commission was so different from his expectation, that he mentioned it at his own table as an extraordinary occurrence.

Mr. Prior, a dignified English clergyman, who had twenty years before made the tour for improvement, and now travelled for amusement, was so curious to see a woman, who, in the situation described, had so great a desire to be anglicised, that he requested Mr. Adderly to introduce him out of mere curiosity, as a person qualified to be her preceptor, and was so pleased with the fair scholar, that what was undertaken in jest he faithfully performed in earnest; so that the two years in which Lord Grandon contrived to dissipate the riches of Don Philip Rinaldo Condostello Albertina, was employed by his wife in improving her naturally fine mind, reading the most select authors, and in conversations with a man of an excellent heart, universal experience, and scientific knowledge.

At the end of this period a continued run of ill luck obliged my lord to write in a very peremptory style to his

friend Mr. Knightly for a remittance, having before offered himself to that gentleman twice on the same subject, without receiving an answer, or what was of more consequence, any money.

The tardiness of so ready and convenient a friend was at this time the most provoking thing in the world; for though nobody had heard of the English *Lord Grandon*, yet as every body knew he was very handsome and unreasonably rich, he had just then been noticed by Madame Dubary herself. No money however arriving, my lord's friends began to carry an inquisition in their looks, and his charming opera girl actually reclined her pretty ear, weighed down by the brilliant drops he had given her, on the shoulder of a former general before his face. Enraged, he flew to his wife, who was just then reading Milton with Mr. Prior; begged to speak six words; asked for her jewels, to relieve him from the most heartfelt distress; received the case in which they were deposited; kissed the fair hand that gave him the key, and hastened to a jeweller's, to dispose of them, while Magdalena returned to Mr. Prior and Milton.

The debts of honour thus satisfied, my lord, so disgusted had he been with his friends, and the charming opera girl, would have gladly left Paris and returned to England simple Captain Montreville, had there not been other demands, which he found it would be impossible to evade; a few weeks however brought bills from Mr. Knightly of ten thousand *moidores*, accompanied with a letter, complaining of the difficulty he encountered in executing his trust, and hinting the probability this remittance would be the last.

"Pshaw!" cried my lord, "I think I know my friend Knightly."

Magdalena was now requested to prepare for England, where she understood her husband's contingencies all lay, and where he had uniformly promised to drop the assumed name, and establish his family, so as to clear up all the doubts, which she could not but feel were now attached to her character; she then apprised her English preceptor of the period to, or at least cessation of his valuable

luable lessons, and blushed at the limited present her husband's circumstances allowed her to make for his trouble and attendance.

Mr. Prior's refusal, to accept of any gratuity, so offended, so hurt, and so confounded her ; and he was so puzzled by the various conjectures he had formed of her situation, so perfectly satisfied with the innocence, integrity, and sincerity of her heart, and so anxious for her future happiness, that he frankly acknowledged the motives both of his first and continued visits.

As this explanation could not be made without adverting to the appearances which deprived Magdalena of the society of her own sex, it filled her with indignation, and overwhelmed her with shame ; but as the arrangements which had reconciled her to a concealment of marriage in the first instance, retained their plausible colouring ; she ingenuously imparted to him the whole of her history, in a manner that precluded all doubt of her honour and sincerity, and excited the warmest interest in the heart of her auditor, who, on the authority of long experience and perfect knowledge of the world, warned her to insist on being re-married in England, and acknowledged as the captain's wife ; a measure the more indispensably necessary, as she was a second time pregnant, and two of the peer's sons, to whom her husband vaunted his affinity were lately dead ; he even ventured to hint doubts of the captain's principles, which, though her own observation confirmed, she did not answer ; and he engaged not only to correspond regularly with her, but even to return to England, however inconvenient to his own affairs, whenever he could be of the least service to her.

Mr. Prior was indeed a man of the most liberal turn of mind ; the latitude he could excuse in others he by no means allowed himself ; he contended that there might exist circumstances under which an amiable sensible woman might retain a claim to the respect of one sex and the esteem of the other, even though the torch of Hymen was inverted over her head. He had studied the mind and manners of Magdalena ; and while the former displayed a dignity, and the latter a delicacy

which

which might adorn virgin purity, he found her so apt a scholar, that the elegance of her phraseology, and the propriety of her diction, were established before he expected she could be familiar with the common rudiments of the tongue. The expansion of such a mind produced esteem on his side, gratitude on hers, and delight to both.

When the captain, or "my lord and his lady" left Paris, they designed to be in London in one month; but unfortunately the pretty opera girl having taken a trip to Lille, was so much the rage there, and the officers of the garrison were so gay, so agreeable, and played so well, that my lord took a house, and proposed to winter there; and thus Magdalena's correspondence began with her preceptor.

Mr. Prior was at once astonished and grieved; he saw the precipice on which she stood, and although he did not explain the whole of his suspicions, said enough to alarm her; as however the breaking in on the arrangements of "my lord" would not answer the purpose she had at heart till they arrived in England, which was their ultimate destination, Magdalena wore patience thread bare during their long stay at Lille, constantly corresponding with her friend, improving equally by receiving and answering his letters, and dedicating her whole time to the cultivation and enlargement of her mind; so that she really was no longer the simple, easy, tender, credulous Magdalena, but the dignified, sensible, collected matron, zealous for her own honour and the infant she carried in her womb.

Either Captain Montreville had been too much engaged to attend to the improvements of a wife, or he wanted penetration as well as judgment, for no man could be more nonplus'd, when, on their arrival in London, having taken a small ready furnished house at Brompton for his wife, as Lady Grandon, and a lodging for himself in St. James's-street, as Captain Montreville, she demanded to be publicly invested with a wife's unblushing honours.

Procrastination

Procrastination was the captain's favourite maxim ; but it would not do ; Magdalena remembered her husband was third cousin to a lord, who had now only one son ; and as they were in England, where he had often told her his clerical friend lived who married them, she remonstrated against procrastination, which not only cast a shade over her own character, but might deprive her child of its natural inheritance.

The captain thus pressed, promised, as soon as he received a large remittance now in the hands of his friend Mr. Knightly, he would let the Lisbon estate go to the devil, and live in a cottage, on love, with his Magdalena.

It was not his wife's reason, but her situation that at length acceded to this delay ; she was far advanced in her pregnancy ; equally a stranger to the manners, the country, and inhabitants, she therefore agreed to wait till the remittance arrived ; and though she did not mention it to her husband, privately resolved to throw herself at the feet of her own father, who Mr. Prior informed her was at the head of his profession, rich and respectable.

Thus then was she delivered of a male child, at an obscure house at Brompton, where the visits of the captain in his phaeton, or town chariot, excited both the sneer and stare of all the little neighbourhood ; but the clerical friend could not be found, and what was worse, no remittances arrived from Lisbon.

Magdalena was now the less anxious on either account, as her child engrossed all the faculties of her soul, and solicitude for its future welfare rendered her passive, in hope, as Knightly certainly had great property in his hands, some part might be secured for her child.

The captain was no less solicitous for the remittance on a dearer interest ; he was a great loser in all his gambling adventures ; and while his wife had the credit of being his mistress, a mistress had the credit of being his wife ; he removed into a fine house in Portman-square, with a beautiful woman whom he called Mrs. Montreville, who perfectly understood how to make money cir-

culate ; so that by this time the captain was on the debit side of all his tradesmen's accounts, and it was high time to think of love in a cottage with Magdalena ; in other words, he was obliged to secrete himself at her house, from a description of people with whom he had formerly been very familiar, called bailiffs, and was too well known by them to be long in safety.

He revealed his situation to his wife, who ignorant of the amount of the sums he had received, as well as the manner in which he had squandered them, gave him what money and few valuables she had.

The captain flew to Portman-square, took Mrs. Montreville with him, and set off directly for Paris.

C H A P. XII.

The Long Story continued.

THE captain's absence for days, weeks, and even months, was nothing new to Magdalena : but as she had not only given him her few remaining valuables, but all the contents of her purse, save one solitary guinea and a little silver, she began to fear the approach of a fiend to which she was yet a stranger, " Poverty "

She had been used sometimes to address billets to him at a coffee-house in Pall-Mall, and now, instead of the ordinary conveyance, by post, dispatched her faithful Christiana, to inquire for Captain Montreville, and in case of not meeting him, to leave a note.

" We have not seen the captain," said the waiter, " these three weeks ; here are several letters and a large packet from Lisbon for him."

" Ah ! give me, give me, mine gotte ! give me !" cried Christiana eagerly.

The man stared ; " Give it her, he would do no such thing ! he would deliver it to none but the captain or his wife."

" Oh !

" Oh ! ver vel, ver vel, I go, I go," cried Christiana' jumping into a coach, which soon returned with Magdalena, to demand the packet from Lisbon.

The waiter's answer was still the same ; he would deliver the packet to none but the captain or his wife.

Magdalena solemnly affirmed that title belonged to her ; the waiter as seriously protested the captain's wife lived in Portman-square ; and the master of the house settled the business, by declaring he would keep the packet till he saw the captain himself, whose real wife he had the honour to know, lived in " Portman-square."

Silent and indignant, Magdalena turned, waved her hand to the coachman, and sighed, " Portman-square."

This was the first moment she suspected the magnitude of her misfortune ; and when set down at Captain Montreville's, she heard from the servants, that their master and mistress had gone to pay a visit in the country on the very day he parted with her ;—no words can describe the anguish of her soul.

Magdalena was remarkably happy in her diction ; and though she still retained a foreign accent, there was a mellifluous flow in her speech, a suavity of voice, and a grace in her delivery, more touching than eloquence itself ; but it was nevertheless very difficult to convince a number of true quality servants, that a lawful wife would live with her child in obscurity so near town, while another woman, who kept great, if not good company, usurped her place and honours.

It was indeed a hard lesson of experience, such as Magdalena could not have learned in all the volumes her friend Mr. Prior recommended to her perusal ; *there* she had read men as they should be, *here* she was to know them as they are.

As proofs of her husband's perfidy crowded on her remembrance, the pride of a descendant of a grandee sealed her lips ; but the anguish of the wife, and the tenderness of the mother streamed from her heart ; she could not adduce the real source of the unfortunate facts which proved so much, and scorned to have recourse to fiction.

Silent she turned from the clamour of servants, who left with their wages unpaid, to answer innumerable creditors, wished to transmit the burthen from their own shoulders, to any one who would receive it.

But while Magdalena silently submitted to her fate, poor Christiana, in a barbarous jargon of mixed Portuguese, French, and English, talked enough for both, though no creature but her mistress could understand, that Mr. Casey, formerly soldier in Captain Montreville's regiment, but now his valet and prime counsellor, had done her every injury except marrying her. Mr. Casey had indeed often sworn, and with truth, he loved the lady's maid as much as the captain could possibly love the lady, and Christiana certainly loved him a great deal more; in three words, all her savings were *in his care*.

Groaning with remorse for the violation of her grandfather's will, with anguish for her child, and compassion for the companion of her misfortunes, Magdalena pulled her lace veil over her face, and reached the door.

The clamours of Christiana, her wrung hands, odd figure, and torn hair, collected a number of passers by, chiefly common people, round the door, who concluding she was a mad foreigner, thought her tears and exclamations the most comical and diverting things in nature.

Through this assembly Magdalena, concealing her woe-worn countenance, would have found it difficult to pass, had not her elegant figure, added to the singularity of the circumstance, attracted a plain middle-aged man, who offered her his protection to the sorry hack in waiting, and who being master of each of the languages in which Christiana so loudly complained, did not think female distress a subject of amusement, and perceiving that the crowd seemed disposed to see all they could of what afforded them so much diversion; after handing Christiana into the hack to her lady, he declared his intention to protect them both.

This plain man was one of the richest subjects in Great-Britain, and his person happening to be known to some of the standers by, his getting into the coach

was such a damper on their curiosity, that before they reached Piccadilly the crowd were all dispersed.

The plain man addressed himself to Magdalena several times, but her senses were pre-occupied; her hands were folded, her eyes closed, and suppressed groans convulsed her bosom; she spoke not, nor was a tear seen on her pale cheek.

Christiana, on the contrary, was as communicative, though not quite so coherent as he could desire; she vowed her angel lady was the most injured person in existence, herself only excepted; that one Captain Montreville, third cousin to a lord, and heir to a vast number of rich people, was the greatest brute that stood erect, and his valet, Mr. Casey, the most perjured, false hearted villain in the world, though he had such a flattering tongue.

The plain man was silent.

Many reports were in circulation respecting Captain Montreville, but the most probable, and indeed most generally received, was that to which he gave the least credit; for, said the world, if Captain Montreville lived on the fortune of a foreign lady, would she not at least share it? The plain man reasoned otherwise: "For," said he, "as this captain had dissipated about ten times as much as his whole patrimony before he escaped the bailiffs, and got abroad, how came he possessed of means to game deeply, live profusely, and take to the old mistress, who ruined him once before, if he had not robbed the exchequer, or cajoled some fond credulous woman?"

These reflections passed in the plain man's mind, while Christiana was calling thunder from the skies to punish Mr. Casey, and while Magdalena, with her face still concealed, thought only on her injured honour and her deserted child, till she beheld him stretch out his infant arms towards her, and cry for the maternal nourishment of which he had never before been so long deprived, when she fell back in convulsions, and exposed, to the astonished plain looking man, the face he had thought so interesting in the south of France, when he foresaw the desertion of her companion; little how-
ever

ever did he suspect that amiable creature, and the rich foreigner, to whom rumour gave the credit of *keeping* the gay expensive Captain Montreville, were one and the same person.

Happily the discovery did not lessen the interest he felt in her affairs; and as he generally succeeded in whatever he undertook, Christiana never before found her orders so punctually obeyed.

Physicians, apothecaries, and even surgeons were sent for, and the house filled with offers of assistance of all kinds, except that most affectingly pined for by the lovely infant; this too the respect due to so rich, as well as so plain a man, at length procured.

The wife of a naval officer, then abroad, who, though she lived at the next door, could not be in habits of civility with a person in Magdalena's supposed situation, without risking her own character, was attracted by the bustle at the door, and observing Mr. Adderly, whose power and principles she had some reason to know, helping the insensible Magdalena from the carriage, sent her maid servant to offer *him* any assistance in her power.

Mrs. Littleton was at that time herself a nurse, and the servant, moved by the cries of the infant, took it in her arms, and carried it to her mistress, with Mr. Adderly's compliments.

Mrs. Littleton, though at first very loth to risk her own and her child's health by so delicate an exertion of charity, as suckling the offspring of what she supposed to be an illicit attachment, could not long resist the plaintive cries of the child, or the desire to oblige so rich and respectable a man as Mr. Adderly; and whether compassion for the infant, or the *well* expressed thanks of that gentleman were the motives, she continued to give it maternal nourishment six weeks before the fond and grateful mother was sensible of her goodness.

During this painful interval Mr. Adderly was a constant visitor, and while the acute misery of the suffering Magdalena was lost in wild delirium, Christiana told
him

him her lady's story and her own, which, though improbable, he implicitly believed.

Mr. Adderly, we have said, was rich; his fortune was indeed so immense, that he could scarce be said himself to know its amount. Instances are not uncommon, where great treasures are disposed of with equal ease and brevity; he was not therefore in that respect quite unique, though the singularities of his mind, which some called wise, some benevolent, and more imputed to an imbecility both of head and heart, were perhaps without an exact parallel.

It was a maxim with him, that as the widow's mite was accepted, little charities should be annexed to little power; and those whom Providence highly favoured should favour highly; but he considered it as his particular duty to make himself acquainted with the real deserts of those objects with whom he chose to share the blessings he enjoyed; he was, no doubt, often imposed on, but as that was no fault of his own, he bore it meekly, without a thought of restraining an impulse which, like mercy, "twice blesteth;" he therefore made such inquiries of the Lisbon consul, and several respectable merchants, as must have detected Christiana, had she attempted to deceive him, and found every thing confirmed except the marriage, which was not believed to have taken place; but Christiana so positively insisted on the contrary, and gave so many particulars of time, place, and circumstances, from her own knowledge, as well as from what the false Mr. Casey had told her, that if he had doubts, it removed them; and when Magdalena's high spirit, bending under a sense of such accumulating obligations, and oppressed by powerless gratitude, vainly strove to put her feelings into words, he told her, with a countenance from which he endeavoured to banish feeling, that understanding Admiral Herbert was her father, and, that she had been wronged out of her fortune, he had represented her situation to the Admiral, and was glad to inform her——"

"Ah my God!" exclaimed the trembling Magdalena, "is it possible! have I, after accelerating the death.

death, and violating the will of my venerable grandfather,—have I a father who will deign to receive a poor undone penitent to his protection! and who are you, Sir, who, like the angel of mercy, stepped out of your way to succour misery, to give to my poor infant a mother, to me a father! ah tell me! that I may venerate your name?

The plain man, whose white teeth contradicted the furrows in his cheeks, was dressed in black; he wore a brown single curled wig, a round hat, very fine linen, square toed shoes, and gold buckles; he could look any thing in the face but sorrow, and therefore fixing his eyes on a common print over the chimney, answered, with nervous trepidation, he was simply a man blessed by Providence with the will to do all the good to his fellow creatures that fell in his way; that he was a banker of some eminence, his name Adderly, with whom her father Admiral Herbert kept his cash accounts; that he had thought it his duty to inform him of the situation in which her husband had left his daughter.

Magdalena hid her face and wept.

The plain man was sorry to add that he found the Admiral and his son much and proudly hurt at the disposition which the Don had made of his fortune.

“His son!” exclaimed Magdalena, “have I then a brother? hurt did you say, are they then needy?”

“No, but though wealthy, would be more so; such at least is your brother; he affects not to believe you are married.”

“Ah cruel brother! and unjust as cruel.”

“Not so; they who without knowing, think ill of us, do not injure *us*; it is a phantom of their own imagination they attack; to that they are cruel, to themselves they are unjust. Your brother *will not* know you; he is selfish, irascible, and fastidious; he knows not how to appreciate the worth of such a sister; he has all his father’s personal skill and bravery, without his wisdom and moderation.”

“Alas! Sir,” cried Magdalena, pressing her child to her heart, “I tremble to ask——”

“YOUR

"Your father," interrupted the plain man, hastily, "has so long considered Capt. Herbert as his *only* hope, that he is wholly governed by him, and he——"

"Is inexorable; but my father?"

"Allows you three hundred pounds a year, and I am directed to pay you the first quarter down."

"Heaven bless my dear father!" said Magdalena, dropping on her knees.

The plain man looked at the bad prints in some confusion; the truth is, he had made his first essay in a science for which no man could be worse qualified,— "the science of fiction;" and though he had spoken truths in some respects, he had in others both added and diminished; for the Admiral and his son were so much hurt at the disgrace in which Magdalena's conduct implicated them, if she was *not* married, and at her injustice if she was, as well as displeased at the Don's will, that they rejected the good banker's application on her behalf, and forbid his further interference, in terms haughty and decisive enough, to succeed with any man who did not prefer the approbation of his own heart to the favour of a prince.

"This poor lady then," said the plain man, "is a new partner in my firm, but however delicate the manner in which I acquaint her with her pretensions, it will be much more genial to the feelings of the granddaughter of a grandee, to receive support from her own father, than from a simple individual, who has nothing grand about him but the image of his Maker; I must therefore ornament an ungrateful truth with fiction, and by that means preserve her afflicted mind from the humiliating sense of pecuniary obligation."

Magdalena grieved she could not see her *generous* father; but as he was a father she had never seen, she wrote a grateful letter to him, which Mr. Adderly took charge of, and calmly endeavoured to reconcile her mind to her fortunes.

Mr. Adderly, who was a widower, continued to find himself at Brompton, when he had intended to go a contrary way, till he was near forgetting he had not yet outlived the passion so beautiful and interesting

an object was formed to inspire; but the extreme pleasure he found in her society, and his reluctance to leave it, reminded him of the ties it was impossible for him to break, and of that situation of which he dared not take advantage; he therefore made his bow, and after giving her his address, with a cheque for the second quarter, wholly declined his visits.

Magdalena, though little used to a practical delineation of the passions, had yet sufficient observation to give Mr. Adderly full credit for the conquest over himself, and now gave up her heart and all its faculties to the sweet and rapturous enthusiasm of maternal fondness, while the but half understood communications of Christiana, which included her lady's affinity to Admiral Herbert, his supposed settlement, the credit of Mr. Adderly, and the simple rectitude of her own conduct, so far retrieved her character in the neighbourhood, that Mrs. Littleton's increasing intimacy did not expose her to censure; the children were near of an age, and so dear an obligation as giving her infant nourishment, could never be forgotten by the fond mother.

Two years Magdalena continued at Brompton, retaining, out of mere indolence, the name of Grondon; "Lady," was a title her rank in Portugal had a right to claim, and what Christiana must be dumb to forego; but as her son grew all a parent's fondest love could ask, as she discovered in his countenance lineaments of a noble mind, she remembered his high descent on her side, and his relation on his father's, strong arguments against any longer retaining a fictitious name, yet having been so long and well known at Brompton by it, there was no way of resuming her husband's with effect and propriety, without changing her place of abode; and in doing that she would lose a most agreeable neighbour, and her son his loved foster brother. This consideration delayed the arrangement her judgment sanctioned, till an event happened which enabled her to satisfy the generous feelings of her own heart, and in her turn oblige Mrs. Littleton.

Captain

Captain Littleton died on his voyage from the West Indies, where he had been stationed, without making any other provision for his wife and child, besides her pension, than leaving them his paternal inheritance, near Truro in Cornwall, which his progenitor had piece by piece so diminished, that it was reduced to a large old mansion, a garden, orchard, and a few acres of bad land.

The captain's agent had removed from London to Belfast, but still retained the agency of such officers as had not cleared their accounts; from his clerk, who was sent to London on the business it was, Mrs. Littleton first heard of her loss, and the reduction she must make in her expences. She was a Cambrian by birth, and was hesitating with all the fluctuation natural to weak minds, whether to retire to board in Wales, or occupy her own house, when Magdalena's offer to accompany her, and pay two hundred pounds for the board of herself, her maid, and child, determined in favour of Truro. The furniture was immediately packed, her servant sent by sea, and herself removed to Magdalena's house till her affairs with the agent, or rather his clerk, were finally settled.

Mr. Hanson, who had all the easy intrepidity of his country, paid the widow a thousand unmeaning compliments in the course of his business with her, and happening once to catch a glimpse of Lady Grondon, as Magdalena was called, was so struck with the grace and elegance of her figure, that he became curious to know her history and connexions, which, as Mrs. Littleton was really pleased with the frequent tete-a-tetes that occurred with Mr. Hanson, she very readily gave him; and whether it was her manner of telling, or the story itself, that so interested him, he did not explain, when he took the trouble to commit the heads to writing at his last, and indeed somewhat tender interview.

Mrs. Littleton's affairs being all settled, the ladies, their sons, and maid set off from Brompton in hired chaises, and reached Truro without accident.

Holly Ash was a venerable pile of building, in one wing only of which all the furniture was placed.

But

But Magdalena immediately fitted up a long gallery and two large rooms in the center, where she proposed to commence the tuition of her son and his foster brother.

The situation was pleasant and romantic, and Magdalena, who carried her mind with her, was happy.

She had, previous to her leaving London, solicited an interview with Mr. Adderly, and was by him informed, that reports of her marriage gaining credit at Lisbon, Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez obtained an order from the king not only to stop further remittances, but to attach all the Albertini property which were in the hands of Mr. Knightly; that the captain having previously received a very considerable remittance, supported his usual splendor, and gamed with his usual success; but future resources being now stopped, he was expected to make a very precipitate retreat from Paris.

Magdalena, after blessing heaven for having given her such a father as Admiral Herbert, and such a friend as the plain man his banker, expressed the strongest satisfaction at the steps taken to execute the will of her grand father, as far as it could be now executed; and having made inquiries after Mr. Prior, who she found had accompanied some scientific traveller on a tour round the English Colonies, parted with the plain man, who wore a jewel of the first water in his heart.

The fair recluse was every hour more pleased with a retirement where her avidity to acquire knowledge could not be interrupted; and Mrs. Littleton, who was rather a simple inoffensive woman, than that sort of enlightened mind which could claim congeniality with Magdalena's, fancied every field weed a miracle, every tree a paradise, and every stream an Helicon till she was familiar with them all, when the novelty ceasing, she became indolent, spiritless, and fretful.

Magdalena, who saw from what vacuity of mind the alteration sprung, listened with patience to the little domestic troubles her temper made, and for some time took pains to inspire her with that chearful resignation to fate, which was visible in the whole tenor of her

own

own life ; not succeeding, she gave the matter up, and having taken Mrs. Littleton's son under her tuition with her own, made their improvement the principal business and pleasure of her existence, till after two years' vegetation Mrs. Littleton's ennui was broken by the death of her son in the small pox.

Giddy in prosperity, heartless in adversity, and imbecile in affliction was poor Mrs. Littleton ; she wept in all the extravagance of grief for her son, but was so eager to embrace any change in her present joyless life, that her tears were dried up, and her son forgotten, when one fine evening Mr. Hanson, the agent's clerk, rode up to the porch, having, he said, come from London, on purpose to visit her.

Magdalena, who never forgot who she was, used to breakfast and take tea in her own apartment, and her son being now scarce recovered after the disorder which deprived him of his companion ; she chose to keep there altogether while a stranger was in the house.

To Mrs. Littleton, who pined under the terrible disease of *well* wanting to be *better*, and sick of the Holy Ash, where, except a Romish priest, a cockney curate, a lame doctor, and rustic servants, no male being ever entered, Mr. Hanson of course appeared a combustible of charms.

Right willing indeed was Mrs. Littleton to be persuaded to take an unceremonious leave of the old mansion, and all its faded sweets, had Mr. Hanson been so indecorous as to make such a proposal, but he was not ; he slept indeed at the inn, but every day and all day were passed with the widow, walking in the meadows in the morning, in the groves at noon, and by the purling streams at moon light ; so that when the dear man made his congée, he took with him the better half of the widow's soul, and left it so void of resources against inanity, that she listened with complaisance even to Christiana's tedious detail of the charms and perfidy of Mr. Casey, merely on the principle of having on that account a right to talk of sweet Mr. Hanson.

Christiana,

Christiana, who was herself, in a sort of half existence, having many hours, unemployed, while Mr. Hanson so engrossed the widow, being reminded by him of her family at Lisbon, and of Mr. Casey, whose address he said he knew, took it in her head to become a letter scrowler, and having wasted half a quire of paper, pleased herself in two epistles, one a philippic to Mr. Casey, against himself, she did not know where,—the other to her sister at Lisbon, full of invectives against the captain, and Mr. Hanson obligingly took charge of both.

Meanwhile Magdalena,

“ By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,

“ In a lone cot, amidst the distant wood,

“ Sustained alone by providential heaven,”

was the happy instructress of her charming boy, and proved

“ Contentment walks

“ The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss

“ Spring o’er his mind, beyond the power of kings

“ To purchase.”

Thus she lived under the proud banner of her own honour, in all the serene delight of conscious rectitude, reading and improving from the best authors, without once asking her heart if the man once so dear, was in existence.

Short lived however is all sublunary happiness; her son caught the measles, the whooping cough followed, and he was reduced to extremity.

The sufferings of Magdalena can only be conceived by a mother as fond and as desolate; when the child began to recover, she was herself but the shadow of a shade.

About this time a letter was delivered at Holly Ash, which affected Christiana as joyfully as the sight of Mr. Casey himself could have done; it was from her sister, who lived with Lady Aurelia; it said a great deal of the joy they felt at hearing from her, and desired

Lady

Lady Magdalena to be informed that the poor lady abbess was given over by her physicians, but declared she could not die till she delivered into her dear niece's own hand, one hundred thousand rix dollars, which Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez consented should be her's, provided she claimed it personally, as they were determined that vile heretic, calling himself Captain Montreville, should not touch a dollar.

Magdalena wept; Christiana, on her knees, implored her to visit the dear dying abbess, and take the one hundred thousand rix dollars for her sweet son.

The child was too weak to take such a journey, and his mother too tender to part with him, but the hundred thousand rix dollars were the cuckoo song with Christiana, and the dying abbess the burthen of it.

In a few days a second letter, with the packet mark and the Albertina seal, was delivered at Holy Ash, from the abbess, who too ill to write herself, implored her beloved niece to close her eyes, and take the fortune.

Magdalena's conflicts were terrible, but she was bound by a three fold duty; to her aunt, to herself, and her son; how sacred the first, how dear the last; she could no longer hesitate; with so faithful a servant as Christiana, and so warm a friend as Mrs Littleton, who had indeed been a mother to him, she would trust her boy, while tearing herself from all joy, she performed so solemn a duty.

The priest's certificate of her marriage was an essential paper to carry into the presence of her virtuous expiring relation; she packed it carefully, with a few trifles for the voyage, there being plenty of every thing, as Christiana said, at Lady Aurelia's; and after having solemnly recommended to them her darling, and received as solemn assurances of their care, she threw herself into a chaise, and reaching Falmouth just as a Lisbon packet was under weigh, embarked to close the dying eyes of her good aunt, and receive one hundred thousand rix dollars for her son.

C H A P. XII.

No end to the long story.

MRS. LITTLETON and her confidante, Christiana, having now nothing to do but amuse one of the best tempered children in the world, con over the delicious anecdotes of past scenes, and complain of the inanity of the present, were in danger of becoming two very pitiable beings.

Christiana had indeed the advantage of Mrs. Littleton, having the hundred thousand rix dollars for her lady, besides presents from Lady Aurelia to herself, in perspective, to amuse her; but notwithstanding she neither talked nor thought of little else, even that was growing "weary, stale, and unprofitable," when her spirits received an unexpected electrical stroke within a week after her lady's departure,—for who should present his credit figure before her but the gay seducer, Mr. Casey.

His reception was by no means flattering; it was loud, harsh, and dissonant; he however bore all with true christian patience; and when the raging of the storm was succeeded by a heavy shower, swore he was pressed going from Brompton; had been twice shipwrecked since he beheld her dear face, and moreover had never seen his vile master from that blessed hour to this.

Christiana scolded; bid him never see her more; cried, and *forgave*; after which it is to be presumed they too, walked the meadows in the morning, the groves at noon, and by the purling streams by moon light.

"It never rains but it pours," cried Christiana, seeing Mr. Hanson, who by mere chance came to pay a second amorous visit to the widow, more in love than ever. As to Mr. Casey, he protested he would not part with *his* love till she was his own; only as his mother;

mother, who lived at Dulwich, near London, had made him swear she should see his wife before he married her, and as the old woman had a few houses to give away, he thought it might be as well to humour her.

Christiana could not hear of leaving her young charge; but then to be sure Mrs. Littleton would take care of him; but her lady, how could she face her lady, after breaking her solemn promise, not to let her son be out of her sight; but then to be sure, as she would be Mrs. Casey long before her return, how could it be known, Mrs. Littleton would not blab; besides she would not always be a servant; no, Mr. Casey assured her she should keep a servant herself; and so Christiana consented to be married at Dulwich, to humour the old mother.

Now every body knows that the cheapest way of reaching London from the coast of Cornwall is by sea, and it would have been also, as the wind then was, the most expeditious, had not the ship steered the course to Cork, instead of the river Thames; in short, poor Christiana was again deceived, robbed, and deserted; and miserable must have been her fate in a strange country, without money or friends, had it not occurred to her, that a letter to Mr. Adderly, the great banker, would reach him with more expedition and certainty than one she wrote by the same post to Mrs. Littleton.

Mr. Adderly, who could make out little more of her scrawl than that she was in distress, wrote immediately to his correspondent at Cork, inclosing her direction, and an order to supply her with money to defray her expences to England, by the first vessel to Liverpool or Plymouth, from whence she made all the haste her finances would admit, to return to Holly Ash; but what was her grief and astonishment to find no Holly Ash standing; the house and all the out buildings were reduced to a heap of ashes. Almost frantic, she ran to the nearest neighbour, of whom she learned that the house took fire no mortal could tell how, at day break, and before any assistance arrived, was burnt to the ground, but that no lives were lost; Madam Littleton and little master, with her maid and the gentleman, who
was

was be like her sweet heart, went off to London, after letting the land to farmer Tolly.

Christiana was now more distressed than when abandoned at Cork by Mr. Casey.

She was become so inured to misfortune that she not only dreaded, but suspected every thing, and therefore with a heavy foreboding heart was preparing to set off on foot on her way to London, when the man who usually brought the letters, told her two were lying at the post house at Truro directed for her, and promised to bring them the next day.

Christiana was received with kindness by the neighbours, and invited to stop with them till she recovered her strength, but the letters actually in some degree deprived her of reason.

Letter the First.

“ MY DARE JEWEL,

“ I hope you are got home shaf, as for me, I am after taking a trip over sea, and faith, jewel, if I bury Molly Casey, my laful wife, and get a black princefs, I will truly pay you all the money and goods of mine I had of yours, being your faithful servant,

PATRICK CASEY,’

Letter the Second.

“ In the present confusion of my mind I know not whether to address this letter to Lady Magdalena or Christiana; alas! I never more shall behold either; what can I say—how account for my actions! oh good God! forgive me,—dear lady, believe your child is as dear to me as my own existence,—he is safe,—he is well! oh that I dared say more!

S. LITTLETON.”

It was not possible for Christiana to conceive that Mrs. Littleton could be guilty of so cruel an act as to deprive an injured and unfortunate mother of her only consolation ; but nothing could be more clear than that she had herself deserted her trust, and dreading nothing now so much as the sorrow and reproaches of her beloved mistress, she set off on foot for Plymouth instead of London, resolved to beg a passage to Lisbon, not to meet Magdalena, but to hide from her.

The master of a Lisbon trader, a prime sailor who was in the custom of running without convoy, heard her pitiful tale, and consented to give her a passage.

Fatigue, grief, and hard living before she was received on board, affected both her body and mind, and she was in the height of a delirious fever when the ship was becalmed, in sight of a French fleet then bound to the East Indies, and captured.

The situation of the poor Portuguese excited the compassion of Monsieur Blandel, a surgeon appointed to the garrison of Pondicherry, who with his wife were passengers in the ship to which the trader struck, and instead of sending her into port with the other prisoners, he prevailed on the Admiral to let her remain on board *to die*, an event he expected would certainly happen.

The care of this good man, and the kindness of his wife counteracted the fatal prognostics ; Christiana's constitution was remarkably good, and she recovered to repay the charitable kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Blandel by the most grateful and zealous fidelity, and though often seized with such fits of frantic grief as proved at times a mental derangement ; she became so essential to the comforts of her master and mistress, that they looked upon, and treated her rather as their child than servant.

It was at that period of the Carnatic war when the prisons of Seringapatam were crowded with Europeans, who to the great mortification of Hyder-Ally, daily expired under the cruelties inflicted by his officers, when added to their other miseries, the small pox broke out among them.

Hyder

Hyder wished to have his people instructed in the European arts by the unfortunate prisoners, and anxious to preserve their lives, applied to the governor of Pondicherry, the representative of his good ally the most christian king for medical assistance.

Monsieur Blandel, whom avarice now detained in the east, flattered by Hyder's particular mention of him, and tempted with the large reward he expected to receive, offered himself for the service, and Madame, who indeed was not only a very good doctress herself, but had instructed Christiana to be serviceable, insisting on accompanying Monsieur, they set out, with a grand convoy, first to Arcot and then to Seringapatam.

Christiana was at least as much an English as a French woman, and could not see so many miserable wretches groaning under every species of tyranny, who in their own country were free and uncontrollable lords, without feeling a desire to alleviate their sufferings.

A young officer, who had refused to obey Hyder's order to instruct his battalions in the manual exercise was, with some other refractory Europeans ordered into close confinement preparatory to the torture, under which many of the English troops expired.

Christiana, in one of her curious rambles over the prison, happened to see this man, and was at first sight so smitten with his physiognomy, that he did not rest till she had convinced Mons. Blandel, first that he exerted himself too much; then that he must have an European assistant added to the six natives he brought from Pondicherry; and last, that she had selected a young Englishman for that purpose, who, though an officer, could read Latin, and would of course be of infinite service.

Mons. Blandel, who loved his ease above all things but money, was not averse to accept an assistant who could read Latin, and therefore at Christiana's instance made formal application for the aid of the young officer, which was immediately granted on the part of Hyder, but refused by the prisoner himself.

“ Sancti

“*Sancti Dei!*” exclaimed Christiana, “will such a handsome creature give himself up to be mangled by these barbarians; get my palanquin directly; he must hear reason.”

Hyder-Ally had by this time drawn his last accursed breath in the commission of innumerable murders; scarce had the gallant Colonel Baillie fallen a victim to his infernal draughts before a period was put by the Almighty to his own life; but change of tyrants rather increased than softened the misery of the wretched European prisoners; Tippoo Saib might be said to feast on their agonies and drink their tears; and chiefly it was his delight to reek his bloody vengeance on the Bedamore captives who, crowded into different prisons, were ignorant of the fate of their fellow sufferers, nor indeed knew who among them had survived the carnage of the defeat; and so far was Tippoo from paying any respect to the officers, they were the particular objects of his revenge. Oh may Britons never forget that a general officer in one of the prisons had food set before him, which he was given to understand was poisoned, and that he was after kept without sustenance till in a raging delirium he allayed the cravings of nature by greedily devouring his own death!!

The young man, who made so sudden and sure a conquest of a little brown ugly woman, old enough to be his mother, had lost his only friend in the last fatal sortie; Europe had nothing, Asia nothing for him, and misery, like joy, is of all countries; yet his soul rose against the savage crew by whom his only friend fell, and when Tippoo commanded to teach his slaves the English exercise, he preferred death to obedience, resolving to die by his own hands the moment they were unbound.

So said the little brown ugly woman holding her nose as she passed to the dungeon, “I have indeed known some Englishmen cruel to women, but this is the first time I thought they would not have consideration for themselves.”

The

The despairing prisoner started ; though broken and bad, it was English she spoke.

"What a filthy hole," continued she, "is this, and what a fool are you to refuse the great place I have procured for you ; you don't speak, and mercy upon me how ghastly you look ; come rouse yourself, you will else be a muffled man in the next twelve hours, and how soon after a corpse, heaven knows."

"I am resolved to die," groaned the prisoner.

"Then you resolve to be a fool," replied Christiana ; "what die ! with those eyes, those teeth, that shape ! no, you shall not die, you shall live with Madame Blandel, the best doctress, and Monsieur, the finest surgeon in all the world, and instead of teaching the Chaylaks to murder your countrymen, you shall learn of me how to heal their wounds and relieve their misery."

The prisoner listened attentively ; "Could this woman deceive ! in his own tongue too ! no ! again he listened.

Christiana was very ugly, but she was also very sincere ; the benevolence beaming from her black eyes, concealed the deformity of her fallow cheeks, and though our young officer had resolved to die, it was because no means offered to preserve life without a breach of the duty he owed his dead friend and himself ; for as to king and country, they were ties in air to him ; but death, however gorgeous the robe in which heroes dress him is by no means so pleasant a recourse to a young man, as the house of the best doctress and finest surgeon in the world, who had a little ugly good humoured female assistant.

"You certainly are my good angel," said the young officer, following Christiana to the palanquin, after she had produced the order for his liberty.

"Ah !" replied Christiana, "I have been called angel before, but that was by a devil ;" now looking earnestly in his face, and twinkling the tears from her eyes, "I do really think you an angel every time I look on you ; you, on the contrary, perhaps think me a devil ; but they have a saying in your country,

"praise

"praise the bridge that carries you safe over;" mind that, and follow my palanquin."

Never was the judgment of Christiana so high in the estimation of Monsieur Blandel, and Madame his wife, as when the young man had for two days lived in their presence.

"He knows Latin," said Christiana; Monsieur thought there were few things he did *not* know.

"Except," replied Christiana, "curing the backs of his countrymen after the tamarind twigs have laid them bare."

Madame thought practice would teach him that too, but added, "what do you call him?"

"I call him Christian," said Christiana, because he is my protégée; but though I delivered the order for his discharge from the prison, I am ignorant of his name."

While this discourse was passing a papilliot having dropped from Madame's tete, Christiana was replacing it.

"His name," said Monsieur Blandel, putting on his spectacles and looking on a list, "his name is Horace Littleton."

Off came Madame's tete, which together with the load of fine muslin and lace, was in an instant torn to pieces.

"Horace Littleton!" shrieked Christiana, flying out of the saloon, and having found the young man, dragged him with her to Monsieur and Madame.

"Is your name Horace? are you from England? did you live at Holly Ash before it was burnt? where is your blessed mother? and how is it possible you can have forgot her poor Christiana!"

The young man burst into tears.

"Ah yes!" cried he, in a voice smothered by excess of feeling, "I well remember the burning of the house, and never, never will that dear shadow, which at this moment is present to my imagination, be eradicated from my memory. My mother! yes, my *true* mother is before me!"

Poor Christiana was near fainting; Madame supported her.

"What

“What does all this mean?” said Monsieur, “his true mother! is he then your son?”

“My son!” repeated Christiana, throwing herself on her knees and kissing his feet, “no, the holy virgin forbid he should have such an unworthy mother! no, he is son to Lady Magdalena, who was daughter to his Excellency Don Philip Rinaldo Condostello, who was son to Don Perez Xantiver Condostello Albertina, who was son to the first Don Henry Rinaldo Condostello Albertina, who married a princess of the house of Bourbon, who—”

“But who was his father?” interrupted Monsieur

“The third cousin to an English peer, who deserved to be drenched with mayum and cut up with twigs of tamarind;—oh! my dearest child, where is my lady? and what is become of? but now I think of it, you call yourself Littleton, how is that?”

Horace could not tell; all he remembered of that early period of his life, was being carried on board a ship, and living a long while at sea, where he was told to call Mr. Hanson, who was his mamma Littleton’s husband, papa; and that then, as he afterwards knew, he lived at Philadelphia, from whence he was sent when Mrs. Hanson died, to Europe, to the care of a relation of hers, the master of a free grammar school.

“What!” interrupted Christiana, “have you then never seen my lady?”

“Oh no! though I have tried to see her in whatever country I have been; my heart has every where fondly sought to trace her grand demeanour, her melting eyes, and that tender voice of which it retains so lively an idea.”

“Oh Jesu!” cried Christiana, “and have you never heard of your aunt, the abbess of the order of Mercy?”

“I never heard of any relation but the people I have named.”

“Sancta Maria! nor of the hundred thousand rix dollars my dear blessed lady went to Lisbon to fetch?”

“I never was master of five shillings till taken under the protection of the friend who was killed in the last fortie at Bedamore.”

“Diable!

“Diable! diable!” cried Christiana, tearing off her cap, and seized with one of those fits of frenzy to which she was subject during the early part of the time she lived with Monsieur; she fell into convulsions, so that the young officer was obliged to suspend the interest and curiosity, she excited till her recovery.”

Mean while the reader will return to the Holly Ash, at the period when Mr. Casey set out to humour his old mother with the sight of his bride.

Mr. Hanson was that sort of adventuring spirit, who never let an opportunity of forwarding any design he had formed, slip through his fingers, and so successful had been his address to Mrs. Littleton, that there was at this time nothing he chose to ask which she could refuse.

The unfortunate woman was indeed now waiting her fiat from him with all that trembling solicitude a female not totally abandoned to vice and invulnerable to remorse, must feel, while panting for the honour of a wife and pride of a mother, she fears to be left to shame and reproach.

But in order to elucidate the character and motives of Mr. Hanson, we must retrace the old story still further back.

Captain Montreville, the reader knows, was third cousin to the Earl of Gauntlet, and remote as was his hope of being ever benefited by his noble relative at the time, he vaunted it to the simple Magdalena, a course of years not only opened his prospects but rendered his younger brother an anxious watch on all his arrangements.

James Montreville held a place of more honour than profit at Belfast, when a beautiful young girl, daughter to a dissolute clergyman, from the north of Ireland, grew so weary of the vigilant care of her mother, that happening to dance with Mr. Montreville at a race ball, she agreed to elope with him, and her father following the fugitives very close, the young man was presented by him with an alternative which ended in a public marriage.

Mr. Montreville was not in the best spirits on the occasion, but like many other odd things in the chapter of accidents, this turned out the most prosperous event in his life.

Mrs. Montreville, whose dress and company at first promised to bring her husband's affairs into a very narrow compass, became celebrated for her beauty and fascinating manners; without a single merit of his own, except an unlimited confidence in his wife, she introduced her husband to all the gay men round that part of Ireland; and in the following winter procured for him the notice of the viceroy, who broke the heart of a very amiable wife, while he exposed himself to general ridicule by his passion for Mrs. Montreville, and the favours he heaped on her accommodating husband.

Mrs. Montreville disguised under the appearance of juvenile frivolity, strong observation, great policy, and deep cunning, which added to a face where the graces seemed to unite their power of fascination, a bewitching softness of manner, and an apparent frankness of heart, well justified her boast and practice, that she would enslave whatever man she pleased,

Mr. Whittal, the agent we have before mentioned, was related to this lady, and a sharer in the family hope that a coronet would grace her brow.

The captain's dissolute life was well known and often canvassed in the family; he had no children, denied his marriage, and lived openly with a woman as dissolute as himself.

Matters were exactly in this train when Mr. Hanson returned from London with the written anecdotes from Mrs. Littleton, and completely confounded the rising family of the Whittals, who however enjoined him to keep secret what they affected not to believe.

Mr. Hanson had once committed a trifling faux pas, which for want of some person to speak to his character, had like to put an early period to his adventures; this accident perhaps first suggested the extreme importance of a good character, and as no man could be more nice
in

in that respect, the family of the Whittals were perfectly easy with so faithful a confidant.

The Earl of Gauntlet, having buried his three sons, died, and Captain Montreville, with his female companion, were received through a whole county, as they approached the family mansion, with bonfires, ringing of bells, and every other demonstration of joy which takes place when one lord, no matter how good or how bad, drops, and another lord of the same description succeeds.

Admiral Herbert, who was much nearer related to the coronet than the new earl, could not be ignorant of so important an event; but as his son was still irascible, and as he did not really believe his daughter was married, he contented himself with declining the acquaintance of all his family.

The Earl's companion, now regretting that avarice, which in order to retain the wages of her iniquity in her own power, had hitherto induced her to decline the infatuated *captain's* offered hand, resolved at last to be generous, and resign both her riches and charms wholly to the *Earl*.

Mrs. Montreville could not bear this; she paid an uninvited visit at the mansion, and proved herself so complete a Machiavel in the art of pleasing, that the quondam Mrs. Montreville was actually displaced, and after violent struggles obliged to retire on a pension, glad to secure that small wreck of all her former power.

The Earl was now in a delirium of happiness; his charming sister sacrificed even the viceroy to him; she sat at the head of his table, managed his rent roll, engaged and discharged the servants, and finding Mr. Casey when sober, rather difficult to manage, she procured for him, by her interest with her old friend the viceroy, a collector's place in the customs, where, as he was fond of spirits, she for more reasons than one, hoped he would soon close his accounts.

Lord Gauntlet had certainly, reckoning *nights* as well as days, lived to a good old age. He was at present only in his thirty fifth year, but in constitution ninety,

and in spite of the tenderness of his beautiful sister-in-law ; his physicians advised a voyage to Lisbon.

My lord started ; there were very few things he would not do to wear a coronet and live with his dear sister a few years longer, except going to Lisbon, and therefore he proposed Italy.

The beautiful and now honourable Mrs. Gauntlet, had some private arrangements to make with Mr. Hanson previous to her accompanying her dear brother abroad ; true, she would not believe his marriage, and of course could not *fear* an heir, but it was as well to be *sure*.

Mr. Hanson pleaded the impossibility of carrying off the reputed son of a nobleman.

The Honourable Mrs. Montreville pleaded the Anglesæ cause as a precedent where the noble injurer was gathered to his fathers in peace, if not with honour, and the injured heir expired in a prison.

He next hinted at the danger.

She proved she could protect him.

His character, his dear character ! on which he set so high a value !

The Honourable Mrs. Montreville smiled, and displaying three bank of England notes for one thousand pounds each, said, it was his character, and the very high value she knew he set on it, that gave her confidence in his ability and prudence, well assured no other person would outbid her ; therefore she would be plain, three thousand pounds should be his own as long as the horrid boy was kept from the world ; it must be returned with interest, if he was known to exist.

Mr. Hanson's eyes devoured the notes, but the penalty was distressing.

" You would not have the boy dead ?" said he, in an under tone.

" I would not be in your power, Sir," answered the lady ; " all I desire is never to hear of him."

" Well, madam," and he held his open palm for the notes.

The lady produced a bond, well and firmly worded by her cousin Whittall the agent, who now appeared to witness

witness it, and takes the notes in trust for his friend Hanson till the boy was conveyed away.

Mr. Casey, of whom Mr. Hanson had heard much from poor Christiana in his visits at Brompton, was the only ally in this business he could think of, who would undertake any desperate job, for which he was well paid, without asking questions, provided it was not attended with personal risk; as to the matter of going over the old ground with poor Christiana, that was a mere joke, which indeed he had no power to turn into earnest, as he was married to a bog trotter of his own dear country, of whose interference he stood in some awe.

Mr. Hanson's first visit at Holly Ash had for its object and reward three thousand pounds, besides all expences; and as the Honourable Mr. Montreville rightly judged, his regard to character prevented his making confidants; he took charge of both Christiana's letters; one of which suggested the means of getting rid of her; the other opened a fair prospect of separating the mother from her child. He held a council with Casey as far as related to the favour intended Christiana, and drew from him, among other secrets, that somehow he possessed a family seal of the Albertina; Hanson gave its weight in gold for the valuable trinket, and directly took his passage to Lisbon, from whence he wrote, the first letter to Christiana by one packet, and by that in which he returned himself, the last to Magdalena.

Casey, who understood his cue, acted his part well, and received his reward, and returned to his post, where Irish whiskey, and smuggled brandy, very soon made him a "grave man."

Mr. Hanson had been a week at Holly Ash, not less tender, and apparently more enamoured than when he left it, without dropping one word on the subject of all others the most important to Mrs. Littleton, who, a novice in guilt, wanted courage to mention her interesting situation; but when the day after Christiana's departure he spoke of returning to Ireland, the long pent anguish burst out; she avowed her situation with a deluge of tears, and waited that answer he, notwithstanding his affected consternation, was well prepared to give.

Folding

Folding her in his arms, he reminded her, that in all the transports they had shared, the word marriage never escaped his lips ; would the affectionate Mr. Hanson give, if it were in his power to marry her.

Mrs. Littleton's bloodless face sunk on his shoulder.

" It had been his unhappy fate to be united early in life to a woman destitute of the power to charm like his dear Sarah. She was old, peevish, and ugly, but rich ! and such as she was, though he did not live with her, he could not unmarry her.

Tears, hysterics, and every tender excess of sorrow, followed this explanation.

Mr. Hanson's sorrow and regret were blended with hers ; he sat by her bedside, bewailed their hard fate, and at length proposed going off to America, where they might be every thing to each other.

Mrs. Littleton's mind, naturally weak, was enervated by her situation ; she was one of those straight laced ladies, who made not the smallest allowance for female frailty, and naturally expected as little charity from others ; so that Mr. Hanson was very right in concluding she would joyfully accede to his proposal.

" What is done basely, should also," Mr. Hanson knew, " be done safely." While Mrs. Littleton was fatiguing herself about disposing of her little property, he was taking very effectual methods to save her every kind of trouble on that score ; lord of the mistress of the house, he ranged through the apartments without controul or delicacy, and having fixed his eye on a scrutoire, about which Mrs. Littleton was very uneasy, as it contained, she said, all Lady Magdalena's valuable papers, particularly the certificate of her marriage, Mr. Hanson chose to gratify his curiosity at the expence of the lock, after Mrs. Littleton was retired for the night ; but though he found several papers of consequence, the one he was in search of was in a safer place.

This was a transaction of which Mrs. Littleton always remained ignorant ; for she was next morning alarmed by the cry of fire, and though assured the roof must fall in immediately, would not leave her chamber
till

till she had awakened her young charge, and descended with him in her arms.

A few wearables were all, besides the plate, which was principally Lady Magdalena's, that could be saved ; and as Mrs. Littleton had quite made up her mind to the American business, she allowed the sooner it was put in execution the better. The child might be left with Christiana, who Mr. Hanson was sure to find in London ; so off set the fond pair, with Dorothy, Mrs. Littleton's handsome maid, and Master Horace, in one post chaise.

Arrived at London, an American vessel was found, which had just cleared outwards, and Mrs. Littleton having nothing to do but find Christiana, agreed to sail in her.

Two vexatious things however seemed to menace a destruction of the well concerted plan ; Christiana could not be found, and after sending their little baggage on board, Mr. Hanson, with great and delicate confusion, inquired how his charmer had prepared for the voyage, and their future subsistence.

Mrs. Littleton was speechless ; it was an inquisition which would certainly have quite as well become her to make as to answer ; the result was, that it was indispensably requisite to pay down sixty pounds ; and though very rich in love, the fond couple, their maid, and charge had not, as Mr. Hanson said, five pounds amongst them.

Mr. Hanson, who was equally ready with Mrs. Littleton to place confidence in the maid Dorothy, had prevailed on the former to pass for his wife at the lodgings, and she now felt " it would be misery to lose that which it was not happiness to possess ;" yet what was to be done ?

Mr. Hanson folded his arms and looked dismal ; Mrs. Littleton wept ; and the rosy cheeked maid Dorothy fretted herself pale ; but at last, when despair sat brooding on the soul of poor Mrs. Littleton, when Mr. Hanson had been absent two whole days, and when Dorothy had changed her last guinea, the truant returned with
a brow

a brow on which renovated hope was bid to sit in triumph, while under oath of secrecy, he revealed to Mrs. Littleton a proposal, which had, he said, *that day* been made him, from which she started with horror; it was simply that of finally adopting, or rather stealing young Horace; for which trifling piece of service the Earl of Gauntlet, he said, would reward them with affluence.

In Mrs. Littleton's present desperate circumstances and situation is it necessary to add her horror was transient?

But though thus seduced step by step into an action which but to have heard suggested a few months before, would have made her tremble; though happy in the apparent increasing fondness of the man she loved, and though presented with a number of the little offerings to vanity which please and gratify a fond female, more in respect to the giver than the gift, there were moments when her heart smote her,—when she felt part of the anguish she was inflicting; and when her fallen state, from the respectable widow of a brave officer, to the mistress of a married adventurer, whose deep policy was every hour more evident, and who at some moments she feared as much as at others she loved, filled her with confusion and regret.

It was in one of those painful paroxysms she wrote the letter to Christiana, poor Christiana! who at that moment she was more than suspicious was an innocent party in the barbarous cheat put on her lady; but regret and reflection were now equally vain, as the die was cast and the ship was sailing before the wind to her destined port.

But whatever melancholy sensation oppressed the mind of Mrs. Littleton, or as she was now called, Mrs. Hanson, Mr. Hanson enjoyed profound tranquillity; so well had he acquitted himself in the business, and so perfectly were the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Gauntlet pleased with his zeal and activity, that Mr. Whittall not only remitted every kind of expence he had been at, but added a fourth bank note of equal value with the other three; when therefore Mr. Hanson set his foot on American

rican ground, with four thousand pounds in his pocket, and no other drawback on his felicity than a fond woman, for whom he cared very little, a fine boy he wished in heaven, and a rosy cheeked damsel of whom he thought more than of any thing but his four thousand pounds, he was one of the happiest men in the province; for besides the fortune we have just mentioned, Mrs. Hanson was, as he concluded, agreeably surprised, when he informed her he was appointed to a lucrative post in the revenue.

Mrs. Littleton, who was now far advanced in her pregnancy, and felt her mind, weak at the best, sink at the approach of the trying hour of child birth, could not but see the regular train by which a scene of iniquity, in which she was a principal actor, was conducted. The place so opportune, the large sums ostentatiously shewed to her by her husband, and the expectancy of further advantages, all contributed to convince her of the importance of that service he had rendered *his* friends, and the magnitude of that injury she had done to *hers*; the fond and distracted mother was continually before her; she heard her cries and felt her agonies; if she experienced a moment's cessation from torture, it was when lavishing a thousand tender caresses on the innocent victim to avarice and cruelty.

For some time Mr. Hanson did take the trouble to sooth the perturbed spirit of his repentant companion, and as he trembled lest the compunction she felt might lead to a discovery, he resolved to become a widower, and make her his own legal property.

The truth is, the incumbrance of the old wife was an invention to alarm and throw the credulous woman more into his power; had he married her in England, she would have had but one tie on her secrecy and compliance; in the situation to which he reduced her, she had many; but now he considered, those who would not dare to entertain and encourage the disaffection of a wife, would not have the same scruples in regard to a woman who was her own agent, and whose situation would gain credit to a story so evidently subversive of the tender interest of her heart.

Mrs. Littleton could not but be pleased with the joy her husband expressed at the news he pretended to receive of his wife's death, and the eagerness, as well as delicacy, he shewed in espousing her. Pretending business, he carried her to New York, where they were privately married.

The journey taken at an inclement season was fatal to the miserable bride; she was delivered of a still born infant on her return to Philadelphia, and brought to her house in a state of health that alarmed the medical people, whom Mr. Hanson immediately sent for.

Mr. Hanson now devoted himself to the duties of his office with a zeal, which added to his regard for *character*, would have soon established a friendly intercourse between his family and those of the most respectable settlers at Philadelphia, and his house might have been crowded by visitors, had not the situation of the wretched mistress who carried death in her face, and remorse in her heart, precluded a possibility of paying and receiving visits.

As Mrs. Hanson grew weaker her anguish became intolerable; Mr. Hanson had worn the mask till he was weary; it now dropped, and his wife's sick chamber was no place for him.

Horace was old enough to know and feel, while his mamma, as he was now in the constant habit of calling her, hung on him with a fondness as tender as touching, that he was treated with constrained civility by her husband; as to Dorothy, while her mistress lay ill, who so proper as her to keep the keys and manage the house? She had no time to pay any attention to him; besides, her own health was so very indifferent, she was obliged to take country air more than once during Mrs. Hanson's lingering decline.

As her last struggles advanced, Mrs. Hanson became more and more desirous to make atonement for the injury she had done Magdalena, and confiding her sentiments to Dorothy, wrote a long penitential letter, which she addressed to Mr. Adderly, and enjoined her to send to England by the first packet.

Dorothy,

Dorothy, the rosy cheeked Dorothy, was in high favour with her master, and could not, without breaking a solemn compact between him and her, send any letter to England which was not first submitted to his inspection; the result of which was, getting another servant to superintend the domestic affairs, and placing Dorothy wholly about her mistress, not only with the view of intercepting letters sent by any other means, but to prevent the assiduity and tears of the boy from being rewarded by too unlimited a confidence.

Whether the dying woman, tormented by the reproaches of her own conscience, and severely hurt by her husband's neglect, was less credulous than she had been, or whether it was the thought of the moment, it is impossible to say, but she sent Horace in her own name to the most respectable minister in the place, to request he would visit her; and the first notice Mr. Hanson had of the matter was the entrance of the very unwelcome guest into his house.

Mr. Hanson was very happy in respect to his religious principles; he might at this moment have adopted what form of worship he pleased, but he now chose to be in a sanctified passion, when a clergyman entered his doors; his dear wife, he protested, should die in the dissenting faith, in which she had always lived, and he was certain she had not sent for that gentleman.

This the gentleman readily admitted, but added, that his friend, whom she had sent for, being confined to his bed, he was moved by the earnest entreaties of the little boy.

"D—mn the little boy!" vociferated Mr. Hanson, too much agitated to remember what was due to his *character*.

"Is he your father, my dear?" asked the clergyman, with a displeased countenance.

"No, Sir, he is only my poor mamma's husband."

"Shew me the way."

And in spite of a declaration from Mr. Hanson, that his house was his castle, the clergyman was conducted by the child into the sick chamber, followed also by Mr. Hanson, who pale, enraged, and trembling expected no less than a full confession from his wife.

If such were the poor woman's intentions, they were prevented by faintings, which now continued successively, and she had only strength to request the gentleman would have the goodness to visit her the next day.

Never had the rosy cheeked Dorothy seen so stern a glance directed to her from her kind master; nor indeed had she less deserved it, as the watch she kept on her mistress was so incessant, that the child, whose anxious gaze explained her half uttered meanings, could not make the most trifling reply she did not note.

Mr. Hanson however from this hour kept watch himself, re-assuming the fondness he once professed, and affecting the most profound sorrow,—so very profound and unutterable as nearly persuaded the dying woman it was not the want of, but the excess of tenderness that kept him from *living* by her bedside.

During this night, which was one of dreadful agony to Mrs. Hanson, she would not let Horace leave her, but collecting all her strength and spirits to one point, implored her husband to restore that dear child to his injured mother and—”

“Sally! my dear Sally!” answered Hanson, “take care what you say; do not ruin your husband.”

“Tell me not of ruin,” faltered Mrs. Hanson, “my soul is in torture, promise you will.”

“I do! I do!” he eagerly interrupted, “I will by heavens!”

“One thing more; I am ill, the hand of death is on me; but I must have him sent to England; he must go to my brother.”

“He shall! he shall!”

“Alas! Mr. Hanson, would to God I dared to trust you,”

“Not trust me, Sally, my dear Sally! by the God that made me, by his judgments, and by my soul's eternal hope——”

“Do not swear, Mr. Hanson, for in this I *will* not trust to any interested being,—I mean to make this request to the minister.”

“The

“ The minister ! oh Sally ! you will then ruin me with your dying breath,—you will reveal—”

“ No, I will not ; you have promised, and oh ! remember how sacred the promise to a soul on the verge of eternity ; will you remember that ?”

“ May I be annihilated when I forget a wish of my dear Sally !”

“ Well then, you have promised to restore this dear boy to his injured mother. Horace, you are old enough to remember ; I tell you *I am not*, and Mr. Hanson knows *who is* your mother ; he promises to restore you to her.”

Mr. Hanson swore, and swore again ; a torrent of protestations, which all the host of heaven were adjured to witness, were passing his lips, when convulsions seized the poor mortal to whom they were addressed, and she expired before night.

Mr. Hanson could now think of his *character* ; he recollected that to his wife’s parting breath, in presence of a doctor, who had been summoned to administer the last cordial, and pocket the last fee, she persisted in declaring the child was neither his nor hers ; in adjuring him to commit him to the care of her brother, and, finally, to restore him to his mother, the whole forming that kind of interesting mystery as might be remembered ; had there been no witness but the child himself, means might have been found to quiet him ; but as matters stood, he dared not hazard a common contingency, by sending him out of the way ; still less did he chuse to keep him in the eye of curiosity ; his *character* and his interest were at stake ; therefore resolving to make a virtue of necessity, he sent for the good clergyman, and as the surest mode of enforcing belief, pretending to sacrifice his own wish to the whim of his dead wife with an ill grace, besought him to take on himself the trouble of sending the boy to Europe, not without strong expressions of resentment at his wife’s doubt of *his* care of the child, whom however he declared should be his heir

The

The clergyman, who was as sensible as devout, could not but acknowledge the request was extraordinary ; but as he was not a resident in the country, it might be intended to his sick friend.

Mr. Hanfon, who had very cogent reasons to prevent the poor weeping boy's being talked of, expressed so much anxiety to perform his promise to his wife, and so much impatience at any delay, that the clergyman entirely forgetting the oath of the preceding day, consented to take a joint share in the concern of sending the lad to his uncle, which an opportunity offered of doing before Mrs. Hanfon was buried ; and he wrote to a friend at Bristol, where a ship was immediately bound, to receive the boy, and send him to Merionethshire to Mrs. Hanfon's brother, a clergyman of probity and character, who was master of a free grammar school.

A scene so impressive, awful, and interesting, could not fail retaining a place in the memory of a boy of seven years old, although the few days he remained with Mr. Hanfon he treated him with the utmost tenderness, and his young heart, now bereft of one maternal friend, languished for that moment, when Mr. Hanfon's promise to restore him to his mother should be fulfilled.

Mr. Lewis received Horace with true Cambrian hospitality ; he had heard from his sister when she lost her own son, and therefore would have known, notwithstanding her desire to consign this lad to him, that he was not hers, had she not so far eluded the rosy cheeked Dorothy as to write a few incoherent lines to her brother, beseeching him to be a father to her adopted ; and as he had never heard of her from the time of her departure from England, he became curious to learn all the child could remember of her strange history.

Mr. Lewis was very learned, but a man of that simple integrity of heart as effectually laid him open to flagrant imposition, and prevented his ever suspecting deceit till he suffered by it ; it was a strange story the child told, but it might be exactly true ;
and

and as he found he had a brother-in-law of some respectability, he was disposed to think the best of him ; Mr. Hanson's punctual remittances of the money for the boy's board and clothes was a proof of his justice, though the dropping all epistolatory correspondence, and ceasing to testify the smallest curiosity in respect to his health, morals, or improvements, were none of his affection or humanity ; his neglect however, acted as a stimulus on old Lewis as long as he lived, and his successor, who tho' more a man of the world, adopted his partial regard for the elegant unfriended youth.

Horace by degrees thought on past scenes as of a dream of youth, and at length ceased to weep with impatience, to hope, to expect the time when Mr. Hanson would perform the engagement so solemnly enforced by his wife, so sacredly promised by himself, of "restoring the child to his injured mother;" nor did he know the riches, the pride, or the power of him he once called father ; and so much had high living and prosperity improved his person, that it was not till long after he was told he had no father, no friend, no patron but Sir Solomon Mushroom, when bid to look up to him with humble gratitude for that support he dearly earned, that he could by combining circumstances and recollections be certain his poor mamma's husband, and the little great Knight, was one and the same identical person.

Isaac Mushroom, who had figured in the great world in the several characters of shoeblack to a Jew broker, pencil and slipper-seller in St. Paul's church-yard, jackal and understrapper at a lottery-office, bailiff's follower, money broker, man of the ton, husband to a woman of fashion, whose heart, had it been endowed with an atom of feeling, he must have broken long before she died of a surfeit, and lastly, as receiver of stolen goods ; having been transported for the last offence, he easily obtained liberty to commence his manœuvres in the Colonies.

But though he did not want for money, he could not get connexions or correspondence, not even among the tribe of Abraham, for Isaac Mushroom was not a
man

man of *character* ; but it had fortunately happened, his lady being Irish, he on some occasion did an act of kindness in the money way for one of her near relations, who accepted the obligation without asking about his *character* ; that relation was father to the beautiful and honourable Mrs. Montreville, afterwards Countess of Gauntlet, who at her worthy father's request, wrote to her good friend Mr. Hanson in his behalf. Isaac Mushroom had plenty of what Mr. Hanson most loved, " Money ;" and Mr. Hanson having that which Mr. Solomons found most need of, " Character," they privately agreed to support each other.

Mr. Hanson had the name of great imports and exports, while Mr. Mushroom found the cash, stood the risk, and shared the profit.

This league lasted as long as the old Jew, who was worn out with vice rather than age, lived ; and though such a thing cannot be charged to Isaac Mushroom during his life, he certainly did manifest a sense of gratitude at his death, by leaving all his wealth to his friend Mr. Hanson, on the express condition of his dropping the name of Hanson, and taking up that of Mushroom ; which condition he was very ready to accept ; and the Honourable Mrs. Montreville having now seen Lord and Lady Gauntlet, he remembered certain arrangements, which though well paid for at the time, now that he could either confirm or revoke, he considered himself as entitled to a higher consideration ; he accordingly left a deputy in his place, and embarked for England.

C H A P. XIII.

The Long Story is at length concluded.

THE beauty, the interest, the virtue, and the husband of the lovely Countess of Gauntlet were now transplanted to the British court, where the reader has
been

been already informed the extraordinary qualities of her mind and person pleased some, diverted others, and surprised all.

Mr. Hanson was announced at the Earl's Windsor residence, just as her ladyship was taking the opinion of a jeweller on the value of some fine diamonds, presented to her by the husband of her most intimate female friend.

"Hanson!" repeated the Earl, "Hanson! what the devil brings him here!"

"Hanson!" exclaimed the Countess, "oh the horrid nasty fellow! what does he want?"

"Whatever he wants," said the Earl, "*we must see him.*"

"You may, if you please, Lord Gauntlet; but besides the little house, I must positively ride with Lord Dupero this morning; he requests it in the card which accompanied the jewels, and *they* cannot be refused."

"The jewels are certainly very fine," replied his lordship, "and I think I will see this fellow below."

"Do, my dear lord, and say any thing you please for me to the brute. Good morning."

The Earl bowed to the ground, and having seen her ladyship's pretty foot and ankle grasped by her tall valet, as she vaulted into her saddle, ordered Mr. Hanson to be shewn to his study, if the place where he dressed, and where a few books were every morning covered with powder, could be so called.

His lordship did not find Mr. Hanson so unimportant a visitor as he expected; he was dressed in handsome mourning; came in his own fashionable, well appointed carriage; and as soon as with his lordship's permission he was seated, talked of the India Bonds, Navy Bills, and Bank Stock, he inherited from a friend, on the trifling consideration of taking his name, and that he was come to England to obtain an act of Parliament for so doing.

With this conversation my lord was the less likely to be entertained, as his visitor, who in writing to him after his wife's death, had mentioned a mortality in his family, in a way that was interpreted by the peer and peers

peerefs exactly agreeable to their own wifhes, was now moft provokingly filent on the fubject of moft confequence to the Earl and his beautiful Countefs.

Mr. Hanfon however, whose *character* rofe in price with his fortune, fpoke of the value of his place in America with contempt, and of the fituation with difguft, as the troubles were already menacing every province; and, in fhort, was fo completely independent, that he ventured to fpeak of a contract, which, if the difturbances ended in a war, muft be given to fome body, and which, in confidential hands, might be made productive to the perfon who could procure it for a friend.

Lord Gauntlet was in many refpects extremely flow of apprehenfion; he was often feized with a convenient deafnefs, and had the misfortune to be on fome occafions very dim fighted; but none of thefe impediments happened juft now to affect him; he perfectly underftood how a large fum of money, of which no nobleman ftood in more need, might come into his own hands; and as foon as his Lady and Lord Dupero had repofed themfelves after the fatigue of their ride, he took an opportunity of talking over the affair with her ladyfhip.

“Well now,” cried the Countefs, “it is really the moft provoking thing in nature for a horrid fellow to get a heap of money, who has not a fingle idea how to fpend a guinea agreeably; it certainly will be clever enough, if you can contrive to hold the bank for him; but I can’t underftand how that is to be done.”

My lord put himfelf in the attitude of a man who was perfectly mafter of his own ideas, and willing to make them as clear to the conception of others: but her ladyfhip begged fhe might not be teased with particulars; if my lord would juft fay in three words what was to be done, fhe would fend for Lord Dupero, and make him or fome body elfe do it.

The Earl bowed, fmiled, and pronounced, “The contract.”

Lady Gauntlet was the rage; the war broke out; the contract was gained, and Mr. Hanfon became firft
Mr.

Mr Solomon Mushroom the contractor, and afterwards Sir Solomon Mushroom, the member of parliament, and great newspaper orator, under the auspices of his noble friends and patrons, the Earl and Countess of Gauntlet.

Horace, who, when instead of being sent to college from the grammar school, was brought to Penry to write speeches, could not comprehend how such miracles had been worked; he was a disciple of Sophocles, and entirely ignorant of the dark labyrinths through which worldly wisdom works its way.

As soon as by the help of his own observations and recollections, he had convinced himself that Sir Solomon Mushroom was the identical Mr. Hanson, whom his mamma Littleton, had so earnestly implored to restore him to his injured and unfortunate mother, a number of other particulars were revived in his memory, which at once surprised, delighted, distressed, and enraged him.

Sir Solomon Mushroom's conduct was not calculated either to elucidate, relieve, or mollify; the recollections to which the mind of Horace was perpetually recurring, appeared to have totally escaped his memory; nor did he by the smallest hint indicate that he knew such beings as Mr. and Mrs. Hanson ever existed.

Nothing indeed can be stronger proof of the fallibility attached to extreme vanity, than the aid Sir Solomon Mushroom gladly received from the talents of a young man of universal reading and strong memory, whose fine mind was endowed with faculties to "strew flowers in the path of science," when there were so many existing and potent reasons why he, of all others, should have been kept in the shade, ignorant of the change in his name, circumstances, and exaltation.—But Sir Solomon, when poor, considered riches as the grand achievement of human wisdom, and when rich, had nothing so much at heart as to be thought wise; delighted with the talents, language, and erudition which he contrived to make in appearance his own, he never thought of the penalty vanity would inflict on his feeling and self love, till one rainy evening, after revising
a long

a long speech for the paper, which Sir Solomon chose to persuade others, and tried to believe himself, was his own, the young man, with a dignified, though respectful earnestness both of voice and look, reminded his patron of his and his wife's promise.

The error of his conduct struck like lightning on Sir Solomon's mind ; he had solemnly assured the Earl and Countess the object of their apprehension was no more ; what he wished to forget himself, he had never supposed a boy ! a mere boy ! would presume to remember ; and he would in this moment have sacrificed every rhetorician from Demosthenes down to Sir Joseph Mawbey, or even chicken Taylor, to replace the modeller of his own eloquent orations, in the Welch grammar school, from whence he took him ; he had however one certain card which served him in all exigencies ;

- “ With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
- “ And amply too, the place of being wise ;
- “ With that smooth falshood, whose appearance charms,
- “ And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,”

he affected to be moved almost to tears ; vain as it now was to deny his own identity, he lamented the angel he lost at the period Horace mentioned, and added, with pretended reluctance, that had he not feared to wound his high spirit, he would have before told him, that he was the illegitimate offspring of a relation of Mrs. Hanson's ; that the injuries and misfortunes, which indeed were part of his beloved wife's last words, alluded to the treatment of her relation from his father, which it would answer no purpose now to relate, as both the injurer and the injured were long since in their graves.

The black and penetrating eye of the young inquirer watched every muscle in the face of the callous speaker, and though practice and interest combined to bronze his visage, it could not stand the inquisition ; he blushed ; and Horace rising, sternly replied, “ By what misfortune it is in your power thus to brand the fame of *my* mother, I know not, but certain I am you *do* brand it. I will

will not believe I am the abject thing you say I am, till I have your authority that what you have said is true; give me instant proof who were my parents; the blood which this moment swells my soul, and throbs in every vein, cannot be so despicable as you, for what end I am not capable of judging, have painted it."

"Young man," replied Sir Solomon, "take care; I am your only friend; you are a poor outcast, dependant on my mercy; and do you presume to charge me with a falsehood? do you owe me no respect?"

"Prove to me who, and what I am; I shall then better know what respect I *ought* to owe you; I again demand *who* were my parents?"

Sir Solomon was nonplus'd.

"Who were your parents! have I not already said you are a bastard?"

"How, Sir!" and Horace arose.

Sir Solomon also arose.

"And can you suppose I will entrust with so hot brained an inquisitor, the peace and honour of the living relations of a frail mother, whose shame, which they consider as buried with her, would again revive? Make yourself easy, Sir; curb the fiery spirit, which so ill becomes you; you will never hear more from me."

Sir Solomon then rang for his valet, and stalked to his chamber, leaving Horace in fixed astonishment, under the painful conviction, that the school of Sophocles was not the school of the world.

From this hour Sir Solomon Mushroom remembered how much he was every moment adding to the poor youth's injuries, and never was the most poisonous reptile more obnoxious to a timid mind than the sight of Horace to him; to mortify and get rid of him were the objects of his meditation, when he first suspected the growing partiality of his eldest daughter, by the rosy cheeked Dorothy; the observation which confirmed this suspicion increased his hatred; and after insulting the native dignity of soul, which in spite of oppression would soar above the mean triumph of riches and power, by proposing various mean occupations for his subsistence; he

he at length, as he flattered himself, cast the hateful burthen off for ever.

Horace, who carried in his despairing mind a conviction of the falsehood endeavoured to be imposed on him by Sir Solomon, and the keen resentments which were the natural consequence of such conviction, had acquired a stern and reserved habit, which was far from being a genial trait in his character; but long before the voyage to India was completed his confidence in Sophocles revived, and had he not been thrown on the nabobs and nabobesses of that happy country immediately on his arrival, when the Colonel departed to join his regiment, of the little more he saw of the school of the world had not endeared the great deal less of that of Sophocles, he might have returned to Europe a rich nabob, and made speeches for himself.

Horace so faithfully and honourably entered on the duties of his place, that he soon became an adept in every point except that most studied by his compeers; they all saved money, while he could barely live; time however must have quickened his ideas, had not the news reached Calcutta that General Matthews's army was expected to have some severe conflicts with Tip-poo, whose troops were drawing in vast numbers towards Bedanore.

Horace stood aghast at the news; his friend, his paternal friend, the only being to whose kindness his heart could beat with responsive gratitude, might be wounded; no affectionate being near to staunch the sacred vital stream, he might fall, his beloved remains might lie exposed on the unhallowed ground, no grateful hand to cover them; his varying cheeks were deluged with tears; it was no time to deliberate; orders were forwarding to the army; he exchanged the pen for the truncheon, and almost expiring with agitation and fatigue, presented himself before his patron.

The Colonel mildly blamed him for giving up an advantageous, lucrative, and rising situation, in exchange for one of danger, fatigue, and uncertainty.

Horace

Horace might have adduced his motives in very few words, had he been able to speak at all ; he bathed the Colonel's hand with tears, and as the language of the heart was precisely that he best understood as well as preferred to the finest turned periods of the most studied eloquence, he was received to the warm heart he venerated without a second reproof.

Horace was too young and too sanguine a soldier to be trusted with any distinguished post in battle ; but it was not the honour, it was the danger of his friend he was anxious to share.

The Colonel, on the contrary, was solicitous to prevent a young man from rushing into peril, who could not add to the skill or strength of the troops, and privately applied to the General, to appoint him to command a guard on a magazine of ammunition, a post of confidence and importance, on the day when the sortie, which in the desperation of their then situation, was determined on.

Three hours, the evening before that fatal day, were passed in private conversation between Colonel Buhanun and his young friend ; the former exhorting the latter to obey what he called the cruel commands of the General.

" Why," cried he, " am I here ! wherefore did I leave Calcutta, if not to share your danger, to serve, or at least to die with you !"

The Colonel was solemn, not dejected ; he recurred to past events, and reminded the young man of other means of doing honour to his memory, if he should fall, than dying ; he opened to him every secret of his heart ; charged him with commissions no less sacred than interesting if he fell, and bid him claim a share of his glory, if he returned victorious. Nothing less than the confidence the Colonel, at this awful period, reposed in Horace, could have reconciled the latter, after all to the separation ; but certain solemn obligations, to which only one other being in the world was privy, on the promise of executing which the Colonel declared the peace of his last moments rested, and which was of that sort of solemn binding, and delicate nature which convinced him the service required was dearer far than life to his be-
loved

loved friend, changed the passionate wish to desert the post he was commanded to guard, into a melancholy acquiescence with the arrangements made for him.

Sad and solemn was the parting : The Colonel having totally disapproved the late arrangements of the army, felt a secret presentiment of the fatal event of the coming day, and retired in silence from Horace, who took his post as the General was beating the march.

A few hours determined the fate of Bedanore ; the sortie was made with that determined zeal and bravery which distinguish British troops, but the enemy were superior in the proportion of one hundred to one ; the Seapoys were struck with a sudden panic and fled ; the few Europeans who escaped carnage were, with those left in garrison, driven, rather than marched, to Serinapatam, hand cuffed to each other.

“ And is it,” said Horace, on hearing Christiana’s tale, and comparing it with his own recollection, “ is it then where I cannot look round without beholding the miseries of my fellow creatures,—where affinity is of no advantage,—where I have lost him whose warm heart would have glowed with resentment at my wrongs, whose powerful arm would have arrested the guilty oppressor of my parent, where he

“ Lies pierced with wounds among the vulgar dead ;” in this savage region, in those lamented circumstances I must impatiently bewail, instead of avenging the injuries of my noble mother ! and oh God ! did I suffer the brave, unsuspecting, open heart of the first of men to be imposed on by the specious outside of a monster !”

This is a reflection that has probably occurred to the reader, but he is already acquainted with the reasons which prevented the communication of his ideas in the first instance, and in the last, when he received the commands of his friend respecting his affairs, it was at a time when his soul was agonized with the repetition of the misfortunes of his youth,—when his heart, torn by the most interesting recollections, was unburthening all its former sorrows, its present sufferings, and future behests,—when to rob it of a single particle of confidence, would have been cruel to him, and could not have affected any of his arrangements.

Madame

Madame and Monsieur Blandel were moved to tears by Magdalena's sad story, though related by Christiana, and wounded by her exclamations, self-reproach, and lamentations; and Monsieur who was ordered, after a few months, to return to Pondicherry, having obtained permission to take his assistant with him, generously supplied him with money and letters of credit to return to Europe.

As the war was not concluded, Monsieur made it a point of honour not to leave the garrison; but though Madame, who was not in good health, and who had been long used to Christiana, felt the loss she should sustain in parting with her; yet it was necessary to take a witness of such importance to England, where Horace was determined to prosecute his claim, and where, as the Colonel had added a codicil to a counterpart of his former will, which would furnish him with money, he pre-determined not only to expose, but, if possible, punish every party who had been accessory to his mother's sorrows, as well as to exert every possible means to find her out, which indeed was his first wish.

Christiana therefore returned to Europe with Horace, and Monsieur desiring her to fix a residence against their following her, hired a neutral vessel to carry them to the Cape, from whence they got a speedy passage to Holland, and then took the first conveyance to Lisbon, in hopes to hear of, if not to meet Lady Magdalena.

The superior of the order of Mercy, to Christiana's astonishment, was yet a fine comely lady abbess, without a symptom of mortality about her; and what was still more surprising, she found her own sister had been buried full twelve months before the receipt of the loving letter she received at Holly Ash from her.

The lady abbess was well acquainted with the villainy practised on Magdalena, in order to separate her from her son.

The present Lord Gauntlet succeeding his brother, was an eventful elucidation of motives, which at the time of acting appeared incomprehensible. To that deep and cruel fraud, her sister was sacrificed, and her loss was more particularly grievous after the last interview, when all disgrace, which a doubt of her marriage attached to

the house of Albertina, was cleared by the certificate of the Romish priest, and the evidence of Miss Knightly, who now, her father being dead, was married to an opulent Portuguese merchant ; and happy for the priest, he also was dead.

The announcing this fact was extremely agreeable to Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez, as it gave him the undisputed and immediate possession of the estate so long forfeited ; for neither of Don Rinaldo Philip Condostello Albertina's daughters thought of putting riches in competition with honour.

The Lady Aurelia fainted away when Horace was introduced to her, and on her recovery acquainted him, that on the death of her sister—

“ What ! ” interrupted Christiana, “ is my lady dead ? and shall I not present to her this fine handsome Cavalier, to make amends for the sweet little master I was so wicked as to leave ? ”

Horace wept ; the infantine remembrance which he constantly nourished of his mother, was so strengthened by his own feelings and the description of others, that he might be truly said to see her in his mind's eye, and to bear the sense of her injuries in his heart's core.

Irritated as the abbess was at the usage of her sister, it would seem she had some pleasure in retracing the features her heart once preferred, as well as gazing on the bright, yet melting eye which bore so strong a resemblance to his mother ; for after the first agitation at sight of Horace, whom she declared resembled his English grandfather, she was never so easy as when he was in her sight, and insisted on having him introduced to the Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez, who already bending under the decrepitude of a premature old age, and insensible to any greater happiness than counting his immense riches, was so pleased at the compliment, that though he could not afford to part with a dollar during his life, lest he should live to want, he solemnly promised to leave Horace heir to the Albertina estates, when he could no longer enjoy them himself.

“ Now,” said the lady abbess, “ you may write to your English grandfather ; I will take care you shall not appear before him an indigent beggar, to alarm his narrow-

row-hearted son with fear of pretensions to his fortune ; no, you shall first be presented to our sovereign, as the future representative of the Don your great grandfather, and then demand the reparation of your mother's honour, and the justice due to yourself from the Admiral ; there was a time when, as one of your poets of that day elegantly wrote,

“ Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,
 “ His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien ;
 “ Jove o'er his eyes celestial glances spread,
 “ And dawning conquests play'd around his head.”

If he retain his senses and his honour, he will zealously assert yours ; but should he, under the illiberal influence of his favourite son, refuse to acknowledge you, behold, presenting a pocket book, the magnet of your boasted laws, and here also,” opening it, and separating a folded paper from a number of English bank notes, for which she had purposely exchanged the coin of her country, “ is the certificate of your mother's marriage, left with me for safety, when trembling for your fate, she tore herself from my bosom, and returned to that abhorred country to be murdered.

“ Murdered !” exclaimed the trembling Horace.

“ Ask me not, I cannot,” resumed the abbess, her cheek pale and her voice faltering, “ I cannot repeat the circumstance ; my sister ! the heiress of the first family in Portugal ! your mother ! was first dishonoured and then murdered. Oh !” continued the superior of the order of *Mercy*, the deadly pale of her countenance increasing, “ oh that the villain your father had fallen by her hand, and that the extirpation of his whole race, the child of my virtuous sister alone excepted, had depended on the blow !”

“ Good heavens ! madam,” cried Horace, as soon as the breath of the enraged religious failed her, “ of what are you speaking ? to what horrid acts do you allude ? my father fall by her hand ! the hand of my mother ! she whose soul-subduing tenderness left on my then infant mind impressions time can never eradicate !”

“ Yes,” resumed the abbess, with unallayed rage, “ your mother, that beautiful child, tender as the ring-dove,

dove, when seduced from her God, her duty, and her family, by your unprincipled father, that excellent woman ! keen as the hawk, and soaring as the eagle, when she blessed my eyes, after he had basely deserted her, oh ! had she avenged her own injuries, and the stain, the insult on the house of Albertina, well had our race ended with such a glorious act. I may never more behold thee, Horace, but remember I, Aurelia Condostello Albertina, sole surviving daughter of that once noble, now extinct name, tell thee, *my* sister, *thy* mother, was murdered ; let not her blood cry in vain for vengeance,—do not bastardize thine own blood,—oh remember thy mother !”

Scarce had the superior of the order of Mercy concluded her harangue, when the strength of her body being vanquished by the superior force of her great spirit, she fell lifeless before her astonished nephew, and he was obliged to retire from the refectory without assuring the last survivor of the name of Albertina, that although he did not regret the accident of his father not falling by the hand of his mother, he was by no means disposed to suffer a stain to rest on her fair fame, or tamely submit to the machinations of her enemies.

He immediately resolved to obey the commands of his aunt, and the dictates of his reason, by writing a letter to his grandfather, in which, had he been disposed to make undue concessions, the certainty that the abbess must see the copy of the letter would have prevented him.

The next morning he was surpris'd to receive intimation from the Don, that at his aunt's request he would have the honour to present him to the Albertina heir at court. As this step was tantamount to an actual settlement of the estate, and proved the interest the abbess really took in his affairs, he sent off his letters in a packet, by way of Ostend, and gave the necessary orders for preparation to appear before their Faithful Majesties.

As the estate he would inherit was large ; as he was young, handsome, and had no favour to ask but that of bending his knee before the king and queen, it is unnecessary to add, he was received with smiles, and address-
ed

ed with condescension, as wherever there are kings, courts, and presentations, that is the precise and unchangeable rule.

It was near a week after this important event before the superior of the order of *Mercy* had so far recovered the oppression which her vindictive philippic against the family and adherents of the Montrevilles left on her spirits, as to hear her nephew's letter to Admiral Herbert.

Horace indeed seemed to possess all the powers of charming the superior of the order of *Mercy*, excepting only the union of sentiment which would regret that his father had not fallen by the hand of his mother. She approved of every thing he did, and after many attempts at delay, admitted his argument, that procrastinating punishments was to sanction injuries, and at length permitted him to follow his letter to England.

Christiana, who had been so long attended by a race of black beings, at such an immense distance in point of rank in the creation from her white self, who had been carried in a palanquin and called *Missy*, was so much mortified at the familiar address of the innumerable swarms of miserable creatures, who pouring from all the obscure parts of the city, claimed kindred with her, that she was in a far greater hurry to leave her native country than she had been to return to it.

Landed at Harwich, Horace took a chaise to Penry, and in spite of the remonstrances of Christiana, who not recurring to the journey she had before taken in this strange country on foot, alone, did not approve of being sent on to London without her young matter.

Horace found Penry vastly improved; formerly small country houses were only occupied by those city people, whose long industry in trade was crowned with success; at present so intolerably unhealthy is our scurvy hemisphere become, and so refined the natives, that in the trading streets it will be found nine out of ten houses have treble establishments; they have town houses for business and country houses for health, and put their children first out to nurse and then to board; and yet it is said this miserable country is in such a state of improvement, in every respect, as proves it utterly undone.

At Penry new houses, new inhabitants, a new gable end to the church, to accommodate such of the quality with pews who chose to shew the fashions at church; a new chapel; new inns; a new rector; two new lawyers; four new doctors; new millinery rooms; new taylor's warehouses; new shoe repository; new clear starching manufactory; new perfumers; five new schools, where every thing in the world was taught; two new circulating libraries; a new Vickery; a new Birch; a new road, and a new turnpike, must have satisfied Horace, had he been to be satisfied with new things; but his business at Penry was with people who were not at that time in the vicinity of the new improvements; so having made some inquiries in the neighbourhood, and at that once capital inn, now a mere hedge alehouse, "the White Horse," to the great annoyance of two powdered landladies of the new inns, who courtied to the postillions as they passed, he took the road to London; having requested Admiral Herbert to address his answer to the hotel where the Colonel lived previous to his leaving Europe.

Several years had now elapsed since Admiral Herbert's refusing to hear the tale of sorrow that wrung the heart of his distracted daughter, betrayed to her the secret of the good banker Mr. Adderly; and several years had also passed since at morning's dawn and evening's close he cursed his own cruelty: At the moment when anguish, despair, and a proud sense of injury carried Magdalena to the feet of her father; his son, the proud, miserable, true descendant of a catholic Grandee, swore he would lay down his commission, and for ever retire from a father who pardoned, and a house that sheltered his wretched sister! that brother no longer dictated rules of conduct to his father, he no longer reigned lord paramount of his house, nor in reviewing the accumulating riches obtained by a series of honourable and successful services, any longer proudly vaunted, "all this is mine," for a cannon ball gave what Captain Seagrove called a Somerset to all his arrangements.

Admiral Herbert had the misfortune to see his son shot by his side, in an engagement where he commanded the fleet, and the veteran, who would not on shore suffer

suffer the smallest soil on any part of his dress, stood unmoved, covered with the blood of his only son, till the enemy struck, when he was carried to his cabin in the deepest affliction.

Captain Seagrove, originally a fag midshipman, brought up, and grown grey under the Admiral, was second captain in this engagement ; he attended his old commander during this severe illness, and when he began to recover, put his quid of tobacco out of his mouth, and made the following speech.

" Why, lookye, brother, it does not signify a rope's end blubbering ; your son is gone, and he could not go in a better trim ; you ought to thank God he did not kick the bucket in the prime of his life, like a lubber, in his bed, seeing as that is the dirtiest thing that can happen to a tough sailer in war time ; and as to yourself, Admiral, why you have weathered a pretty many strong gales, and got a few hard knocks ; now, dye see, to my mind 'tis full time your old crazy hulk was laid up ; you have got your hatches well stowed, and grog enough to keep all tight, let the wind blow from what point of the compass it will ; and what's all the world to a man when he's food for fishes, or worms ? 'tis much the same thing, only to be sure there is more spunk in one than tother."

" Alas !" replied the old Admiral, " I am a desolate old man ; for this dear son, whose death is at once my glory and grief, I rejected my daughter."

" You did, did you, Admiral ? more's the pity ; but it signifies nothing overhauling one's conscience ; put your daughter out of the question, and your heart is as sound as a biscuit ; but however we can't live for ever, and so, dye see, my advice is this here ; as soon as the beggarly monsheers have had enough, why I'd have you turn into your station at the Grange ; and seeing as how you have got nobody to stand by you, why I'll take my station in your wake."

" My good friend, will ye ?" and the Admiral extended his hand.

" I wool, I wool," replied the captain, replacing his quid and walking away.

When Horace's letter arrived at the Grange the Admiral was at that period of life when

" ————— The general pulse
 " Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
 " An awful pause, prophetic of her end ;"

and the Captain, meeting age with dauntless weather beaten front, a strong voice, a few grey hairs twisted into a queue, and an increasing appetite after the true Virginia.

" What the devil is all this ?" quoth the Captain, picking up the Admiral's glasses with one hand and the letter with the other ; " why, Admiral, zounds ! why all your dead lights are out !"

" Read, my good friend, read," answered the Admiral, in a faltering voice, and trembling every limb.

" Read, well, why so I can, and so I will, when you have done yawning. " Honoured Sir." Well, and what's in that ? I have been addressed so a hundred times myself."

" Read Tom, dear Tom, read !"

" Well, I will, I will. " I am—the son of—" Why, what hay ! " your injured—daugh—daugh." Yes, it, it is daughter."

The Captain's broad stare now coming in exact contact with a flood of tears, which forcing their passage from the good Admiral's eyes, disproved the assertion, that " age does not weep," he caught the infection, and before he had spelt six words more, fobbed like a child, then jumped over the table, threw down his grog, broke the glasses, tossed his hat out of the window, and his shoes in the chimney, and at length took another crying fit ; when the Admiral having rallied his spirits round the anchor of hope, read, though not without extreme agitation.

" *Honoured Sir,*

" The son of your injured daughter addresses you ; he is acknowledged and received by his maternal relations ; he is the adopted heir of the estates of the Albertina family ; and he possesses a heart burning to assert their wounded honour ; he will die a thousand deaths rather
 than

than suffer calumny to rest on the character of his revered mother; he challenges you as an officer, he invites you as a man, he implores you as a son, to join him in a cause so interesting and so dear, and will hope, on his arrival in London, for permission to prove the legitimate claim to your counsel, advice, and protection of, honoured Sir, your dutiful and obedient grandson

HORACE MONTREVILLE."

With such claims, credentials, and appearance as Horace and Christiana brought to the Grange, no one will doubt their welcome: Attornies were already employed; the most eminent counsel retained, and agents employed in every seaport of Great-Britain, to find the chaplain of the English man of war, who married Captain Montreville to Magdalena Herbert; the advertisements for evidence, indeed were inserted as soon as Horace's first letter arrived at the Grange; but what every effort hitherto failed to obtain, an accident discovered.

The Rev. Mr. Jolter was a blue coat boy, on the presentation of his own father, a wealthy tradesman, who thus provided for the son of his pretty maid of all work; the boy being sent to college on the foundation, and a private allowance from his father, became as great a rake, as deep a drinker, and as profane a swearer as any student in Oxford; and had his courage to repel, equalled his will to merit chastisement, Mr. Jolter would not have been a character in this history.

There was a laundress in the skirts of the university, who had saved money enough to give long credit; she had one son, a farmer, and a pretty daughter, who helped to iron the linen; and Mr. Jolter, though deep in the mother's books, offered to pay in a coin the daughter first demurred about accepting, and then referred him to her brother the farmer.

As the farmer was, and Mr. Jolter was not, very anxious for an explanation, the latter, to avoid unnecessary trouble, one day married the pretty laundress; but as a loss of all advantages in the college would be the consequences of a discovery, he enjoined, and the family promised, to keep the secret.

After the usual period of servitude, Mr. Jolter removed to a small living in a distant county, with A. B. to his name; where, as he knew both quadrille and whist; played on the flute; when there was news, told it; and when there was not, invented it; he got into a string of visits, which made him remember to forget the accident of marrying the pretty laundress.

"Two things I wonder at," said the pretty laundress; "that I don't hear from my husband, and what is meant by A. B."

"'Tis a Bachelor of Arts," said a collegian, whose band she was at that moment ironing.

"And how can a married man be a bachelor?" asked she.

"He cannot be married," replied the collegian.

"He married my daughter Molly, at Woodstock church, four years ago last May," joined the mother.

"Then he cannot be a bachelor of arts," rejoined the collegian.

"I will know more of this," said the farmer, in a rough tone of voice.

Farmer Green put up his horse at the Dunder Arms, the very evening before a marriage, between the Dowager Lady Dunder, a crooked widow with a large jointure, and Peter Jolter, A. B. rector of Dunder parish, was to be celebrated.

Farmer Green told every body no more than he knew; Mr. Jolter lost the dowager, his A. B. the living, and all hope of rising in the sacred profession; but as he could not lose his wife without going abroad, a college companion got him appointed chaplain to one of the ships of war, furnished by the king of England to his good cousin and ally, his most Faithful Majesty.

Nothing is less possible than for a clergyman to conceal certain liberal opinions; Mr. Jolter never attempted it; he was consequently the man to marry Captain Montreville, and assured him, on receiving ten Johannes from Mr. Knightly, that if he wished to have the affair concealed, he would be d——d before he would whisper it to his own soul; and if it should ever be inconvenient to own it, why, he would be d——d if he did not deny it on oath.

As the Captain had not then a presentiment of any event that could possibly happen, to put the chaplain to a proof of the latter kind, he never after thought of Jolter, who on his part went through as many changes in life as a patched coat hero, and was always either too full or too much ashamed of himself to claim old acquaintance, except when on a chance meeting he borrowed money, no chance ever tempted him to pay. He had been by turns a parson, player, quack doctor, gambler, school-master, itinerant preacher, auctioneer, writer for a newspaper ; and having had the good fortune to borrow ten guineas from the crooked Lady Dowager Dunder, whose coach horses were honoured on the Epsom downs with water from a pail held by him who had been so near being their master, put himself once more in a whole suit of black, and seeing an advertisement, that a gentleman was wanting to teach a young gentleman of nineteen reading, writing, and belles lettres, he answered the advertisement, took a written recommendation from himself in his pocket, and was referred to Dr. Parker, to whom he lost fifty games of backgammon, at sixpence a game, in one evening, and was settled at the hall, as tutor to Sir Jacob Lydear, the next.

The moment Christiana saw Mr. Jolter at the Grange, she recollected him ; the truth is, Christiana always loved what is called among servants junketting, and though the secret of her mistress's marriage was of such importance, she could not resist the vanity of entertaining the English chaplain with her Irish lover, at the Don's magnificent house ; Mr. Jolter, as well as Mr. Casey, having an extraordinary *gout* for excellent sweet-meats and fine wines, had repeated his visits so often, that though so many years had elapsed, his face was perfectly familiar to her, and the transaction recurring fresh to her recollection, she seized him as has been related.

Though Jolter was entirely ignorant of the family history of the Gauntlets, he immediately understood his existence was of great consequence, and that he was at this time of too much importance to fear the report of the Captain, who was indeed himself so entirely engrossed by the various occurrences of the day, that he now only thought of quieting the Admiral's apprehensions for the personal

personal safety of his grandson, in search of whom he was going when he met our heroine, and in search of whom he again went when our heroine's situation, and the outrage that occasioned it, were equally forgotten, and when the Rev. Mr. Jolter was ushered most respectfully into one of the best bed-chambers, and the poor Rosa left to darkness and solitude in a cold hall !

C H A P. XIV.

“ If these characters do not take, I shall wonder ;
 “ If they do, I shall wonder no less.”

CAPTAIN SEAGROVE having informed Mr. Montreville of the important and accidental discovery made by Christiana, a discovery of equal consequence to his interest and honour ; and having besides, as he said, strained his old timbers by riding all night, was no less surprised than offended to find nothing was at that moment further from Mr. Montreville's thoughts than getting into the chaise, which waited at the door, and returning with him immediately to the Grange.

Mr. Montreville indeed, expressed, and felt the most lively satisfaction at having obtained the ultimate proof of his mother's honour and his own legitimacy ; yet as the delay of a few hours could injure neither the one cause nor the other, he declared he could not be guilty of such an act as to leave the old woman, with her compound fracture, nor the young one, with that tenderness of heart which implicated her in the unfortunate accident, till he saw how it would terminate.

The Captain's esteem was without profession, and his love without flattery ; he had no sort of curiosity to see how the *accident would terminate* ; he was sorry it had happened, and willing to lend all the assistance in his power ; but the demands of humanity being satisfied, he was himself anxious, and thought it natural his young friend should be more so, about the termination
 of

of the events at the Grange, than any thing which concerned either the old or the young woman.

"So," said he, in a surly under tone, "only a few hours back you were resolved to prove your mother spliced to your father, if you went to the devil for witnesses; now one of his worst imps, in the shape of a wicked parson, runs foul of ye, and you are as dumb as an oyster, and willing and ready to slacken your sails, as if you were afraid to grapple with that son of a gun of a lord; besides leaving your old grandfather, with all his signals of distress out, to founder, while you run on a lee shore, without sail or compass, in chace of an old crazy hulk, and a little cock boat, not worth ballast, under false colours."

"To founder!" repeated Montreville.

"Oy oy, 'twas, my word, younker, the owld boy has been keeping watch ever since you slipped your cable, and so if you won't hail him with a word of comfort, why, I wool, that's all, and so good bye t'ye, good bye t'ye."

Mr. Montreville hesitated; a sentiment perfectly new, coloured his cheek; he felt the strong ties of real affection and gratitude, which bound him to his venerable grandfather, and his heart smote him; at a time when an event so unhop'd, so unexpected, as the discovery of the only man among the myriads who inhabit the globe happened; him whose single evidence must flash confusion on a host of the slanderous enemies of his mother, and usurpers of the rights of her son, and when the old officer's heart must swell in the proud certainty of establishing the honour of his family; at such a moment the absence of his heir would doubly affect him; this Mr. Montreville felt, and his reason acknowledged; yet such was the irresistible bias of his mind, nothing could prevail on him to leave Pontefract till he saw *how the accident would terminate.*

This, he endeavoured to persuade the Captain, and to believe himself, the old Admiral would not entirely condemn, as it was founded on his own favourite maxim, of assisting all who were in distress.

"None of your palaver," cried the Captain, striding towards the chaise, "will you bear me company or not?"

"I will

“ I will write three lines, if you will have the goodness to carry it.”

The Captain not deigning an answer, cursed the postillions for not drawing the chaise up in an horizontal line, and very devoutly consigning his young friend, the old hulk, the cock boat under false colours, the doctors, and the whole town to a warm birth, bid them drive to the devil, and was in a minute out of sight.

Montreville retired from the door, with that sort of pang at his heart ingenuous minds are subject to feel, when an internal monitor whispers its secret censure on either motive or act.

“ Yes,” said he, “ the honest Captain is right ; I inflict pain on the most respectable of parents, at the instant I should be sharing his triumph and exulting in my own. Has then my soul’s most ardent wish subsided ! do I sacrifice the fame of my noble mother ! do I cease to feel for the honour of her aged father ! am I become indifferent to the most momentous concern of my existence ! the good Admiral expects me ; he, no doubt, believes, the moment I hear the vivifying tidings I shall fly to his feet ; how just, how natural, are such expectations ! yet I disappoint them, and for what ?”

Rosa, in all the bloom of beauty, and all the grace of elegance, rushed before his mind’s eye ; and her dulcet voice reproaching him for the treasonable——“ for what,” vibrated on his ear,——“ for what ! ah ! is there such a creature in the world ! can she belong to the woman for whose misfortunes she feels so much ; and if not, is it not likely she also will leave Pontefract,—leave *me* without a single clue, except her uncommon charms, to trace her by ; and can I for ever relinquish the hope of again meeting so lovely, so perfect a creature ? blest shade of my revered mother, your son abates not of his ardour,—resentment for your wrongs still glows in his heart ; but a little while only till he sees *how the accident will terminate*, forgive him.

One of love’s first miracles is to extract excess of pleasure from excess of pain ; that miracle was this night wrought in the heart of Montreville ; from the secret reproach of neglected duty, from the pain of self-accusation,

sation, what a delightful transition, to meditate on charms so admired.

"Yet it is not," he cried, "beauty alone that renders me thus anxious to know more of Miss Walsingham; no! beauty might arrest my transient attention, it might attract my eye, but it is grace of animation, the blush of ingenuity, the union of sense and sentiment, and nothing can be more amiable, more celestial, more worthy adoration than the charming stranger."

How fine was all this! it had every thing on its side but common sense! since Rosa, pre-occupied, filled with apprehension, and distracted by secret conflicts between shame and duty, never shewed her mental perfections to less advantage; and however Mr. Montreville might please to settle it with himself, in the sublime contempt of mere beauty, certain it is, that the lovely figure and beautiful face, which had captivated his sight and floated on his fancy, was insensibly winding round his heart, before he could pronounce with justice on her grace, ingenuity, sense, or sentiment.

But while Mr. Montreville was thus arguing with his own feelings, Rosa, no less divided between her wishes and her duty, sat silent, dejected, and almost hopeless, by Mrs. Garnet's bed side, her mind by turns torn with fears for the life of a mother whose ill qualities were now no longer remembered; and oppressed at once with a humiliating sense of her inferiority to the family of the Grange, a resentful recollection of their rude treatment, and an unconquerable disposition to believe Mr. Montreville could not share the manners of those to whom he was so near allied in blood.

But however blameless he might be, and however gratifying his attention, the inference which might be drawn from it in a country, where she could not but suppose her adventure had excited some curiosity; the scorn of the old Admiral; the contempt of his friends; the sneer of his connexions, which considering her humble state, it must be expected would be opposed to the respect he paid her, together with the continued repugnance she felt to disclose to him her affinity to Mrs. Garnet, struck so forcibly on her mind, that she resolved nothing, no, not the fear of being known to be the daughter of
the

the wretched woman, whose groans went to her heart, should induce her to abandon her in her present state.

She also had just resolved to discourage an acquaintance to which must be attached so many mortifying, and perhaps injurious consequences; when soon after day break a soft tap at the chamber door, and Mr. Montreville's whispered entreaty to be favoured with an audience of five minutes, put her late formed resolution to an immediate test; her heart beat, her cheek betrayed a confusion for which he could not account, and her cold but steady refusal both hurt and surprised him; he looked earnestly inquisitive, as if to explore the secret motive of a conduct, which considering the zeal he had shewn in protecting her from violence, appeared rude, if not ungrateful.

Rosa shrunk from the inquisition of his eyes, and fearful of his discovering what passed in her distracted mind, offered an apology, which more confounded him than any part of her mysterious conduct: "She considered it as her duty to devote her whole time to Mrs. Garnet."

That poor woman's state was indeed pitiable enough; but what motive could induce so elegant a creature as Rosa to sacrifice, or at least, suspend the innate delicacy which spoke in every act, and risk her health, to say nothing of his own deprivation, by fixing herself in the sick chamber of such a woman as Mrs. Garnet, who was only a casual travelling acquaintance, he could not comprehend, and again his eyes sought hers.

Seized with a sudden fear he would penetrate her secret, she retreated from the door, and gently closed it, leaving him in a state of wonder on the outside.

After a moment's pause he determined in his own mind, that such incomprehensible mystery and contradiction must cover deceit, and admitted, with a mixture of regret and mortified pride, that appearances were such as strongly impeached the infallibility of his judgment, when it decided on the merit of an object, whom at that instant he thought destitute of every good quality; he hastily returned to his chamber, and ringing the bell with such violence as to break the wire, ordered a chaise to the door in a moment.

"Yes,

"Yes, your honour," said the waiter, without moving.

"This moment," he repeated; and the man flew to execute his order.

"Devote her whole time to Mrs. Garnet! well, he would not interrupt such agreeable society," threw himself into an arm chair, where he continued musing in silence till the chaise was announced, and till his whole ideas had undergone so complete a revolution, that he ordered it to wait, and breakfast to be brought in.

"Can then this creature," said he, stirring the sugar into boiling water instead of the tea, "so frank, so gentle, so polished, can she, as Seagrove said, carry false colours? can she be the voluntary associate of vulgar inebriety? impossible!" and he rung a hand bell, which was brought in with the tea things, for the chamber maid; the girl had made half a dozen courtships before he observed her.

"How is that old woman?" he asked.

"That braked her lag, Sir?" she is as well as can be expected; I just axed the young lady who—"

"Where is *she*?"

"In the old gentlewoman's room, Sir; dear heart, she has not been abed all night; and, poor young gentlewoman, she cries and takes on so: I just popped my head in as softly as a mouse, and there, if your honour will believe me, I never was so frightened in all my life."

"Frightened! at what?"

"Why, there, Sir, if you'll believe me, there I ketch'd her."

"Ketch'd her! who, what, what did you ketch!"

"Dear me, I hope your honour be not angry with me; I am sure I mean no hurt; but to be sure 'twas a terrifying fight for so young a gentlewoman."

Montreville had sent for this girl to feed a lover-like curiosity; he longed to hear what, though possible to be true, it was impossible for him to believe, or believing, would make him hate both informer and information; and found himself so interested in the discovery which had frightened the poor chamber maid, that he bid her go on, in a voice scarce audible, and listened in eager attention, till the girl's astonishment, which seemed to increase

increase on recollecting every particular of the strange event, subsided, and she declared, she believed in her soul she had ketch'd the poor young gentlewoman at —prayers!

All the angry passions subsided in an instant.

"At prayers!" repeated Montreville, in a no less interested, though infinitely softened accent.

The girl had all the shrewdness attached to her office; she understood the question as now put, better perhaps than the pounder.

"Ay, as sure as you are alive, Sir, she was down a top of her bended knees and her hands; well, then, in my life I never seed such white arms and pretty hands, they be like the driven snow, well, they were folded together, and her cheeks! lord, I never seed such a maiden blush colour! Will Ostler sweared as she was a painted Lunnener, and he lived a matter of two year up at Lunnun, but as cunning as he is, he is out for once, for I'm certain if there was any paint atop of her face, her tears—"

"Tears did you say! when was this?"

"Soon after your honour went from the old gentlewoman's door; and sure enough if her maiden blushes had been put on, they must have been all washed away, for the tears trickled down her face like pease, and she did so sob and sigh."

Mr. Montreville took half a guinea out of his purse, on which the chamber maid glanced a longing eye, and proceeded.

"I dare say she was praying and crying for the poor red faced old gentlewoman."

"I dare say not," replied Montreville, replacing the half guinea in his purse, with a sort of peevish re-action, not quite genial to the feelings of the chamber maid, who continued in an under disappointed tone.

"Poor old gentlewoman! the doctor says her bones are broke all sorts of ways! and if the young Christian gentlewoman was praying for her, so much the better; for we must all die; and some say the sooner the better; for this world is nothen but losses and crosses; and they all say in our house, that, though she is so mortal good,

good, she's nothen at all to the old red faced gentlewoman, only met her hap hazzard."

The poor half guinea was destined to be parted from its companions; the "hap hazzard," business secured its possession to the chambr maid, who gaily tripped to the old red faced gentlewoman's chamber, with a card from his honour to the young gentlewoman, and received a second half guinea on carrying back an answer.

The human mind is prone to credit its own wishes; the reader is no doubt astonished at the novelty of the observation; but there certainly is an irresistible suavity in the rhetoric of any being who has the art to scatter roses on the path we wish to tread; and Rosa, who within the last hour had been degraded from the celestial rank in which the reveries of the night had placed her, was again exalted into a divinity; the figure the girl described; the white arms and pretty folded hands, the modest blush, washed with tears, kneeling, addressing her Creator, not only recalled but increased the respect her coldness banished.

THE CARD.

"Mr. Montreville entreats Miss Walsingham's pardon for the mortification he ill concealed, when his perhaps improper request was rejected; Mr. Montreville would not presume, and Miss Walsingham cannot be unjust; he respects her humanity; the office she volunteers is a sacred one; but must all her compassion be engrossed by one object? Mr. M. is now going to pay his duty to his venerable parent, and hopes he may depend on being allowed to make his bow to Miss Walsingham at his return."

ANSWER.

"Miss Walsingham has a very proper sense of Mr. Montreville's politeness."

This short answer Mr. Montreville chose to consider as an accedence to his request; and though the ride from Pontefract to the Grange is perhaps the finest in that
part

part of the country, it afforded nothing so worthy admiration as the clear hand writing and neat turned letters of the short card, which was yet in his hand when he arrived at the Grange.

All the affection, the fondness, and hope of Admiral Herbert were now centered in his new found heir: The regret which had embittered many of the latter years of his life, was now changed into a placid, but steady resolution, to clear the fame of his injured daughter, and support the claims of her son, even to the expenditure of his last guinea, and the entire destruction of the old groves of fine timber, with which his estate abounded.

The instant he received the first letter from Horace, he ordered consultations to be held among the first men of the law, and upwards of six months had now elapsed since, by their advice, the following advertisement was inserted in all the public newspapers.

THE EARL OF GAUNTLET.

“Whereas there are strong reasons to believe a marriage between the late Right Honourable the Earl of Gauntlet, Baron Delworth, and Magdalena Condostello Albertina Herbert, generally known and addressed as Lady Magdalena Condostello Albertina Herbert, took place at Portugal, sometime near about the year ———; and whereas it is believed that the said Magdalena Condostello Albertina Herbert, after the contraction of such marriage, was delivered of a son, at or near Brompton. Any person who can give evidence respecting the said marriage, or the birth of the said son, that may substantiate a legal proof of either, will, if required, receive bonds of indemnification, and be very liberally rewarded. Apply to Worthy and Carrington, attornies, Gray’s-Inn.”

As this advertisement, tho’ repeated every week, failed of the least success, the Admiral’s joy and surprise, at Christiana’s recognition of Mr. Jolter, and his ready recollection and avowal of so important a fact, may very naturally be supposed sufficient, to occupy the head and heart

heart of a man of seventy-six, so far as to render him forgetful of less interesting matters. Had Jolter been brought before him, accused of treason, or any other crime less atrocious than murder, the having joined the hands of Magdalena and Captain Montreville, would have most probably placed vice itself under a shade; but, in fact, no accusation had been made, Christiana seizing on the delinquent, and the immediate explanation which followed, as completely turned all the Captain's late adventure topsy-turvey, as a cask of the strongest grog could have done; so intoxicated was he with the new aspect of affairs at the Grange, that he even forgot the business on which he was going, when he so fortunately met with Jolter, till the Admiral's elated countenance suddenly fell, and he demanded in a tremulous voice, where his dear boy was, and why he was absent at such an important and joyful period.

Captain Seagrove made no answer, but snatching his hat and brandishing an oaken cudgel, which he called his little switch, hastened out, followed by his two companions, Will Ratlin, formerly the Admiral's boatswain, now acting as butler at the Grange, and Ben Gunter, once ship's steward on board the old *Terrible*, but now as he called himself Walley De-sham to the Captain.

The Admiral had really kept watch, as the Captain said, with all his signals of distress out; the widow of his first lieutenant, who was killed in the same engagement with his son, a woman of mild temper and pleasing manners, had been taken under his protection from the hour she became a widow, simply, as he declared, because, "poor thing, she was not fit to buffet the storms of adversity;" she lived at the Grange, not indeed as manager, nor the household, which consisted of a selection of the ship's crew, were not in the habits of being governed by a woman; "seeing as how, poor souls, they were only at for other guests' matters;" nor at the head of the table, for there the old Admiral always presided himself; but to live exactly as she found most pleasant; she had access to her benefactor's chest, rode in his carriage, saw what visitors she pleased, and returned them when and how she pleased.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lynn proved the value she set on a situation so respectable and easy, by a uniform and obliging attention to the Admiral's health, which depended in a great measure on the composure of his mind.

She won his money at piquet, made his whey, administered his medicines, read the papers, and what new novels he chose to hear, and in short, was become so necessary to his ease, that she had long flattered herself she should at his death return to the world perfectly fit to encounter any of the *storms of adversity*.

The first letter from Horace having however in part levelled her Spanish castles; she put a good face on the matter, and appeared to adopt, among other of the Admiral's partialities, all his affection for his grandson; the soothing and attention of this lady were never more needful than during this long night, when every passing hour added to the apprehensions of the anxious grandfather; so many machinations as had already come to his knowledge, invented and executed against his darling, taught him to fear what had been, might be; and when Captain Seagrove got out of the chaise, unaccompanied by any but Ratlin and Gunter, he shrieked, "My boy!" and fell back in his chair.

The Captain, who could swear what he called a tolerable good stick when he saw occasion, did not now spare his talent, and he was literally out of breath when the Admiral revived, to hear with extreme satisfaction, that it was by the enthrallment of a pair of bright eyes Horace was detained from home.

"Well, well, Admiral, I tell you but this," cried Seagrove, "that strolling witch has grappled the boy, and I'll be shot if he clears her without damage."

"Beauty, my dear Tom," replied the gallant veteran, "is the sailor's tutelar goddess; Venus herself sprung from the sea; do not therefore be too severe."

"As to Venus, I know nothing about where she came *from*; all I know about her is, that wherever she comes *to*, she does mischief enough, and most of her spite is against sailors, so if she sprung from the sea, the greater jade she, that's all I say; but as to the wench at Pontefract, and the old hulk with her shattered timbers;

bers ;—but now I think on't how the devil, or when got she from hence ?”

The Admiral was surpris'd.

“ I might rather ask how or when she got here,” he replied.

This led to the occurrence of the preceding evening, when, though as matters stood it was neither politic nor possible for the Admiral to take a decided part against the Rev. Mr Jolter, yet he was absolutely overwhelmed with confusion at the idea of a woman,—a young, a beautiful, a distressed woman, being denied the rites of hospitality under his roof, and who had, as was now understood, after staying the night unnoticed, left it at break of day ; he could not answer it to his heart as a man, or his character as a gentleman, and therefore declared he would take the very first opportunity of making his apology.

The Captain, weary and displeased, ordered his walley de sham to carry a pitcher of grog into his chamber, and retired without attending to a syllable of the Admiral's polite regrets for the rudeness of his family, which lasted till his servant drew his curtains, when he dropped with the word apology half uttered, into that sweet and refreshing slumber with which the spirits of the aged and just are renovated, to dream his Horace was Earl of Gauntlet.

Want of rest the preceding night prevented the gentlemen from meeting as early in the morning as they were accustomed ; but Captain Seagrove's morning matin began where the evening one ended ; with his fears of the little cock boat ; because why, Horace was not the lad to take a girl in tow, and when the wind changed, turn her adrift,—and as to being spliced to her—

The Admiral started, and his pale face crimsoned at the idea. Horace, *his* grandson, the future Earl of Gauntlet, marry a little adventures !

As to his being an Admiral's grandson, and a future Earl, the Captain saw nothing in that ; seeing as all the sons of father Adam were related either at the head or tail, and if a man would steer his course among breakers, why the only thing to look out for was safe anchorage.

“ Now,” continued he, “ you know as well as I, the lad

lad is under promise ; a seaman's word, I take to be as good as his bond ; it may be another-guess thing with a land officer ; but give me the man, whether land or sea, who steers through the voyage of life as if every man was his mother's son, and every woman her daughter ; that's my way."

" And a good way too, your honour," quoth the walley de sham, who came to announce the return of the young squire.

Mr. Montreville, whose fine eyes were lighted into rapturous expression by the inspiration of the god within him, knelt before the Admiral, and would have apologized for not accompanying the Captain, but the joy of his return, added to the happy event which occurred during his absence, forbid any retrospects except those of pleasure.

The Captain gave his hand with a sort of furly "What cheer ? what cheer ?" and Mr. Jolter, whose slumbers on the down bed, aided by very free libations of the Admiral's old Burgundy, were not broken till a very late hour, was introduced. He gave a very clear and succinct account of every circumstance relative to the marriage ; which Mr. Montreville having written down, to send off by express to Mess. Worthy and Carrington, the attornies employed, he very naturally recurred to the accident which had been of such happy import to him ; but when the Captain began to recapitulate the adventure which occasioned their meeting, and he saw in the man on whose testimony the assumption of his rights so much depended, the pandor of vice, the violator of social law, and the insulter of Rosa, his changed countenance shewed in what detestation and contempt he held him, and the severity of his remarks on a conduct so atrocious, made even the old Admiral, for a moment, forget the interest of his family, to join him in the cause of moral rectitude.

Mr. Jolter had very little to offer in palliation of his conduct ; he was, he said, in liquor ; an apology that made no impression on the young philanthropist, and he took his leave with confusion in his countenance, and rancour in his heart.

Horace, from reflections on the evil tendency of corrupt morals, in a man of a sacred profession, recurred to the object against whom the infamous plan had been laid ; he spoke of her as he felt ; he thought her superior to praise ; and the Admiral, in whose fond opinion Horace united the nerve of Demosthenes, the wisdom of Cicero, and the modesty of Pliny, had only to hear his sentiments to adopt them, and in consequence was more angry and more vexed at the inhospitable neglect which, at such an improper hour, had driven so angelic a creature from the Grange.

Mrs. Lynn was sent for ; she had not heard of any lady being in the house ; the butler and the Captain's valley de sham accompanied him ; and since it must transpire one time or another, the reader may as well know at once, that, excepting the Admiral himself, there was not a male domestic at the Grange, whose senses were not every night well steeped in grog ; the rum casks, with which the cellar was always well stored, being left to the discretion of Will Ratlin, who knowing the comfort of the excellent mixture himself, dispensed it bountifully to his fellow servants ; so that, as often happens in large families, though there had been a grand error, *nobody* was in fault. As to the Captain, he frankly owned, that from the moment he found Jolter was the man they had been boxing the compass after, he thought no more of the wench than if she had gone to Davy Jones's Locker, where indeed he wished from his soul she had been before Horace clapped his two precious eyes upon her, seeing as how she was in such crazy company, and therefore must be damaged herself.

"Suppose," said Horace, "the old Terrible, which you say was a prime failer—"

"As ever shewed her keel to salt water."

"Suppose she fell in with a vessel in distress would she sheer off?"

"No, d—me ! never."

"What then would she do, if you were Captain?"

"Send provisions on board, to be sure."

"But it is not provisions the vessel wants ; she is crippled ; her rudder is useless, her mainmast is broken, and

she has a leak in her hold, so that she can scarce float ; then would the old Terrible sheer off ?”

“ No, d—me ! never.”

“ How then ?”

“ Why, Horace, I did not think you had been such a lubber ; “ How then !” either take the ship in tow, or the crew on board, to be sure.”

The Admiral smiled. “ Dear Tom, you are fairly caught.”

“ Caught ! I don’t understand you ; but setting case—”

“ The case is already set, Captain,” interrupted Horace ; “ the vessel in distress is the old hulk the—”

“ No more of your palaver ; the old Terrible is a sound vessel, a prime failer, and goes on her own bottom, and carries no false colours ; if she towed a sinking vessel into port, why there she would leave her, and proceed on her own voyage ; so that’s case for case. As to this here wench, she should not be boarded by a pirate while Tom Seagrove stood by ; but I should be glad to see her bear away, with all her sails up, out of our course ; seeing as how, you can’t give up the chase ; and if so be as she strikes, what then ? you can’t marry her, can ye ? and if she is an honest girl, you wou’dn’t ruin her, would ye ?”

“ I beg your pardon, Captain,” joined the Admiral, “ as Horace would not certainly do so unhandsome a thing as marry any woman but her to whom he is affianced by honour, the alternative is by no means a fair one ; my own opinion of women is, that it is the duty, and should be the choice of every brave man to protect them ; that has been one of the standing maxims of my life, and I am proud to see it is a family trait, which will descend to my progeny.”

“ Oh rare, Admiral ! I can’t deny but you stand fire like a salamander ; you are a good and a brave officer ; a little too much of the martinet on board, and a little too finical on shore ; but as to this family lingo about women, ’tis all gibberish to me, seeing as how you let your own daughter founder, without hearkening to one of her signals of distress, poor soul.”

The Admiral was painfully affected, and the Captain obliged to drink three successive glasses of strong grog before

before he could reconcile himself *to himself* for being the cause ; after which the rhetoric of Horace carried all before it ; and as while Rosa remained unprotected at the inn, further insult might be offered from the squire, though perhaps his coadjutor would not be openly seen in the business, he suggested the gallantry of his sleeping at Pontefract while she remained there.

This was opposed by the Captain, seeing as how if watch was to be kept, he was more fitter for that sort of duty, and besides, added he, slyly, while I am keeping a good look out for my convoy, I shall be in no danger of a lee shore myself.

To this arrangement Horace did not object, provided he was permitted to return that night ; the next day the Admiral would, he said, visit the young lady himself.

After this agreement they dined together in the greatest harmony, and having passed some hours in conversation on the state of their family affairs, Montreville attended by two servants, mounted a fleet hunter, and rode the winds till he arrived at Pontefract.

C H A P. XV.

- “ Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
- “ Have oft times no connexion : Knowledge dwells
- “ In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
- “ Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.”

*On which authority the author assures her young readers,
wisdom and love are synonymous terms.*

ROSA's declining to grant Mr. Montreville the requested audience, was a severe penance on her own feelings,—it was a sacrifice of inclination washed with tears at the shrine of duty ; but the consciousness of right acting, which ever will console a reflecting mind, even under the most severe deprivation, would have soon restored her to tranquillity, had she in other respects been

at peace with herself; but the terrible condition of Mrs. Garnet so interested and so distressed her, that considering her as being reduced to it by the concern she had taken in her safety and welfare, she reproached herself as the primary cause of her misfortune; with what desire, what anxiety, and ardent hope she for many years anticipated a meeting with her mother; when in affluence, how had she wished to share it with her, and how, when distressed, had she panted for the sorrowful child's natural asylum, the bosom of a parent; yet after all, with what antipathy, what unnatural disgust, and even horror, did her wayward heart turn from her; how she shuddered at the sound of her voice; how her eyes, and how her soul shrunk from a reminiscence of the author of her being, and while every faculty was devoted to a stranger, one who was indeed too amiable and too interesting; how entirely repugnant had her feelings been towards one to whom God and nature enforced obedience. "Alas! she cried, poor unhappy mother! this calamity would not have happened to her, had she not been tempted from her own purpose by that natural attraction against which my heart was hardened; oh miserable! is it then the death of my parent only that can awaken me to feeling and duty? Merciful God! continued she, kneeling by her mother's bedside, oh pardon the barbarous conflict between pride and nature! thou who alone hast seen how strong the one, how weak the other; thou who in judgment hast overtaken me! yes, my poor afflicted parent! God is thy avenger."

It was at this moment the chamber maid pass'd in her head, and catch'd her——at prayers.

The card from Mr. Montreville neither lessened her solicitude for her mother, nor increased it for himself; her soul was at that moment in a state of humiliation, and the only consolation she felt, arose from the consciousness of adhering to a painful duty, and rejecting a sweet temptation.

The surgeon soon after visited Mrs. Garnet; her blood, heated by the "least drops of spirits in the world" at Shawford farm, was in a ferment; he apprehended a fever, and desired further assistance might be called in.

Rosa,

Rosa, sinking with terror, received this intimation as the most fatal prognostic, and in presence of the surgeon and nurse, while almost blinded by tears, examined Mrs. Garnet's pockets, where, besides sixty pounds in cash and notes, she found a letter written and directed to Mr. Philip Garnet, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe. As this letter was not sealed, she inclosed a short note in it, mentioning the accident, and entreated Mr. Garnet would use all possible expedition to join his wife.

Having done this, and inventoried the contents of her pockets and small trunk, she desired an express might be sent for the most experienced medical men in the neighbourhood, and again vowed not to leave her mother.

Mr. Montreville heard from the chamber maid, on his return to the inn, that two other surgeons and a physician had been called in to the red faced gentlewoman, who it was thought could never hold it; and that the sweet young gentlewoman neither eat nor drank.

He sent his compliments, but received no answer; and unable to believe she could be so entirely absorbed in grief for a stranger, again sent to request a short audience, which was declined.

Montreville was in a very fine humour to be angry; but the inexorable was still shut up; and as anger may mar, but can never mend a good cause, he called patience to his aid, and waited two hours before he sent again, when he was desired to go into a room next to Mrs. Garnet's chamber, where soon after Rosa joined him.

Her pale and dejected looks, while they surprised, interested him; he complimented her on the humanity which impelled her to risk her own health, by attending to a woman who had no other claims than her misfortunes.

Rosa cast down her eyes, and after one deep blush her pale became paler.

He was sorry to hear more assistance was called in, because it implied danger.

Rosa wept, and as Mr. Montreville found himself at a loss how to proceed, after a short silence she rose to go.

The gift of speech was now again returned to Mr. Montreville ; he seriously remonstrated against her behaviour, as cruel and even unjust.

Rosa felt that her conduct was inexplicable ; Mr. Montreville's manner was too flatteringly earnest, too congenial to the secret good opinion she had formed of him, to offend ; but her heart was oppressed with anguish, and all the reply she could make, was tears.

Mr. Montreville was extremely moved ; he took her hand, and begged her to be seated one moment, while he apologized for the rudeness with which she was treated at the Grange. His own history, he added, was a strange and almost incredible mixture of mystery and misfortune ; the former, he hoped, was clearing up, and the latter changing into blessings ; the frustration of the infamous designs against her, were productive of an incident more fortunate to him than, he feared, she would allow him now to explain ; but when he had that honour, he was sure she would pardon the seeming neglect of Admiral Herbert.

All Rosa's penitence for want of natural affection ; all her concern for her mother's dangerous situation, could not steel her heart against an apology so frank and interesting ; it was a welcome oblation to pride ; it relieved her from a painful sense of debasement, and restored the old Admiral to her respect, and his friend, her deliverer, to her esteem.

Never was there a being whose countenance was a clearer index of the mind, than that on which Mr. Montreville's regards were now fixed ; he held her hand during the time he addressed her ; and while watching the working of her ingenuous mind, it is not certain whether he did or did not tenderly press it ; and perhaps it is still less certain whether, after all her self-accusation, prayers, and tears, she did not for a few moments forget she had a mother with a broken leg ; it was however for a very short time her heart was sensible to a cessation of pain ; she answered in a low but not depressed accent, that so much obliged, as she could not but esteem herself, to him and his family, it was very acceptable to her to know no intended affront had been offered her, and she added, deeply blushing, " So many and so re-
ted

peated are my obligations to you, Sir, in particular, that I must think light of an inconvenience to myself, from which you derive advantage."

Mr. Montreville was full of acknowledgments, and more full of admiration; and time was not marked till the nurse, who attended in Mrs. Garnet's chamber, sent to let Rosa know the surgeon was there. Mr. Montreville however did not suffer her to leave him, till he had prevailed on her to promise to see him half an hour the next morning.

After the surgeon was gone, and Rosa retraced what passed at her interview with Montreville, she was astonished at the ease with which she had dispensed with all her resolutions to give up an acquaintance so infatuating; again she went over the reasons which forbade her to indulge a predilection so unequal; the reasons were still too strong for self-deceiving sophistry to combat, but the predilection was still more strong.

During this night, contrary to the expectations, and beyond the doctor's hope, the feverish symptoms were greatly lowered; Mrs. Garnet, whose terror of death was extreme, having heard from the doctors the awful sentence, that if she did not keep herself quiet, she must die, became from fear, gentle and patient; she still took strong opiates, but in the time of her waking intervals bore her anguish without a murmur, and followed every movement of Rosa with eyes that expressed both solicitude and gratitude.

In the morning Rosa made some alteration in her dress, and met Mr. Montreville according to appointment.

Mr. Montreville had not indeed watched by the bedside of a sick person, but his thoughts had been too much engrossed by one charming object to rest; like Zadig, though in love, he might eat, drink and sleep, but it was not precisely that soft passion or sentiment which now prevented the latter; it was a combination of untoward circumstances, totally inimical to the end of virtuous love; the truth is, Mr. Montreville actually was engaged.

The infidelity his heart was tempted to commit, might perhaps be called a venial trespass, as he had not yet seen the lady he was bound to marry; the pecuniary penalty

of a breach of his engagement was considerable enough to insure the fidelity of half the crows about town, but half the crows about town have so many ways of disposing of all the hard cash they touch, to which Horace was a perfect stranger, that it was no wonder the precious metal, on which they set so high a store, lost all attraction with him ; as however there was another penalty which he ignorantly preferred to gold, attached to the engagement, namely, his honour ; it was a serious consideration ; and it was this subject on which he pondered during the whole night, and which was succeeded by an aching heart and head, in the morning.

Rosa was startled at his changed looks and address ; instead of that delighted admiration, which shone in his countenance,—that lively and insinuating tenderness which marked his manner the night before, he was melancholy, solemn, and silent for some minutes after he entered the room ; but a certain magic power seemed to hang over these young people ; whatever were their sentiments when they met, a few moments, without the aid even of speech, banished every unpleasant idea ; mutual frankness added an age to the term of their acquaintance, and confidence in the honour and principles of each other, begat a familiarity of intercourse, from which delicacy banished all appearance of passion.

Mr. Montreville's clouded brow cleared ; neither the engagement nor penalty were remembered ; Rosa's white arms and pretty hands managed the coffee ; and as Mrs. Garnet still slept, he, with great delicacy, adverted to her situation, which being, as he took the liberty to hint, both dangerous and improper, he was hurt to hear her declare her intention of continuing.

Mr. Montreville had formed a wish to prevail on her to go to the Grange ; and as she persisted in declaring she would not leave Mrs. Garnet till she was wholly out of danger, engage her to make that her home, and pay occasional visits to Pontefract.

In this arrangement it is needless to add, the engagement was not at all considered ; and in order to carry his point, he adduced her danger so near Sir Jacob Lydear, should his incorrigibility revive with his recovery from the correction he hoped he had received ; it was true indeed

deed Mr. Jolter would not perhaps be his co-adjutor; but his mother was popular, and her misfortunes would render her an object of pity; her son disgraced, her daughter eloped with a mean mechanic, and herself overwhelmed in sorrow, were circumstances that could not fail to raise some prejudice for her ladyship, against all the causes of her distress; Rosa at once saw Mr. Montreville wished to make his protection necessary, and as all he had suggested was reasonable, she was very much alarmed; but as notwithstanding the apology which reconciled her to the Admiral, the Grange was of all places the one she most disliked; and as, except Mr. Montreville remained at the inn, he could not offer, nor if he did, could she accept his protection; she affected the heroine.

"It is Sir Jacob Lydear," said she, "who should fear, not me; I am under the protection of that law which he has violated; let his power be what it may, he cannot combine a whole town in a breach of the established police of his country; and with respect to Lady Lydear, she knows, she *well* knows—"

Montreville drew nearer; he feared to breathe, lest it should prevent his hearing what Lady Lydear *well knew*; but he was disappointed.

Lady Lydear had perhaps by this time not only received the promised recommendation from Lady Hopely, but heard a history of her from Lady Lowder, with all the additions the candour of the latter would infallibly give it; and thus the credit she might hope would result from one source, must inevitably be destroyed by the other.

After waiting some moments in expectation of her proceeding, Montreville with a mortified air resumed.

"It was far from his wish to lessen her confidence in the protecting law of the land, but he would ask, whether youth, delicacy, and innocence, without acquaintance or protectors, were competent to demand that safety these laws were, without dispute, so well framed to insure, should the provoked, the ignorant, headstrong Sir Jacob meditate——"

Rosa could no longer conceal her alarm, or repress its effect; she burst into tears; fancy realized the picture

he had sketched, and fear magnified a small disturbance at that instant near the door, into the hostile approach of the very person of whom he had been speaking ; she shrieked out, " Save me ! save me ! " and threw herself into the arms of Montreville, in the moment when the door flew open, and discovered admiral Herbert, his gold laced hat carried in a courtly manner in one hand, his gold headed cane in the other ; his tall person, dignified and erect ; followed by the short fat figure of Captain Seagrove, close behind, except one arm which was extended forward to open the door.

A florid apology, which the Admiral had studied, when the persuasions of Seagrove, aided by his own secret inclinations, prevailed on him to be guilty of such a solecism in good manners, and violation of the respect due to the apartment of a lady, as to enter it unannounced, was entirely forgotten at the sight of Rosa in the arms of his grandson.

There was something in the gentlemanlike appearance and mild blue eyes of Admiral Herbert, that impressed Rosa with a respect, which had even more of sentiment than politeness in it ; and perhaps notwithstanding her dread of his pride and noble alliances, the laced full uniform, and stiff ramillee wig, never appeared to more advantage, than when it occupied the precise place where she had expected to see Sir Jacob Lydear in his ungraceful drab coat, round hat, and dirty boots ; nor did Captain Seagrove, with his nine grey hairs on each side, his red shining ample half bald head, fat round figure, long sword, and short skirted uniform coat, appear wanting in charms, as standing where her fear had anticipated the Rev. Mr. Jolter. She disengaged herself from Mr. Montreville's arms, without a sensation of that confusion which would have overwhelmed her, had any other emotion than terror placed her there, and her reception of the intruders was so frank, easy, and graceful, that it immediately dissipated the unpleasant surprise into which the Admiral had been thrown, and was indeed so accordant to his own ideas of true gentility, that he hesitated not to believe the opinion Montreville had formed of her, was in every respect just, as she was, he whispered
Seagrove,

Seagrove, not only the most beautiful, but the finest bred woman he had lately seen.

Captain Seagrove, whose regard for Montreville was little inferior to that of his grandfather, saw the lady and the transaction in a different light. Hugging between a young man and young woman, as he called the position in which our heroine and Montreville were surprised, had, he said, but one meaning; and a wench who could submit to it, without at least blushing, was fit for all weathers.

Rosa now particularly addressed the rough diamond, to whom she was so much obliged; but instead of the blunt good humour which had left an impression of the goodness of his heart on her recollection, he hastily averted his eyes, which had been attracted involuntarily by the beauty and elegance of her face and figure, and to all her professions of endless gratitude, answered with a surly, "What cheer? what cheer, young woman?"

Confounded at this behaviour, and abashed at the gold mounted eye-glasses levelled at her from the Admiral, in despite of the politeness and good breeding of the reign of Queen Ann, none of which allowed the staring a modest woman out of countenance, by the natural organs of sight, much less with the aid of those auxiliaries, without which a modern pair of eyes cannot see an inch beyond its neighbour nose; perhaps considering the Admiral's age, some people may fancy spectacles might have been the least annoying to a blushing beauty, but never had his features been so disgraced in the presence of any female whatever; and no crooked coquet could be more anxious to conceal the shoulder pad, than was the veteran beau to keep his spectacles from the ken of a woman.

Mr. Montreville perceived Rosa's embarrassment, and whispered the Admiral, whose glass was withdrawn with such precipitancy, that in his zeal to repair the breach of politeness, he dropped both his hat and cane.

Captain Seagrove had always been in the habit of tendering every little attention due to age and superior rank, which since he became a commissioned officer, the Admiral, with great politeness, declined to accept; the

Captain

Captain, as usual, offered to pick up and restore his patron's supporter, which, contrary to custom, he was suffered to do, without apology, or even acknowledgment.

Whenever Captain Seagrove received an act of civility or tenderness, "Thankye, thankye," sprung from his heart to his lips; when, on the contrary, he conferred an obligation, he was perfectly satisfied if the thankye never came; but to lose the civilities of his old commander, civilities not worth a farthing till they were missed, on account of a girl against whom he had conceived what he thought a well grounded dislike, and against whose increasing influence he had a mountain of objections, was too bad; it inflated all the little gall in his disposition, and he retired in high dudgeon to the farther end of the room.

Rosa, charmed with the mild benevolence of the old officer, as he alternately regarded his grandson and herself, found all her attention drawn to him, and did not remark the ill humour of the Captain.

It is true the Admiral's address was stiff, his manner formal, and his language too full of compliments to be perfectly understood; but the expression of pleasure which darted from Montreville's fine eyes, communicated an equal degree of placid pleasure to the countenance of his venerable friend, who could not help regarding with approbation an object on whom his darling looked with such evident delight.

Montreville, recurring to the cause of Rosa's emotion at the moment of his entrance, he frankly offered her his protection, till she could send to inform her friends of her situation, and till the tax laid on her humanity by that unamiable being, whom he was sorry to call a woman, was removed; he had, he added, a very worthy woman, who did him the favour of residing at the Grange, to whom he would with pleasure introduce her, and who, he was sure, would do all in her power to retrieve the credit of his house, if she would again condescend to enter it.

Rosa bowed; but though as little inclined as ever to assign the real motives, persevered in her resolution not to leave her mother.

Mrs.

Mrs. Garnet's situation, she said, was such, as, however strange it might appear, laid an obligation on her, no consideration could tempt her to wave,—while her life was in doubt, her own station should be in her chamber.

The Admiral was confounded; his eye met the dejected glance of Mr. Montreville's; disappointment sat on his brow, and the colour forsook his cheek.

The Admiral resumed: "He would then remain at the inn; he would himself defend her from insult."

"Avast! avast! Admiral," cried Seagrove, "you are a little out of your reckoning I believe this bout; for a first rate to keep guard on a little cock boat, not worth ballast, is, as I take it, a new line of service; besides you can't turn in out of your own birth, without shattering your poor calico carcass to atoms; you know you can't; so as I said at first, if watch must be kept, I am the man that's most fittest for that duty, and I wool do it."

Rosa now understood, to her great mortification, she was, for what reason it was not possible for her to conjecture, an object of dislike to a man for whom she felt a particular esteem, as besides the services he had rendered her, his rough manner appeared to cover a tenderness of heart and warmth of character no less pleasing than new. After a momentary surprise, she thanked them for the kindness of their intention, but added, that although in the moment Mr. Montreville suggested the possibility of Sir Jacob Lydear's repeating the insults he had already offered her, she was exceedingly alarmed, yet on reflection she had no doubt of her personal safety, in a house where the countenance of so respectable a person as Admiral Herbert would ensure civility; she therefore hoped, neither he, nor Captain Seagrove would inconvenience themselves on her account.

The Captain nodded at Rosa and winked at the Admiral; the latter indeed, after the first flash of expiring gallantry, recollected the debilitated state of his health, and that broken rest, as well as fatigue, either of mind or body, left him in a painfully enervated condition; he therefore again apologized for the inattention and rudeness she experienced at the Grange, which he assured

ed her, on his sacred honour, was solely occasioned by business of more importance than life or death to him, which happened to occur at that period ; after which, on the Captain pulling out his watch for the fortieth time, he desired Montreville to order the carriage ; and Rosa, taking a graceful leave, left the room.

On her return to Mrs. Garnet's chamber, she found her eating some fine fruit, which Mr. Montreville had directed to be carried thither. Rosa crimsoned with grateful pleasure at so delicate a mark of attention, and passed to the window in time to see the face and form where every grace of nature shone, assisting his aged parent into the carriage, and greeted as he entered it himself with the Captain's " Fare ye well, fare ye well."

On perceiving that the Captain returned into the house from the door, Rosa regretted he persisted in an office she could not help suspecting would be performed with an ill grace, and for which indeed she did not, on cool reflection, see the necessity ; but as his offer to stay was made to the Admiral, not to her, she could not ask an interview of him, and it was not likely he would solicit one of her ; so leaving the matter to its own course, she returned to Mrs. Garnet, who though too low to be distinctly heard, motioned for more fruit, notwithstanding the nurse insisted it would hurt her.

When Rosa drew near, Mrs. Garnet, who could not speak her feelings, kissed her hand, and pressed it to her heart, while tears rolled down cheeks more furrowed by intemperance than age.

Rosa was affected ; she no longer thought on Montreville ; her own tears dropped on the brown hand which grasped hers ; and seeing the poor sufferer still cast a languid glance on the fruit, sent to the surgeon, who answered nothing could be more proper for her.

With a secret sensation of delight she sat down, and while paring the nectarines and picking the grapes, remembered it was the delicate present of Montreville, and doubly dear because medicinal to her mother.

Though Rosa did not see Captain Seagrove, she heard him roaring out, Eule B. Lannia, and Cease rude Boreas, chorused by a number of as discordant voices as his

his own, till he turned in ; and Mrs. Garnet being now in a fair way, she undressed, for the first time since the accident ; but her fancy was too busy for sleep, and involuntarily recurred to a few indescribable moments, which, though connected with some mortifications, from which they could not be wholly detached, no mortification could repress the enthusiastic delirium which accompanied recollection.

She saw into the art, if so it must be called, that by inspiring her with terror of one object, naturally cast her for protection on another ; but the development of Mr. Montreville's motive could not excite anger ; the Admiral, in whose house he wished her to be, was one in whom she could of herself confide the dearest interests of her life ; to her his formality appeared a regular system of moral rectitude ; his pride, she allowed with a sigh, was a proper and laudable enthusiasm, equally calculated to maintain its own nobility, and prevent its own debasement ; and his tenacious regard for the weaker sex, the effusions of that true bravery which would always rise in defence of the oppressed,—in vindication of the slandered,—in protection of the weak,—and in redress of the injured ; it was indeed a selection of aromatics from the weeds of the knight of L. Manche, the great spirit of chivalry refined and modernised ; and it dressed its possessor in all the attributes of true heroism ; but oh the pity of it ! the pity of it ! it might defend, vindicate, protect, and redress, but must ultimately reject *her* ; nothing then remained for her, but to strengthen her heart against a fascination, to which she alone must become the victim ; to retire into those humble duties that must support her in the most trying moments ; to acquit herself in the painful avocation in which she was engaged, to the honour of human nature and the approbation of her own conscience.

The next day, and the next, brought the Admiral and Mr. Montreville to Pontefract ; true, she still resolved every interview should be the last ; but when a person of the Admiral's age and character came thither on purpose to visit and give her respectability, how could she treat him with rudeness ? or how, when no word the severest prude or most ready coquet could misconstrue,
(escaped

escaped Mr. Montreville's lips, could she expose herself to ridicule, by giving a wrong interpretation to his visits, and without that interpretation how could she decline them?

Captain Seagrove continued at the inn, and generally attended the Admiral in his visits to Rosa; but though his dislike was a little softened, he was far from being cordial to her.

Mr. Montreville's attention and respect seemed to increase every visit. Rosa had mentioned her having wrote to Mrs. Garnet's husband, whose arrival she anxiously expected.

Mr. Garnet had gone to Chatham on the invitation of an old acquaintance, to be present at a launch, which by delaying his receipt of the tidings of his wife's misfortune, prevented his arriving as soon as he was expected by four days.

At length, to the satisfaction of all parties, a post-chaise from Ferry-Bridge, where the mail stopped, set him down at Pontefract.

"Rofy, my girl, why Rofy, pretty Rofy! what ails my rose bud?" was the first salutation of a little thin pale faced man, about thirty-fix, to a bloated red faced unwieldy woman, ten years older.

"Oh, Phill!" answered the rose bud, "don't touch me; I am all over broken limbs; and to be sure little Phill and I should have been both dead and gone, and the Lord have mercy, what would have become of my poor soul, had it not been for that sweet pretty behaved young body, blefs her dear heart; she is such good company: she has saved my life."

"Well then," answered Garnet, "she is as good as she is handsome, which I am very glad of, for it's seldom the case; but Rose, poor Rofy! come, I know how it happened; thee hast been sucking the monkey, I know thee hast."

"No indeed, Phill, I was sober as a judge."

"Well but, Rofy, how are the timbers all spliced, I hope, poor Rofy! come send for the doctor, let's have a overhaul, Rofy; thee shan't lose thy precious limbs, if all the shiners in my pocket can save them."

And

And it being understood Mr. Garnet had got plenty of shiners, the whole house was in motion; the surgeon was sent for; the timbers examined; and all being pure tight, Mr. Garnet called for a pipe, and soon scented the apartment too strong for Rosa to continue in it; she therefore, in part relieved from the pain and trouble of such close attendance as she had tasked herself to pay her mother, ordered another chamber and retired to it.

Mr. Garnet, with his little thin figure, spoke in the voice of a Stentor; he had a low forehead, short nose, high cheek bones, wide mouth, and strong teeth, which, except in the instant when he was smoking or eating, were graced with a large quid of tobacco; he wore a dark brown coat, red plush waistcoat, ribbed cotton stockings, square pumps, large heavy silver buckles, a black silk Barcelona handkerchief tied loose over a fringed cravat, a round hat three quarter diameter every way, and his own dark lank hair; he was doatingly fond both of Rosy and little Phill, and very thankful to our heroine for being so well behaved to his wife.

As Mr. Montreville desired the Captain to apprise him of Mr. Garnet's arrival, Ben Gunter, the walley-de-sham was instantly dispatched to the Grange with the news.

"Now then, madam," said the Admiral, on entering the room, where Rosa generally received him, "your occupation is over, and you will do me the honour to make the Grange your home, till you think proper to apprise your friends of your situation; Mrs. Lynn will attend you with my carriage, at whatever hour you please to appoint."

Rosa hesitated, changed colour, and faltered out, what it was plain to understand was a determined negative; and the Admiral, who had looked to this trial as a proof whether she did, or did not really belong to Mrs. Garnet, instantly arose, took his grandson by the arm, bowed with great formality, and followed by the Captain, whose watch was now out, departed.

C H A P. XVI.

"A Begging Box," addressed to those accomplished Authors, who prove the abundance of their own superior knowledge, by writing for Novel readers in a confusion of tongues, beseeching them to bestow their charity on the Beggar Girl, in two lines of Italian from Tasso, for page 239.

"REPEAT the twenty-four letters whenever you find your passion rising," said the sage to Augustus.—Had Mr. Montreville done so, he would not have had to ride back to Pontefract after sunset, through a heavy shower of rain.

The Admiral, his privy counsellor the Captain, and his grandson had held several conjectural beds of justice on Rosa, during her residence at Pontefract.

She possessed, in the Admiral's opinion, the very first of female graces, "good breeding."

The Captain allowed she was not given to clapper clawing; but as to her breeding, he supposed, like other women, she would swear black white, to make her own way.

The Admiral, half offended, reminded him his mother was a woman.

"As to his mother," the Captain replied, "belike the Admiral knew what she was better than him; but as to that ugly wolf at Pontefract—"

"Ugly!" Mr. Montreville protested her eye would illumine the darkest cell.

That the Captain granted, because a cat's eye would do exactly the same; but if her trim was as good as the old Terrible; if she was as fair as a lily, as straight as a mainmast, and as brisk as one Miss Molly Gum, when he first saw her walking Portsmouth walls, thirty years ago, what did it all argufy, seeing as how a man's word was his sheet anchor.

"God forbid!" said the Admiral, placing his right hand on his breast, "any of us should break the sacred pledge

pledge of honour ; but there can be no reason why a man who is engaged to one woman, should not admire another."

" Well," I don't say there is," answered the Captain, " but this I will say, Horace has got a hankering after this wench, and I don't say there is any harm in that neither ; when he is as heavy a sailor as Tom Seagrove, and as old as you, Admiral, he'll alter his course ; but it is easier to prevent than to stop a leak."

With this wise axiom the conversations generally ended, till this day, when after a silent ride home, the Captain called for his grog, and having swallowed a half pint bumper, hoped Montreville was now tired of his wild goose chase, and bid him not look so glum.

" If I look glum, as you call it," replied Horace, " it is at your unprovoked invectives against so lovely a woman as Miss Walsingham."

" To be sure, Tom, illiberality to a fine woman is inexcusable," joined the Admiral.

" Pity you can't add, with good blood in her veins ; pity you can't say that, Admiral," retorted the Captain.

" Well, to confess the truth, Tom, I do think it is a pity ; I must say she is the finest bred, most fascinating woman I have lately seen ; if she was not so meanly connected as I now am convinced she is, and if Horace could be honourably off—"

Montreville's soul was on fire ; it was not till this moment he clearly understood the extent of his own secret wishes ; and he sprung to the feet of his aged parent, who in accents of kindness thus portrayed his own sentiments :

" Horace, my dear boy ! my beloved Horace !" cried the Admiral, raising him, " I feel, I feel your thoughts ; but indeed, my dear fellow, to raise a mere scroling beauty to your mother's place, and cruelly to insult an innocent lady—"

" Oh, Sir," answered Montreville, " be assured I can do neither ; I dare not abuse your indulgence, and should deserve to be branded for a villain, if I held lightly an engagement which—"

" Is,"

"Is," interrupted the Admiral, "not less an engagement because those to whom it was made cannot claim it."

"I feel it all, my dear Sir," replied Montreville, "but since your opinion of Miss Walsingham sanctifies mine, I confess my soul is devoted to her; I regret an infatuation I cannot resist, and surely in such a case it is far more honourable to avow the truth than impose on an amiable young woman, by making professions I do not feel; I have not yet had the honour of seeing her; she is equally a stranger to me; her choice may happen to be already made, and if not, she will be so great a gainer in point of fortune by defection."

"In that case," replied the Admiral, after a serious pause, "you must frankly let her know your heart was lost before; nay, indeed my opinion is, you had better write without seeing her. The most unpardonable insult to a pair of bright eyes is to declare yourself invulnerable to their shafts, what say you, Tom?"

"Say! I say 'tis a tale of a tub, about such stuff as hearts and eyes, and if you wool look one way, and steer another, why you wool; but I shall be glad to know when you have cheated the devil, and thrown his cap at him by this shabby come-off; what's to be done then? you won't let him make a Countess of this travelling beauty, and a lady of honour of the old hulk her companion, wool ye? you won't go far to empty all your bags into the pockets of judges and lawyers, to make a lady of a vagabond, wool ye? you won't serve all your grand aunts and cousins so scurvily as that, wool ye?"

Mr. Montreville arose in an agony of passion.

"Captain Seagrove!" said he, in a voice half smothered by his feelings.

"Mr. Montreville!" answered the Captain, "you may flounder and shift your station, but I wool speak the truth; if your noble mother was living, I know she would thank me; she was noble in herself, without any help from lords and ladies; poor girl, it would have been well for her she had never known any of them; and there's your old grandfather, as good a seaman as ever stepped from stem to stern; what do you do, but here
come

come to make him a laughing block ; I say you do ; for this here's the case ; here has he been stuffing his own head, and other people's too, with a cursed tough story about jukes and lords, and the Lord knows what, all of his kindred ; and here in his old age, what does you, but gets him to father all your fooleries ; and so as I said, make himself the laughing block, by taking a lady out of a barn, and throw dirt on the memory of your benefactor ; I say you do ; Tom Seagrove's no flincher ; he's no fish for smooth water ; I speak the truth ; and if you don't like it, lump it, that's all my boy."

The variety of feelings aggravated by the effect Captain Seagrove's eloquence, harsh as it was, had on the old Admiral, which agitated Montreville, during this long harangue, subsided into a settled composure. Towards the conclusion, " Have you done, Sir ?" said he, on Captain Seagrove taking breath.

" No, Sir, I have not done, I, I, yes I have done ; I shall say no more, Sir, to *you*."

" Why then, Sir, I shall say to *you*, and to my dear paternal friend this, that I adore Miss Walsingham, is certain—"

" Nothing can be more natural," joined the Admiral.

" Pshaaw !" cried the Captain, trebling the sound of the *a* in his throat.

" But do not imagine, that if I were sure of being accepted by her, which I am not—"

" Pshaaw !" again exclaimed the Captain, " tell her you are going to be a lord, she'll strike at the first summons."

" I cannot think so meanly of so lovely a woman," said the Admiral.

" Ah !" sighed Montreville, " so convinced am I of her innate worth, so entirely confident of her delicacy, her family, and her connexions, that I here pledge my honour, if on a full explanation she does not prove in every respect, except fortune, mind I accept money."

" 'Tis not to be named in the same breath with a fine woman ; perish the dross, when put in competition with beauty,"

beauty," and the Admiral raised himself perpendicular in his chair.

"Money! 'twas mere lumber," the Captain said; "he never was so miserable in his life as when he was chesting it up, nor so happy as since he got rid of best part on't."

"Well then with that exception I swear to you not to ask her heart till I am convinced it is such a one as the favoured descendant of my honoured parent, the son of the noble Magdalena, and the heir of a British peerage, ought to accept."

"Horace, my dear Horace," cried the Admiral, affected to weakness, "two things I beg of you; make no rash vows, and do not name Magdalena; the one may hurt you, the other unmans me. Think again; the power of a beautiful woman neither is nor ought to be shaken off at pleasure; the more you admire this young lady, the more difficult you will find it to resign her; she may be virtuous, we perceive she is well bred; but I exact no oath, I lay no commands on you, my son, but that you act with delicacy and honour towards the lady you were so resolved to marry, before you saw this fine creature."

"Yes," joined the Captain, "and let it be soon too, for fear the poor girl should lose the opportunity of striking to another commander; and so good night; if you give me your hand, and say I know Tom Seagrove is my friend, why do; if ye don't, why don't, that's all."

After this speech, need we say they parted friends? Though the evening succeeding the last conversation was very wet, Mr. Montreville rode to Pontefract, where he was surprised at being accosted by Mr. Garnet, entreating him to persuade the young woman, who had been so good to poor Rosy, to stop a bit longer, for that after he and his company left the inn, she told him and his wife, that now she would give up her office, and set off for London.

It is hardly possible to define Mr. Montreville's feelings at this intelligence: His passion for Rosa was, as he thought the object of it, unalterably pure; he fancied he discovered in her, not only the beauty, but the
goodness

goodness of an angel ; the new sensation which throbbed in his heart constituted all his happiness ; it influenced his mind, his temper ; he could conceive no bliss equal to the guiltless excess of the passion that transported him, nor any torture equal to its privation ; in the presence of Rosa it was impossible for him so far to detach his ideas from the fascination that arrested both his eyes and ears, as to think on what might have passed, or what might be yet to come ; it was enough that the enjoyments of the present were blameless and delightful ; he wished her gone from the Garnets, but dreaded a separation from himself, and while waiting to see her, repeated,

“ Ah cruel love ! thou bane of every joy,
“ Whose pains or sweets alike our peace destroy ;”

and it is impossible to describe his admiration, surprise, and pleasure, when hearing her enter, he turned, and beheld the arch look and graceful gaiety with which she continued the two next lines in the original language.

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“ You speak Italian !”

“ Not well !”

“ You read it !”

“ Something better ; my harp master was an Italian ; and he insisted I should never sing with expression till I was perfect in that language ; it was indeed in his opinion right to give the Italian expression even to English music.”

The mind of Montreville towered even to the skies. “ What ! a pretty stroller ! the companion of a vulgar intemperate woman ! play the harp ! sing scientifically ! and speak Italian !” He could not speak, tears of pleasure swam in his eyes ; all doubts in respect to her connexions done away by this discovery of her accomplishments ; what was it of rapture he did not at that instant feel !

* “ Still equal woes from thee mankind endure ;
“ Fatal thy wound, and fatal is thy cure.”

“ You

"You speak of singing," said he; "come, you will not dare convince me your practice is inferior to your theory."

"I will dare do no such thing," replied she, with modest confidence; "inattention to the pains and expence bestowed on my education would have been ingratitude; I had besides a noble reward then in view; a sense of obligation excited emulation; I wished to excel, because I knew that would be the best return I could"—

Rosa's heart was on her lips, and her natural frankness would have been restrained by nothing but her feelings; she had indeed but a very slight recollection of Colonel Buhannun's person, but his actions were ever fresh in her memory, and so far from being humbled in her own estimation, by repeating to the whole world obligations so dear and binding; she considered every honour paid to his memory as reflecting some degree of credit on herself; since to have been so truly beloved, and so eminently distinguished by such a worthy character, implied some merit in the object of his regard; but that key to her former and present situation, which she was on the point of giving to the anxious Montreville, must be followed by a developement from which her heart shrunk; had it been only the forlorn state of her infancy, and the charity of her benefactors, with what ease could she have made the disclosure; but to prove herself daughter to a woman so abhorred by the whole Grange connexion, so little beloved by herself, that, she could never do.

While these reflections were passing in her mind, her eyes were cast down, but when on raising them she beheld Montreville glowing with expectant curiosity, and suspected the disappointment he would feel at her sudden recollection, her cheeks flushed, and a gentle sigh moved the muslin on her bosom.

The emanation of fond affection glowed on Montreville's cheek, while his heart sunk in disappointment.

"Come," said he, affecting gaiety, "to the proof."

"If you mean to ask me to sing," replied Rosa, "I will oblige you, though I have been long out of tune."

Montreville bowed.

"What

“ What do you like ? shall it be *Adagio* or *Allegro* ? ”

“ When I have heard both I shall judge.”

“ Indeed ! ”

How it happened, as Rosa had really, as she said, been long out of tune, Cupid alone can tell, but her voice was never in better tone, nor did she ever run the cadences of a very beautiful and difficult Italian *penseroso* air with more taste, melody, and science.

Montreville continued in the attitude of listening after the song was ended,

“ Well,” she asked after a pause, “ do you like that, or shall I give you an *allegro* ? ”

“ Exquisite ! lovely creature ! ” cried he, suddenly rising.

Rosa, surprised, also arose.

“ No,” said he, snatching her hand, and pressing it to his heart, “ sweet enchantress, I can bear no more ; no, you make my senses ache ; I leave you ; I dare not trust myself any longer till———*adieu*.”

“ Till,” repeated Rosa, after he left the room, “ till what ? ”

She hastened to the window, and beheld him vault into his saddle and gallop off before his servant could mount ; her eyes were still bent on the road he had taken, but her heart was in tumults ; all her former arguments and resolutions recurred, if she continued to see and be entertained by this charming man, there appeared but one alternative before her, the extravagance of love, or the death of despair ; the ecstacy he evinced at discovering she had been well educated ; the haste he was in to communicate those discoveries ; what, alas ! did it prove, but that both he and his friends had held her in mean estimation ? how indeed could they do otherwise ? a young person of her age and her sex, even her accomplishments told against her ; to be travelling alone ; to have casually offered herself to fill a dependant situation in a family of whom she had never before heard ; to leave that family in company with a woman whose conduct was a disgrace to her sex ; to be insulted ; and after being rescued, still to remain under protection of strangers, all men ; no active relative to appeal to, no

fettled home, no expecting friends to speak of, but to continue in an inn with people of whom she was so much ashamed; ah! what could explain her conduct and situation, but that discovery which would not only end her connection with Montreville, but end it with contempt on his side, and shame on her's?

Mr. Garnet was a sort of man who loved his wife and child; had a large quantity of shiners, and knowing, as he said, every guinea went for twenty-one shillings, valued himself on his independence, without giving himself the least trouble about the liking or disliking of the world, and would not take a whiff of tobacco the less or more, no, not for his favourite General Washington; he was civil to Rosa at first, because she had been kind to his Rosy, and he continued so, because she really had an irresistible suavity of manner about her, which added to her remarkable sweetness of countenance and symmetry of person, inspired what friendship his heart was capable of feeling; but his vulgar conversation, and his self-loving, self-opinionated manners, were so new and so entirely disagreeable, that even Mrs. Garnet's company was pleasant in comparison of his; this then was another objection to the making herself known to her mother, since it was not merely an hour, day, or a week, it was the fate of her whole life that depended on the conduct of the present moment, since she either must sink to their low habits, or they rise to her refinement; the first her soul recoiled against, the last was impossible; the alternative therefore was obvious.

Mr. Garnet smoked all his pipes by his wife's bed, who was now recovering very fast, and Rosa had already signified her intentions to leave Pontefract; so distracted indeed was her mind, and so eager was she to escape from the mortifications which threatened to environ her, that the act had most probably preceded the notice, had not the fatal embargo still continued on her purse; and while Mr. Montreville was engaged in rapturous description of her charming accomplishments, to which were attached his absolute certainty that she was a woman of superior family and connexions, she was in the most mortifying embarrassment how to raise a few guineas, to
carry

carry her from the only relative she knew, into a world where she was an unprotected unique.

She arose after a sleepless night, with the reflections of the preceding evening still impressed on her mind, and had the resolution to decline seeing Mr. Montreville, who was at Pontefract before she rung her bell. Dejected by the painful necessity of incurring obligations, where her heart revolted from an acknowledged duty, as she had no possible means of supplying the expence of her journey, but borrowing of Mr. Garnet, after visiting her mother, she busied herself in arranging her few wearables, and endeavouring to reconcile pride to necessity.

In the afternoon a second message was delivered from Mr. Montreville, by his old friend the chambermaid; and finding he seemed disposed to keep his station till he had an interview, she at length met him at the tea table, where he had the evening before sipped not tea, but nectar with her.

Mr. Montreville was now in his twenty-sixth year; his figure, face, and deportment, a happy combination of elegance, grace, and grandeur; and added to these "a lover is a more than ordinary being; he is full of a divinity which speaks and acts within him; there is no accomplishment, no virtue, no heroism which he is not capable of attaining while in the state of inspiration, and in the sight of his beloved."

Whether Horace had not been in the habit of mixing with accomplished women, or whether this was the predestined hour of serious passion, certain it is, Rosa's heart had not been more free from attachment than his own; and having laboured very hard to convince his friends at the Grange that the lovely Rosa was virtuous, well born, and finely educated; and having also, with that facile rapidity which is sure to smooth every difficulty in the way of youthful fancy, made it extremely clear, that the lady to whom he was by honour bound would be abundantly better pleased with a whole fortune, and her own free election, than to share it with a husband whom she did not know, and had probably no curiosity about, he brought with him the permission of the Admiral to address her, and the but half cordial wishes of the Captain for his success.

Mr. Montreville had a manner of enforcing serious subjects peculiar to himself; he pleaded his passion and avowed his sincerity in terms equally simple and urgent; had he been addressing the veriest coquet in nature, it would not have been easy for her to affect either to disbelieve, or not understand he was pleading for more than life.

Our heroine could not doubt a truth confirmed by every speaking feature; he implored her to give him hope; his happiness depended on her lips, and he awaited their sentence with the agonies of a culprit.

A thousand different sensations crowding on her mind, took from Rosa all power to speak; once, and but once before, she had been addressed by a lover; but how different were her feelings then and now! she had not yet learned to act a part; her eyes beamed tenderness on her kneeling lover; her lips severed, but no voice was heard; her hands, which he passionately embraced, trembled, and what hope such emotions could inspire, was Montreville's.

Enchanted by a silence which conveyed more delight than the highest grace of elocution; he spoke of his happiness as an event he might be permitted to expect; told her his prospects were yet more brilliant than that of succeeding to the fortune of his venerable grandfather; that he was the actual and rightful heir to a British peerage; that he had been defrauded of his birth-right by means so disgraceful, that he had every reason to expect, from the offers of accommodation already made, his adversaries would come to any terms rather than have their dark actions exposed; but as this was an uncertainty, more particularly as one circumstance remained to be elucidated, on which a most material part of his proof depended, he would only offer to her acceptance two thousand pounds a-year, the Admiral had settled on him during life, and the certainty of his whole fortune, at a period he hoped would be long, long ere it arrived, besides a fortune he was taught to believe, still larger, in right of his mother's family.

Rosa was painfully flattered, but her heart bounded not like Montreville's with hope; she hesitatingly, and
in

in a faint voice faltered out something about the Admiral's permission, which was eagerly answered in the affirmative. He was the most noble and generous of men, and would apply to any of *her friends* she would condescend to name, not on a pecuniary expectation, but merely to avow the pleasure he should feel in the alliance.

Rosa rather groaned than sighed.

Montreville started; but perceiving her downcast eye was fixed, he proceeded to say, her manners, her sentiments, her education, were vouchers for the eligibility of her connexions; the Admiral was a great family man, hers, if genial with herself, might confer honour, but could receive none.

"Good God! Miss Walsingham," he exclaimed, at seeing the blood retreat from her cheeks and lips, in the instant that she fell off her chair.

He rung the bell; the waiter and maid servants appeared; a cold perspiration bedewed her face; she was lifted up, her laces were cut, and air let into the room, but the fit continued so obstinate, that Mrs. Garnet's surgeon was sent for, who breathed a vein, which had the desired effect; she revived, hid her face, and burst into tears.

"The young lady," said the surgeon, "has really fatigued herself so much, and her delicate form seems so little adapted to endure it, that I wonder this has not happened before."

Mr. Montreville had remonstrated with as much earnestness as he could presume to use, against the unremitting attention Rosa paid Mrs. Garnet, the close confinement, want of air, and anxiety she had undergone, might well affect her; but there was a hopeless anguish in the expression of her countenance the instant before she fainted, and a burst of grief so moving when she cast her eyes on him after her recovery, that notwithstanding all the flattering omens he drew from the tenderness she betrayed, the truth sunk deep into his heart, that there really was a concealed mystery about her, which menaced destruction to his peace.

The surgeon desired she might be left to her repose; and Montreville having solemnly pledged his word to return to the Grange that night, measured back in heaviness

vinefs and anguish the tedious steps over which he had flown in the morning on wings of hope and expectation.

As soon as Rosa was assured he was gone, she sent for Mr. Garnet ; he had been profuse in his thanks for her care of his Rosy ; offered to present her with his own maffy gold watch ; was hurt when she refused it ; and moreover she had feen him take a handful of shiners out of his leather trunk, and put them loofe into his waitcoat pocket.

“ Well, my girl,” quoth Mr. Garnet, as he approached the bed, “ and how goes it with thee now ? thee beeft a poor shadow of a thing, fit only for fair weather ; come, chear up, have a good heart, and make thyfelf happy till Rosy is able to be jogging, then we’ll all bundle off together ; what I warrant thee won’t diflike our cabin ; we have got a long garden and fummer houfe, and china bowls thee may fwim in ; and Rosy’s got as nice as wax now ; her tables and chairs be like looking glaffes ; we had a few tugs at firft, for she was a little fluttifh when I married her, but she’s a goodifh wench in the main, if one keeps a fharp look out after her, elfe she will fup the monkey, more’s the pity.”

Mr. Garnet was all this while employed ; he had his chair to reach, his hat to hang up, and his pipe to fill ; fo the frefh flood of impatient tears, which Rosa fhed on her pillow, was unnoticed.

After many vain attempts to fpeak, she affumed fpirit to fay, that as her affairs abfolutely called her to London, she would thank Mr. Garnet to lend her five guineas, which in addition to the trifles in her purfe, she calculated would carry her to town.

“ Five guineas !” repeated Garnet, “ thee fhall not want five, no, nor ten guineas, when we fhew our faces in Paradife-ftreet ; what fhould thee be in a hurry to go to London for ? thee haft no friends there, elfe they would inquire after thee before now ; befides thee haft got a sweetheart, and that’s all thy heart can defire.”

Stung at the terms on which Mr. Garnet’s friendship was to be purchafed ; her heart, ready to burft at the natural and juft conclufion in refpect to her friends, and indignant at the idea of a *sweetheart’s* being a neceffary appendage to her happinefs, Rosa’s firft emotions were
anger

anger and contempt ; but “ the Admiral’s application to *her friends*,” recurred ; her brain was on fire.

“ For God’s sake, Sir,” cried she, “ do not distress me ; I should be truly happy to oblige Mrs. Garnet, but——”

“ *But you won’t*,” interrupted Garnet ; “ well, my girl, I can say no as well as you ; one good turn deserves another ; you serve me. I serve you ; that’s the way I got my shiners, and that’s the way I mean to keep them, and so good night.”

The anguish of this disappointment was the more keen as it was wholly unexpected ; but her unabating eagerness to escape from the tender importunities of Mr. Montreville, and the application of the Admiral to *her friends*, preserved her spirits from being totally subdued by her situation ; she must go ten miles before she could procure the regular conveyance to London ; the chambermaid had, among her other undesired communications, mentioned the carriage in which she came from Northampton to Sheffield, which was that majestic moving vehicle a stage waggon ; no matter, an escape from Montreville, from herself, was all she had at heart ; and as there was no hardship or difficulty not criminally desperate, but what was preferable to remaining where she was in her present situation ; she rung for the girl, and led to her waggon adventures, but again mortification and dismay was her portion ; this was Friday ; no waggon passed within ten miles till the Tuesday following.

Rosa closed her eyes, and with a bitter groan dismissed the girl.

Thus agonized, standing at it were alone in a world where, turn which way she would, difficulties and distresses encompassed her ; as a last and desperate resource, she half formed a resolution to discover herself to her mother, and implore her assistance ; from this step however her heart instantly recoiled ; to own her consanguinity would be to bind herself in slavery to the folly of an intemperate mother, and the whimsical tyranny of her husband ; to be the stationed companion of vulgarity, and to have her ears shocked, her feelings wounded, and her understanding outraged every hour of the day.

Wearied with a thousand schemes which she was obliged to reject as soon as formed, without abating her ardent desire to leave the scene of so many complicated evils, sleep at length closed her eyes, and her sorrows were sunk in the "honey heavy dew of slumber."

C H A P. XVII.

"If there be a style which never becomes obsolete,—a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance."

MR. MONTREVILLE had in the mean time reached the Grange, with look and manner so different from what he had shewn when he left it in the morning, as greatly alarmed the Admiral and his friend.

In his impatience to atone for his abrupt departure from Pontefract the preceding day, he had braved a summer storm, and by sitting in his damp clothes, while his mind was enraptured with the discovery of Rosa's accomplishments, laid the foundation of a severe cold, which was now so increased by returning with the reins on his horse's neck, again exposed to the inclemency of the weather, that when he got home it was difficult to say which was most disordered, his mind or body.

Mr. Montreville was beloved, as well as respected, by his grandfather's domestics; they all shared in their master's concern; and poor Christiana was inconsolable when the Admiral, after attentively feeling his pulse, declared he had no small degree of fever.

A servant was dispatched for a doctor, and the affectionate grandfather insisted on occupying an arm chair on one side of the bed, while Seagrove, with a dismal phiz, sat at the other, and while Montreville, with an aching head, sore throat, and heavy heart, wished for nothing

nothing so much as to be left to a dark room and his own reflections.

"I can't help fearing," said the Admiral, in a half whisper and half groan, "that fine creature at Pontefract has made my poor Horace uneasy to-day."

"Very like," replied the Captain, in the same key; "the only way to go heart whole through the boisterous voyage of life, is to steer clear of the mermaids."

"Dear Tom, your ideas are a little gross; I beg your pardon."

"Ye have it, Admiral,—ye have it heartily."

Montreville sighed; had he been disposed to rest, the conversation of his friends was not calculated to promote it.

"What shall I do for you, my dear son?" asked the Admiral tenderly.

"Do!" cried Seagrove, "the only thing any body can do to please him, is to get him the girl,—I can see that plain enough."

"She is certainly an adorable creature," whispered the Admiral, "and nothing is so touching to a sensible mind, as the Italian language spoken by a beautiful woman."

"As to the lingo," replied Seagrove, "though I have been so many times at Leghorn, I can't say as I know much about it; it seemed to me mighty whining sing song sort of stuff; the only thing I liked in it was the proverb our linguist interpreted, of "Deeds are men, and words are women;" however 'tis better from beautiful women than beautiful men, that I can't deny; but as to the good on't, give me plain old English."

Mr. Montreville was relieved from a conversation he could neither bear nor forbear, by the arrival of the doctor; but, though he insisted on the necessity of leaving the patient to his servant, it was with difficulty the Admiral could be persuaded to retire to his own chamber.

"I am afraid," said he, shaking hands with the Captain, "my poor Horace has not been a successful wooer."

"Poh! poh! Admiral, you are out in your reckoning; I'll be bound 'tis but ask and have."

"I think she could not refuse him."

"She refuse! she has more wit; she refuse Horace Montreville! the handsomest dog in the county,—Admiral Herbert's heir, and a lord by the grace of God; she refuse! she be—"

The Captain stopped, and having reached his own chamber, paced it up and down, ruminating on Horace and the cause of his illness; he perceived there was something which had vexed and disconcerted him; he had no idea of a sentiment that could restrain a man from telling a woman he liked her, if he really did so, though he was always astonished when he fancied there were men who took that trouble for the joke's sake; he by no means approved of his young friend breaking his engagement, yet if he would run a-head, why he might as well strike in among the breakers of folly, as founder in the sea of despondence; so he resolved to lend him a hand, and break the affair to the young woman himself.

The Captain being on horseback at day break, arrived at Pontefract by the time the house was stirring, and immediately ordered Rosa to be called, as he had particular business with her. Rosa started; "Business!" she repeated, as she hurried her dress, and sat down every second, to endeavour at that composure it was impossible to attain, and conscious of the imbecility of all her attempts, she at length reached the room where the Captain waited to see her.

He saluted her with a sort of affectionate "Howd'ye," instead of the surly, "What cheer, what cheer," she had been used to from him, and seeing her stand agitated and irresolute, even reached her a chair.

The Captain had left the Grange resolved to come to the point with Rosa, and the last thing he apprehended was the failure of his courage or resolution; but he had not been in the habit of feeling his rough nature softened and awed by the tenderness and delicacy of a modest woman; this however really happened now, and his confusion was as new as the sentiment which caused it.

Rosa, more alarmed at his silence than even by his visit, sat in painful expectation of hearing the motive of both, and at length raising her eyes with an expression
both

both of sadness and curiosity, met his not less mild, though less expressive ones, fixed on her face, but her glance of inquiry produced no satisfactory reply; the Captain wondered what was the matter with himself; sure, thought he, I have not got a locked jaw; and he raised his hard brown hand to his no less weather beaten face, to make sure all was right.

"You had particular business with me, Captain Seagrove," at length faltered Rosa.

"Business! why, ay, Miss, I have something to say to you." And the ice being broke, he went on with increasing courage. "Business about young Montreville: You must know, Miss, he made home last night in a very scurvy condition, looking as if he had lost his weather gage."

"I am very sorry, Sir, but—"

"Well, I know that; you could not help his glum looks, though your own are little better; but as I was saying, 'tis a cursed foolish course he has been steering ever since the unlucky squall that brought us along-side of you, and that ugly old hulk; but you say she is nothing to you, only belike a comfort you picked up by accident; and so much the better, for as I said to the old Admiral, who though a little proud and finical, is as good a seaman as ever reefed a topsail; to be sure he will yaw a parcel of nonsense about jukes and lords, and them sort of fandangus trumpery, and puts a parcel of gibberish whims into the head of all the women he falls in with; but then his heart is as sound as a biscuit; I have sailed, man and boy, with him, forty years, reckoning the time I have laid to in his wake at the Grange; and whenever the old boy slips his cable, not a man of the whole crew will wish to stay behind him."

Rosa listened to this scarce intelligible harangue, out of which she could select nothing that particularly interested herself, except the Admiral's "nonsense about jukes and lords."

The Captain's verbosity and feeling always went together; he was now wiping a tear off his sun burnt cheek, which gave his hard countenance a grace Rosa thought it greatly wanted.

"But

"But as to that," he continued, "why we must all kick the bucket one time or another; and as I was saying, what with rich prizes, and honest agents, and there's a plentiful scarcity of them there cattle, I can tell you, Miss, whenever Horace gets the Grange, he'll find every part well stowed; and besides that, Miss, why he's right heir to a lord; his father was a lubberly son of a——; but as the Admiral says 'tis bad manners to swear before the women, because, poor souls, that's talking in a lingo they can't understand, except indeed such old hulks as your comfort, and I dare say she's up to every thing; however Horace's father deserved to be brought to the gangway every second bell, and that indeed was too good for him; for why, my greyhound takes care of her young, and he wanted to destroy his own son, or what is nearly the same thing, to cheat him out of his station; but however if roguery be a prime failer at setting out, the keel gets so cursedly foul, that the fine clean copper bottom of justice is sure first or last to bring it to,—and so much the better say I, Miss."

"Mr. Montreville's mother, Sir, I understand," said Rosa, who now was sufficiently interested in the Captain's discourse, "was the Admiral's daughter."

"Yes, Miss, and a fine tight well jointed girl, they say, she was; the old boy did not care much about her, while his son, a pickle young dog, lived, and she poor girl! was brought up among the papishes with her old aunt, and there she run away with that black hearted nigger Horace's father; and no wonder for an English girl to strike to a countryman, that we all know well enough; but she might as well have been lashed to a wherry in the bay of Biscay; if the old boy had believed she was married, he could not have been angry in his heart, because why, the spark was kin to some of the tiptops of his own kindred, and as it happened, the rot got into the noble stock; so this youngster started up like a mushroom in one night, to be a lord; and then what does the shaberoon, but shy off, and swear he was never married, just as if it signified a rope's end whether he were or no, if he promised, and she, poor girl! believed; so then the old boy turned her, and her young one,

one, that strapping fellow Horace, that is now, quite adrift, and never thought of either till his son, young pickle, was shot; then he would have given all he had in the world, and himself into the bargain, to hear of his daughter; but what the devil signifies my telling you this long rig-marole story?—what I had to say was about Horace.”

“And what, Sir, have you been saying but about him?”

“Ay, ay, ’tis about him in the long run, to be sure; so you see, Miss, we light on him hap hazard; as to his mother, poor woman, she has long since foundered; but here’s the case, the young man, my lord as will be, as ill luck would have it, just as he was setting sail, on the look out for another young woman, quite a galleon richly laden with gowld, jewels, and precious stones, he falls in with you and that old hulk, and nothing will sarve him but he must break his word to t’other young woman and marry you,—curfed cakish, is it not, Miss?”

There are circumstances and events under which, be it ever so well prepared, the heart cannot harden itself; and it is one of the most painful and mortifying circumstances annexed to reduced fortune, that it renders the sufferer tremblingly alive to the manner in which they are treated by the more fortunate; they feel slights never offered, and resent offences never meant. Montreville’s story, though related in such an uncouth and unconnected manner, affected Rosa; her tears dropped on the sorrows of his unfortunate mother, and it was with difficulty she could repress the emotions of compassion every word respecting himself excited, till Seagrove mentioned his former engagement, and the misadventure of his falling in with her; when, conceiving him to be an emissary of the Admiral, and that the tale, which, though prolix, she had found interesting, was actually intended to humble the vanity which the attention of his heir might have naturally raised, and at once put an end to her presumptuous hope, by contrasting the views of his friends, his high rank, fortune, and noble expectations, with the meanness, the ambiguity, and wretchedness of hers:—

All

All the haughtiness attendant on conscious rectitude inflamed her heart ; her eyes sparkled with indignation ; the emanations of a mind formed to enjoy and bear privations with equal dignity, shone in her countenance ; she arose, and was proceeding towards the door, when Seagrove, totally unconscious of offence, arose likewise, and walking with her to the end of the room, put his arm under hers, and turned her back with a motion so unexpected, that she had no power to speak her anger or surprise. He resumed his discourse during this space, and continued that, as well as a repetition of the same rapid movement, when they traversed back to the other end of the room ; by which time she became again interested in the matter of his communication, though still disgusted with the manner.

“ But pulling against wind and tide,” continued he, “ is labour in vain, or just as good ; one makes no way : so, you see, Miss, t’other young woman must be left in the offing,—because why, the Admiral was taken himself by foreign lingo, and belike he has a craving in his age for what he loved in his youth ; and that, to be sure, is but natural ; especially as Horace says he knows all about you. He don’t indeed say you have got any money ; but that is all ballast ; the old boy don’t mind money, nor I neither : you are comed, he says, of honest parentage, which is a good thing ; for what’s bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh ; and that’s the chief thing our old boy sets his heart upon ; for you see, Miss, setting case, that old hulk there was your aunt, or your cousin, or your mother, why what could be expected but you would take after her ? and for young Montreville for to come for to go to bring a drunken swab to the Grange, why ’twould raise a mutiny in a jiff : because why, all the rest of the women, from Mrs. Lynn, nay for the matter of that, I might say from Horace’s brown venture Christiana, down to blind Bess of the lodge,—why they would every mother’s babe of them be wanting a sup, and that Will Ratlin would never suffer : because why, no discipline could be kept ; and he finds it hard enough, as it is, for the old Admiral makes all the women rampant ; so, Miss, as that’s the case, the Admiral and I have had a over haul of pre-mises,

mises, and we be willing, as we can't help it, and as we think you are a civil young woman (though to be sure you may be a vagrant for all we know); why, if you'll give me a bit of a line, just with the name of your parents, and the minister of the parish where they are stationed, just to ask about their characters and way of life, and whether you had any grandfathers and grandmothers, and how they behaved themselves—why you see we may take you in tow to the port of matrimony, and you may send your band-box to the Grange.”

At the conclusion of this speech the Captain let go the arm he had continued to hold; and, having rung for pen, ink, and paper, pulled the nearest table and chair, which happened to be placed between Rosa and the door, and leisurely taking out his glasses, put them on.

“Now, Miss,” said he, looking at her, “why, what the—why, Miss—why sure you ben’t—my—barnacles—are hazy—why sure you bent crying! But may be ’tis for joy, or may be you and Horace have had a set-to; he came home plaguy glum last night. Come, never mind that; the falling out of sweethearts is the lovingest thing in the world; come now, what are the christian and surnames of your father and mother? ’cause you see we must humour the old boy.”

There was such an unaccountable mixture of rudeness and feeling in the manner of Captain Seagrove,—such a jumble of truth and inconsistency,—such apparent unconcern, and yet such cutting allusions to her real situation, that she could neither admit nor wholly reject the belief, that he really was acquainted with her whole history; neither could she with more certainty conclude whether he were, as a few minutes before she suspected, sent to mortify her, or whether he had made this officious visit, and literally meant all he said. “The names, Miss, come, the names,” was however repeated too loud and too often to be disregarded.

“I can neither understand nor answer you, Sir,” she hesitatingly replied.

“No! why that’s very odd; I have answered and understood a more difficult question through a ship’s trumpet, with a hard gale of wind full in my teeth.”

“That

"That might easily happen, Sir; and yet—"

"Not so easy, Miss, as you may think; for setting case, here we'll say you have all your sails up, before the wind."

"Good God! Sir," said Rosa, impatiently interrupting him, "what is all this stuff to me?"

"Stuff!" repeated Captain Seagrove, tossing off his barnacles, and throwing away the pen with indignation; "Stuff, Miss!" but, shrugging his shoulders, and resuming the pen with an air that spoke his thorough contempt of her ignorance, he again demanded the christian and surname of her father and mother.

"Let me ask you, Sir," said Rosa, in a low and tremulous voice, "does Mr. Montreville know—"

She could not proceed; her mind was divided betwixt hope, that he was ignorant of the visit and its purport, and fear that though it was impossible a man so elegant, so delicate, and so sensible, should send so ill-adapted an agent on a business he had himself treated with such respectful tenderness, he might consent to have enquiries made in respect to her family and connexions, and that, on the result of these inquiries, depended his future determination in regard to herself.

But however he might be influenced by the mystery which she rejoiced hung over her, (as nothing in that moment appeared to her so insupportable as a discovery that she was indeed the daughter of the being held in such sovereign contempt) her resolution respecting him was made in the instant Captain Seagrove announced his engagement with another; and it was, she flattered herself, in mere compliment to the dignity of human nature she felt gratified and happy, when Seagrove owned Mr. Montreville was entirely unacquainted with the visit and its motives.

"Then, Sir," said she, "you will not have occasion to take the trouble of writing; I will give Mr. Montreville himself all the information it is necessary for him to have about me."

"I never will concern myself about women again, as long as I live," cried the Captain, pettishly; "here's poor Horace sick in his hammock, and the Admiral croaking like a pipp'd hen. I wanted to make all tight,
and

and this is my thanks : but follow your own course ; give you but length of rope, and you'll soon do for yourself ; you'll hail me when you are in distress, I know you well ; but, though Tom Seagrove's that man that won't flinch, he won't be made a cat's paw ; and so, Miss, your servant. A pretty mess you have brought me into ! twelve mile here, and now twelve mile back, at meridian, on that cursed jolting devil Will Ratlin's mare. I had rather pace the quarter deck against time under the line, than be roasted alive upon horse-flesh,—and so your servant, Miss,—your servant."

He left the room, and Rosa returned to her chamber the image of despondence.

Mr. Garnet having concealed from his wife both Rosa's application and his rejection, she was at a loss to account for her absence, and eager to see her.

Garnet said, that ill-favoured Captain was with her ; but, as his Rosy was not to be pacified, he watched his going, and sent to request our heroine would visit his wife.

The little boy, who was the messenger on this occasion, just peeped into the room, and ran back with the information, that Miss Walsingham was saying her prayers.

This was the second time Rosa was detected at her devotions ; but never indeed had her heart been more thankfully elated,—never had she knelt before her Maker with a more lively sense of his providence.

She had returned, as we have said, to her chamber in the most cruel agitation ; the world, all of it with which, at least, she was connected, seemed combined to torture and distress her ; and she felt it impossible to support existence under the pressure of such accumulated evils ; her head turned giddy, and staggering to a chair, she overturned her little portmanteau, which being open, the few things in it fell on the floor. It was some moments before she had strength or inclination to move ; her very soul was wounded. Every killing word Capt. Seagrove had uttered, which at all referred to her miserable state, recurred to her memory ;—the idea of Montreville, the recollection of the open manly tenderness with which he had avowed himself her lover,—the sense,
the

the candour, the honour, nay the purity of his sentiments and manners,—the pleasing transport of a first and fond attachment, certain on her side, and professedly so on his,—would rise in sweet array before her mental view : but, then his engagement, his fortune, his rank, the pride of the Admiral, the meanness, the ignominy of her origin, her poverty, and friendless situation succeeded.

“ Alas ! ” said she, “ what shall I do ! whither turn me ! Ah ! my dear, my paternal friends, do ye behold the agonies of my soul ? alas ! alas ! ‘ the majesty of human nature resides in the grave ; ’ oh ! would heaven that there, my sad and wearied head might for ever rest ! ”

She wrung her hands, and almost unknowing what she did, threw the clothes without order or regard, into her portmanteau. Something dropped from them ; it was the morocco purse into which Lady Hopely had slipped her card of address. This little memento gave a short respite to her excruciating sensations ; it carried her back to Edinburgh : “ Kind Lady Hopely, sweet Mrs. Steward, blessed,” she cried, “ be your genial spirits ! ” Her heart seemed bursting ; no tear from her aching eye gave relief to her sad heart ; a momentary despair threw her into a passion bordering on frenzy ; she tore open the morocco purse ; the card dropped ; she attempted to replace it ; her trembling fingers could not immediately slide it in ; the corner caught in another pocket hitherto unobserved ; her eye glanced on a paper ; she removed it, to make room for the card ; the soft touch surprised her ; she opens, she reads, and sinks on her knees, in which attitude she was seen by little Garnet.

The enlarged heart of Lady Hopely satisfied not its generous feelings with expressions of pity ; her eccentricities were generally known ; her benevolence more generally felt and blessed ; her rewards were princely ; her charities unbounded ; like too many of her age, rank, and sex, she was thoughtless, inconsiderate, and expensive ; but her heart, her warm heart, had no share in the errors of imitation ; she was borne away in the tide of fashion when young, beautiful, and adored ; yet, though gaiety and dissipation carried her from herself, it could
not

not blunt her feelings,—it could not divert her attention from the cries of the wretched, nor prevent her from being the herald of comfort to distress and misfortune, where or whenever it met her. Compassion carried her to Mrs. Buhanun, and curiosity to Rosa; she heard, with benign pity the ardent wish of the child of sorrow, only to reach London; and yet she spoke of no resources, no certain friend to welcome her thither. Her ladyship remarked this, and made her own comments; she gave her address, and added to that address and promise of protection, means to support her till the latter could be claimed. Rosa, as she kneeled, held in her hand an English bank note of twenty pounds. How rapid is the succession of hope to the anguish of despair!

“ True hope is swift, and flies on swallows’ wings;

“ Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.”

How, in one moment, was every prospect now reversed! what a pleasing hurry succeeded to desponding lassitude! She put her clothes with care and order into her portmanteau, locked it, and buckled the straps; inwardly exulting that now, at last, she was enabled to pursue her journey without danger, mortification, or distress; she lightly tripped to her mother’s chamber; there indeed, she experienced a transient inquietude. Mr. Garnet was not a bad-hearted man; he really liked her, and the increasing fondness of his wife for her, rendered her company a desirable object to both; he was glad to find she wanted his assistance, and thought he acted a politic part in making a bargain, to grant it on his own terms; but on hearing from his son how he found her employed, his heart smote him; he told his Rosa how he had acted, and what were his motives.

Mrs. Garnett fell into an agony of tears at hearing that *the well-behaved young lady, who was such good company*, was distressed for money; and reproached her husband for his cruelty in refusing to lend it to one who she was sure had saved her life.

Mr. Garnet was smoking a last pipe of the best Virginia, which he had carried from town with him; and the reflection, that it *was* the last, contributed to lower his

his spirits ; his whiffs grew longer and longer, till his pipe dropped, and he fairly wept with his Rosy.

It was at this interesting moment Rosa entered the room ; fearing some distressing accident had happened, she stopped, and silently hoped no new tie on her duty had occurred.

" Thee be come in good time, my girl," said Garnet ; " I am sorry I did not give thee the money ; wife's quite down in the mouth about it."

Mrs. Garnet, whose leg was still in a cradle, and herself obliged to keep to her bed, opened her arms to welcome and receive a visitor, who was very dear to her ; she wept on her neck, and by way of excuse for her husband, confessed their wish to retain her with them.

" If fifty or an hundred shiners will do thee good, here they be ; take them ; or if thee do wish to send them any where, I'll give thee a draft ; but don't leave poor Rosy."

Rosa was affected ; her mother really looked pitiful ; and Garnet's hand, filled with shiners, was offered her : she wished to decline accepting any, but he looked so mortified and sorrowful, and she was so anxious to be arranging all things for her departure, that to avoid further sollicitation, she took the five guineas, and said, though she had not yet fixed the immediate time for her departure, yet such was the urgency of her affairs, it was not possible for her to remain at Pontefract till Mrs. Garnet could be safely removed.

Mrs. Garnet wept ; her husband said, " Well, if it be so, it must ; but thee had better take some more money."

" Ay, do," joined Mrs. Garnet ; " for though you are *such a well-behaved young body*, and *such good company*, London is a dull place without money."

Rosa thanked them, and said, if she had occasion, she would certainly ask for it.

They dined together, and when Mrs. Garnet dropped asleep, and her husband dropped his pipe, our heroine retired to her chamber, and rung for her fountain of intelligence, the chambermaid, whom she immediately asked, if her interest was strong enough with the ostler to persuade him to keep a secret.

" No

“No indeed,” the girl replied, “for John Ostler, who had come down from London, on purpose to be her fellow servant, had been turned off that very day, and was hired at the other inn; and, please God, she would not stay long after him.”

“Another inn!” Rosa put a crown into her hand, and the girl engaged that John Ostler should have a chaise from his inn, which should wait at the Market-place, and receive both her and her baggage.

Rosa’s reasons for concealing her departure were cogent and manifold, and following the example of *other great* writers, we shall make the readers acquainted with such of them as suits ourselves, and leave the remainder to their own ingenuity.

First, by not taking leave of the Garnets, she avoided the pain of her mother’s regrets, who, though unconscious of the ties of natural affection, certainly did feel an attachment to her, which at least proved the gratitude of her disposition; and she also avoided the solicitation of both her and her husband to give them her address in town, which the great difference between her connexion and theirs would have rendered very inconvenient to comply with.

Second, should Sir Jacob Lydear feel himself inclined to honour her with any more of his notice, she escaped that also;—and last of the *promised* reasons, should there happen to be a being in the world, who had the presumption to imagine, that however inferior in the accidental favour of that blind gipsy, Fortune, who was at this moment most unmercifully ungoddesse, that her little heart was not as proud, as disinterested, and as honourable as the best; if certain high-minded folks fancied that poverty of circumstances and poverty of mind were one and the same thing, they would find themselves mistaken, that was all; and so, with a heart that must rather be called eager, agitated, and hurried, than light, she hastened down stairs, when her colleague gave her notice, that the portmanteau was deposited in the chaise, and John Ostler waited near to conduct her to it.

One difficulty occurred during the few minutes she was collecting her thoughts, which was in regard to the

money, which to appease Mrs. Garnet, and to please her husband, she had taken of them.

Her first impulse was to inclose it in the billet she left for them ; but she considered that step would really distress a still suffering parent, and inflict on her mind that most torturing of all evils, *self-reproach* ; since, according to the reckoning of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet, they were under obligation to her, and however well disposed she felt to dispense mortifications among some other of her recent connexions, her wish was to increase their felicity ; accordingly she wrote a short note, assuring Mrs. Garnet of her affectionate regards ; hinting at a sudden necessity for quitting them ; thanked her for the five guineas which she would take the first opportunity to go to Paradise-street to repay, and see their pretty garden and summer house ; sent twenty kisses to little Phil ; and entreated them, if they had any regard for her, to answer no questions whatever concerning her to *any body*. She then snatched up a fresh sheet of paper, and wrote—

TO H. MONTREVILLE, ESQ.

“ Sir,

“ The last words I had the honour to say to your friend, when he condescended to pay me his very extraordinary visit, were, that I should myself inform *you* of all it was necessary *you* should be acquainted with concerning me ; that necessity however does not include the gratification of impertinent curiosity. It is sufficient to tell you, Sir, I never yet broke an engagement of honour myself, nor will countenance it in another. The name and residence of my father is buried in my heart ; but whether his character, his ancestry, and his alliance be, or be not worth the trouble your friend was so good as to take, of this be assured ; neither my own family, nor any other, shall ever blush to acknowledge

ROSA WALSHINGHAM.”

Having read over this wonderfully heroic epistle with a glow of internal triumph, she gave it the maid, with an additional half guinea, for care and secrecy, in delivering it into Mr. Montreville’s own hands, and perfectly

ly pleased to think he would be completely miserable, she hastily left the house, in a high flow of false spirits, and having cast one tender look towards the road which led to the Grange, was proceeding to the market-place, when the sudden ringing of the bells, and commotion of the people, made her return into the house.

An *avant courier* had just arrived, to order a relay of horses for the daughter of Admiral Herbert, who had for many years been supposed to be dead, but who was now travelling post towards her father's mansion.

Such was the universal respect in which the old officer was held; and such was the interest excited in all ranks, by the extraordinary events in his family, that in every town where the one was known and the other heard of, she was received with every possible demonstration of joy.

At Pontefract, where the Admiral was a general benefactor to the poor, boughs of evergreens were hastily torn down, and gardens stripped of flowers, to strew the road, and ribbons cut by the shop-keepers, to decorate the servants and horses; the *avant courier* was almost forcibly detained, to have all the gaudy colours of the rainbow twisted round him and his horse.

Rosa deeply sighed; this was an event that would not give Montreville time even to be stung by her letter; again she left the inn, and amid the bustle of general joy, threw herself into the chaise, and taking the road to Ferry-bridge, instead of Sheffield, arrived there just before the Newcastle coach passed, with a vacant place, in which she proceeded to London without any further difficulty.

C H A P. XVIII.

“ Human nature is never so debased, as when ignorance is armed with power and inflated with pride.”

SO entirely engrossed was Rosa, by a recollection of the past, and perhaps unknown to herself, indulging something like hope in the future, that she had not once

thought about the where to go, or what to do, at the long delayed end of her journey; when, however, the coach drove up the inn yard, and she beheld a motley crowd, of formidable appearance, in comparison of those about the country inns; when the welcome greeting of friends, who waited the arrival of her fellow passengers, reached her ears; when the hearty shaking of hands among the men, and salutation among the women, were over; and she saw herself an object of general observation, while the waiter of the inn held the steps for her to dismount, she was at once transported from Pontefract, and all her embarrassment there, to the yard of an inn in London—far removed from the objects that had so entirely engrossed her ideas, and feeling even more desolate in her escape than she had been in the midst of all her troubles.

“Shall I call you a coach, madam?” and, “remember the porter, madam,” were all, in the hurry and confusion of her thoughts, she perfectly understood: she seemed to be alone in the peopled world, and in that moment thought of her mother, and regretted the absence of her natural protector.

“Where is the coachman to go, madam?”

“To Dr. Croak’s, Walbrook.”

“Dr. Croak’s,” said the man, scratching his head—do you know the house, madam?”

“I think I do.”

The few days Rosa passed in London previous to her journey to Scotland, in the bosom of friendship with Eleanor; receiving the civilities of Dr. Croak’s family, and the most flattering attention of fatherly care from Major Bulhanun; rattling from shew to shew, and from shop to shop, in the Doctor’s well-appointed carriage, could give her no sort of idea of London as it now appeared; when half dead with fatigue, alone, and uncertain whether the Doctor was in town, (for she had no other doubt) she was jolted in a dirty hack, step by step, along the streets; and though her eye was attracted by the crowds, all pushing different ways, earnestly occupied by separate pursuits and interests; though the shops, now lighted up, shewed that spirit of busy industry which is quite as necessary to the prosperity of
the

the common-wealth as the highest importance of the most self important, nothing interested her feelings : the progress of the heavy vehicle only increased her impatience to reach Walbrook, where she should at least hear of one true friend ; and certain of the propriety of accepting an asylum for a few days under the hospitable roof of Doctor Croak, she had already begun to consider of the means to discover her other dear friend, Mrs. Walsingham, by whose advice she pre-determined to regulate her future actions.

To those humble beings, who must either wade through the streets of the metropolis in wet weather, or be dragged over the stones in a dirty hack, the agreeables of a jumble from High Holborn to Walbrook, need not be described ; nor, after riding in a heavy stage two days and a night, will it be doubted that Rosa joyfully recognized the house in Walbrook, where she had been received with every greeting of affectionate friendship, and from whence she had not been suffered to depart without extreme reluctance : her heart bounded with pleasure, tears started into her eyes, and the minute which elapsed between the coachman's rap, and the opening of the door, seemed to her the most tedious she had ever passed.

But transient were the pleasing sensations which filled her beating heart : it was, indeed, the same house, but the owners were changed. Doctor Croak had left it ; and the servant, who was a new comer in the family, knew nothing of his master's predecessor. After having said this, as he stood with the door half closed, the light he held in his hand being blown out by a sudden gust of wind, he shut it to, and left Rosa totally incapable of answering the coachman's repeated question of, where he was now to drive.

She had escaped from the insults of Mr. Frazer, from the littleness of his wife, from the mortifications resulting from their united malice ; Lord Lowder had by this time probably lost his bet ; she had evaded the importunities of the amiable Montreville, and no longer dreaded the inquisition of his friends ; the intemperance and vulgarity of her mother were at too great a distance to crimson her cheek, nor could she now be annoyed by the coarse manners of Mr. Garnet. Her long journey was com-

pleted ; without sacrificing pride to necessity ; at length she had compassed the end which had so long been the object of her desire ; she had attained the goal of her wishes ; she was returned to the *abode of friendship, the scene of former pleasure, the centre of hospitality*, and found herself alone, unknown, unprotected, destitute of all the common comforts of existence, and a helpless stranger at that home for which her heart had panted.

Terror, disappointment, grief, and consternation absolutely deprived her of the power of utterance, till the coachman, weary of standing in the rain, asked rather petulantly, if she would return to the inn.

The question conveyed a small portion of that consolation of which she stood in so much need. The inn was then open to her ; there, where she had so late arrived, her return might not be extraordinary, nor perhaps her failing to find her friends without a precedent ; an asylum for one night only was, in her present situation, a source of comfort, and before the coach turned from the well-known door, she had recollected, that, in a few hours, she would be received into the warm bosom of friendship at Mount Pleasant. A glowing sentiment in her own heart convinced her she would be a welcome guest to Mrs. Harley. Urbanity like hers was unchangeable ; and she was quite as likely to receive information respecting Elinor, from her as from Doctor Croak ; and thus with the facile promptitude to forget disappointment and embrace hope, which animates the youthful mind, while the coach dragged heavily on, imagination was on the wing to anticipate the meeting at Mount Pleasant. Already she felt Mrs. Harley's warm, maternal embrace ; already she heard the gratulations of the few young ladies her former acquaintance who might still remain there ; and lost in one of the delightful deliriums of fancy, which give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name," she thought not of the hearse-like pace with which the coach was drawn up Holborn-hill, nor perceived the torrents of rain which beat on its roof ; neither did the darkness of the night, which the twinkling of the lamps through the wet rendered more dismal, appal a mind transported out of present ill by fond anticipation of coming good ; till all the airy edifices of fancy were destroyed by a sudden

then overturn of the crazy coach, occasioned by its being locked in the wheels of another vehicle as crazy.

As Rosa's coachman had the advantage of his brother whip, both in sobriety and good humour, he soon extricated her from the danger, and carried her in his arms into a small chandler's shop, which fortunately happened not to be closed; he then fetched her portmanteau, and having recommended her to the civilities of the mistress of the shop, promised, as soon as he had taken care of his beasts, to get her another coach.

Rosa was so profoundly occupied by the wanderings of her own sanguine fancy when the accident happened; her removal from the vehicle was so sudden, and her present situation so new, that neither the dangers she had escaped, nor those which she might still encounter, struck her, till the woman had repeatedly asked if she were alone, and far from home.

It was a simple, and a natural, but at the same time an unanswerable, question.

————— " home is the resort
 " Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 " Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 " And dear relations mingle into bliss."

But no such home had our poor beggar; she was

" Desolate even in crowds."

The questions were again repeated, "Are you alone?" and answered with a faint "Yes." "Are you far from home?" No answer but tears.

A motley crowd, notwithstanding the weather, were assembling, some near the shop, others round the broken carriages. Rosa glanced her affrighted eyes towards the door, and trembling at a scene so terrifying, turned pale. A servant girl observed the change in her countenance, and, after placing a chair at the further end of the little shop, ran for a glass of water.

Meanwhile, the attention of the mistress was engaged by a new object.

Rosa, it appeared, was not the only unprotected sufferer by the accident: the fare of the other coach, less fortunate in a driver, had by this time cleared herself from

the wreck of the carriage, and hastened to the asylum which the open shop offered, commanding the crowd to make way, and complaining of the injury both her person and dress had sustained.

She entered the shop, declaring she was dying, her nerves were shattered to pieces. She had the misfortune to be, in the first place, a very delicate, and in the next, a very ill-used gentlewoman; and, finally, being a person of no small importance, she protested nothing should prevent her from punishing both the coachmen. "And what," added she, peevishly, addressing the servant girl who, regardless of her, stood chafing Rosa's temples, "What are you dawdling about there? reach *me* a chair and a glass of water? I dare say that Miss, whoever she be, can bear the misfortune much better than me; *her* coachman carried *her* out of the wet and dirt, though her rusty black habit could not suffer much; *my* clothes are ruined;—but it serves me right, for venturing alone in a dirty hack. See what a situation I am in!"

The lady did not complain without reason: she was certainly a very prominent as well as an unfortunate figure in the group the accident attracted.

Her face was highly rouged; and though a wreath of ever blooming roses entwined her temples, the tale of other times was too legible to escape notice. A plume of feathers, some broken, others drenched with rain, and one or two leaning in all directions but the right, was supported by a large shewy pin, which, with ear-rings and a necklace, encompassing her bare and ample bosom, were diamonds of Devey's manufactory; her robe was of yellow gauze, her arms were decorated with bracelets, and every finger shining with paltry gems; her person was short, squalid, and unwieldy, and her voice every thing but harmony.

Such a figure, so adorned, needed not the aid of vain volubility to render it conspicuous: it excited equal wonder and ridicule in the crowd; nor could Rosa, though pale, speechless, and in tears, help regarding her with astonishment.

Finding her complaints and threats equally disregarded, the distressed lady turned her ire against the object whose modest manner and patient endurance formed a
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contrast which had a very mortifying effect on the spectator.

"Pray, now, good woman," cried she, darting at the same time a spiteful glance at Rosa, "if this important fit is over, have the goodness to give me a little assistance."

Rosa's innate politeness was superior to the little insult; she handed her the glass of water she had taken from the servant, which was received without the smallest acknowledgment.

"I have got a coach, Miss," said the coachman, calling from the door where it was drawn up.

The lady forgot she was dying, that her nerves were shattered to pieces, that she had the misfortune to be delicacy itself, and that the water was untouched, but forcibly pushing through the crowd to the door, had one foot on the step of the coach, when the man perceiving she was not the fare about whose accommodation he was so good-naturedly anxious, insisted she should not enter it, except the young gentlewoman consented to be set down by her, and except she agreed to pay him his whole fare, from the George to the city, and from the city back.

This double attack on her feelings she resisted with all her might, and a sort of scuffle ensued, which ended in her removal from the step.

What this unfortunate lady wanted in the gentle art of persuasion, was abundantly supplied by strength of lungs; she loudly called for the number of the coach, which the man permitted her to take, without receding from his resolution: he maintained that he got the coach for his own fare, a sweet pretty young country lady, who, being a stranger, and both modest and genteel, was not fit to take care of herself at that late hour.

The eulogium or the manner of pronouncing it, acted like spirits on fire; and it is impossible to say to what excess the angry lady's passion might have carried her, had not a sudden snatch at one of her Dovey ear-rings damped her courage, and changed anger to fear.

As the tone of her voice had, from the commencement of the dispute about the coach, more resembled shrieking than dialogue, the change was only perceptible

to the ears of the affrighted Rosa. The shouts of the crowd, though it confused the woman of the shop and her servant, could not divert her attention from a being of her own sex in distress; without recollecting her own forlorn situation, she made an effort to reach the door; but repeated shrieks from the lady, whose false gems were fast getting into the hands of depredators, and a fresh shout from the mob, drove her breathless back. "Alas!" cried she, what will become of me! Oh, my mother! my poor mother! why did I leave my poor mother?"

The bloodless cheeks of the chandler woman crimsoned; her eyes darted liquid fire,

"Leave your mother! your poor mother!" she exclaimed; "and are you so wicked a creature? and have I kept my doors open, at the risk of my property, to harbour an undutiful wretch who has left her poor mother! the tawdry woman might well call you *Miss*;—you know each other very well, I dare say—so troop, *Miss*—go—that I may shut my honest doors;—I have suffered enough by such cattle. It was just such another painted old jezebel that ticed away my poor Bet, and made a *Miss* of *her*; nay, it may be the same, for aught I know. Begone!—Mary, shut the door."

The testy shop-woman was in downright earnest: the seduction of a daughter lay heavy at her heart, but she was too outrageously virtuous to be softened by the misery even of her own child, rudely seizing Rosa's arm, she dragged her towards the door.

The robbed and abused Lady finding no assistance was to be hoped for from the house, called vehemently for the watch. A rattle was sprung: the half-blind, half-lame and more than half-drunken guardians of the night, obeyed the summons. That part of the mob whose object was pillage, dispersed; but there yet remained, what appeared to Rosa, a myriad of demons, among whom the watchmen were not the least formidable. She was on the threshold; the door closing, with all the maid Mary's might, against her—"Oh, for mercy!" cried she springing back, and rushing to the further end of the shop in spite of the prowess of mistress and maid.

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The coachman, who saw her, called out with an audible voice, " Miss! madam! come along—I have got the coach for you, and I'll take care of *you*, never fear."

Rosa was indeed now past fear; she was at this moment a victim to terror: she had fallen on the ground totally senseless, and to all appearance dead.

The woman's indignation against bad girls was lost in fear, lest the supposed criminal should expire in her house, and at least expose her to the trouble of a coroner's inquest. She shrieked murder! murder! help!

The watchmen, the crowd, the coachmen, the lady, all rushed in. " Yes," sobbed the latter, her heart softened by her own danger, " yes, the poor young creature is quite dead, and I am near it. But watchmen, I charge you with these coachmen, they are principals—and those women, they are accessories."

" Me!" cried the woman, trembling—me! I am sure I took her in—did I not, Mr. Coachman?"

" Yes," replied he, raising Rosa gently in his arms; " but you was dragging her out again."

" And me!" cried the maid Mary, turning pale; " did I not give her water?"

" Yes; but I saw you squeeze the door against her with all your strength."

The woman had now nothing for it, but to slip a shilling into the hand of a watchman, and beg him, for the Lord's sake, to step for a neighbour, who, besides being a justice of the peace, was an elder of the chapel to which she belonged. " Oh, my dear Mr. Bronze," cried she, as he entered, " here is a sad piece of work. This woman was brought into my house, out of the street, and these people say I killed her."

The black brows of the magistrate started over his fallow cheek. " Killed her!" repeated he; " how dare any body talk of killing!"—killing is dying, and dying is homicide, and homicide is murder, and murder is—Lord forgive me, I don't know what it is;—it is *scandalum magnatum*; and nobody has suffered no more nor myself,—though I am a man of substance, and deals with the great, and keeps my coach, and got a will of my own.

"Oh! to be sure, Mr. Bronze, every body knows how bad you was used, when you was a 'prentice, and married your master's widow."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Suet—don't mention it—it puts me all over in a cold perspiration; besides, you know, all that is done away,—I took my character twice into court, and got it white-washed both times; besides, I have money and law of my side; so, if souls as well as bodies were to be dug up out of their graves, I warrant I'll make them pay for spering the character of Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. a magistrate and a substantial tradesman."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said the Lady, "if you be a magistrate, send somebody to protect me home, and not stand profling about character; for it must be a very dirty one that wants white-washing so often."

One of the great misfortunes of this lady was, an insatiable appetite to say good things; and another, to fancy every thing she did say came under that description; she could not even now resist the vanity of wit, though at the risk of affronting a person from whom she asked protection.

The magistrate, without deigning to answer her sarcasm, supposed she lived somewhere in the purlieus of St. James's.

"You are not very far out," replied the lady.

"And this girl, I presume, belongs to you."

"Belongs to me! what does the fellow mean? I am a gentlewoman."

"Fellow! insult me in my office! here, watchman, take this gentlewoman into custody."

The watchmen obeyed, and the Lady was struggling against the authority of the law, when a chariot, with three blazing moons in front, and two footmen in livery behind, stopped, by order of the owner, to witness the event of a struggle between a gay-dressed woman and two old watchmen.

To the great joy of the lady, and as great astonishment of the gentlemen, they happened to be acquainted.

The lady was entering immediately on a detail of the adventures of the evening, when suddenly recollecting
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the insult of Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. she resolved, under the protection of an Earl, (for such her friend really was) to look the little great man into confusion.

"I am come, Sir," said she, returning to the shop, "contrary to *your order*——"

Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. was in the brilliant point of an harangue. "Take the gentlewoman away," he roared, and then went on. "I was saying, Mrs. Suet, that—what was I saying?"

"Please your worship," answered maid Mary, "that there coachman was saying, as how this there young lady was used monstrous ill; and I am sure mistress nor I laid our finger on her, in way of abuse; nobody can say as we tied her in her chair, for we only putted her there; and if I did make her swallow a draught of water, it was because I had nothing else to give her."

"Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Suet!" exclaimed Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. "stop that wench's tongue: if the woman really dies——"

"Well, and if she do," cried the girl, smartly, "if your worship, or even the crowner, examines, you won't find a mark of virulence about her."

"Silence!" roared the justice; "I say, if the girl dies, it will be proved manslaughter in her own defence."

"Do you hear, my lord," cried the lady, "his worship's profound exposition of the law?"

My lord did not hear a syllable of the matter. The harmony of Rosa's features was returned; a hectic flush slowly animated her ashen cheeks; her sighs were more deep, but her breath more free.

"Where, in the name of all that is charming," said his Lordship, "did this lovely creature drop from?"

"Please your honour," answered the coachman, "she drop'd out of a York stage into my coach; I drove her to her friends, but they were gone, nobody knew whither; so, bringing her back, my old coach got entangled with another old coach, and both upset; so there I could do no less than get the *young* gentlewoman another coach, and that odd *old* gentlewoman would get in."

The man's narrative added a poignancy to the lady's recollection of the misadventures of the evening. Heaven and earth ! was it not enough that her Doves were gone, her feathers broke, the train of her yellow muslin totally spoiled, and her scarlet slippers ruined, but she must be branded with the epithet of *old gentlewoman* ? She actually did gasp for breath ; and the maid Mary, eager to atone for former neglect, seized the first thing she could get at, which happened to be her mistress's evening potation of porter, and handed it to her across the counter.

"What filthy stuff has the creature given me !" cried the lady—having swallowed an hearty draught.

Maid Mary begged pardon—she would run for some water.

"No matter," said the lady, lifting the humble beverage again to her mouth.

During this period, Jeremy Metal Bronze, Esq. recollected, that it was possible he might be obliged to assign some better motive for committing a lady to the custody of the watch, than her happening to affront his character, and avowing herself a gentlewoman. He had often exposed his bare powdered head to all weathers at the door of a coronetted carriage, and he had even had the honour to bow to lords and ladies from behind his own counter ; but as to the matter of holding a conversation with an Earl on the subject of affronting a lady, it was really too tremendous a business for him to adventure ; so taking advantage of the general confusion, his worship stole off, fully resolved not to risk his dear character any more by premature commitments.

Whether the porter or the peer, or both, had an exhilarating effect on the lady, she was now almost as much concerned for the unfortunate stranger as the earl, her friend, could be himself ; and his lordship, who had continued to gaze on Rosa with a mixture of interest and admiration, hazarded an hint that it would be an act of humanity worthy his good friend, if she carried the young lady in his chariot to her own house, and kept her there till her friends could be sent to.

The angry passions having subsided, the lady's ready assent followed all her friend's propositions ; one objection

tion only occurred ; that indeed, considering every thing, was pretty obvious,—it was in regard to the character of the young stranger.

“ Character !” cried the inexorable tradeswoman, “ has she not herself confessed she ran away from her mother ; what character can she, or indeed any who harbours her, pretend to !”

“ Well, good woman,” answered the peer, with an air at once haughty and compassionate, “ if she have run *from*, we will endeavour to prevail on her to run *to* her mother.

“ Pray, Mr. Coachman,” said the Lady, evidently a little struck by the severity of the tradeswoman, “ where did you carry the young person in search of her friends ?”

“ To Walbrook. I think we asked for one Doctor Croak or Loke, or something like it.”

“ Doctor Croak !” cried the Lady, in a half scream ; “ well, how very odd and surprising ! Doctor Croak is my particular acquaintance ; that is, he was : he is retired into the country, poor man ! he has been very unfortunate ; he——”

“ Pray, my dear madam,” interrupted the earl, “ let us attend to the misfortune before us ; as you are acquainted with the friends of this lovely creature, *your character* must *rise* by your protection of her, and the sooner she is removed from hence the better. You will assist us, my good friend.”

The coachman lifted Rosa into the carriage ; the lady followed, and though maid Mary was uncouth, and had more than once, during the last hour, fallen under the displeasure of the lady, she had the honour to be received into the chariot as her assistant, while his Lordship very delicately made choice of the hack.

The rapid motion of the carriage, drawn by two prancing bays, and driven by a dashing coachman, contributed in no small degree to the restoration of Rosa’s senses, though she was not able to articulate when lifted from the chariot into a handsome house in Conduit-street.

The earl warmly recommended her to the kindness of his friend, who proved her disposition to oblige him, by sinking all her own complaints of fatigue, and the injury
done

done to her feathers, her yellow muslin, and scarlet slippers, besides the loss of her Doves, in concern for a lovely stranger, who was so much the object of his lordship's admiration and attention.

The earl having liberally rewarded the coachman for his care, and put a piece of money into Mary's hand, which she could scarce persuade herself was gold, it being the first time her palm had been so richly endowed, begged the lady would permit him to charge himself with every expence necessary for the recovery and accommodation of her charge, and took his leave.

The fatigue of the long journey, followed by a disappointment so unexpected, the fright of the accident, and the desolate situation to which it exposed her, even before she was terrified by the unfeeling tradeswoman, with threats of being turned out from the temporary shelter of her shop to the mercy of the crowd, who were, as she had every reason from her shrieks to suppose, wantonly injuring her fellow-sufferer, may naturally account for the fit from which Rosa now partially recovered; she was perfectly sensible of the kindness shewn her, but had no power to express her gratitude. The lady assiduously put her to bed, where, after giving her some whey, she left her under the care of one female attendant, while she retired to communicate her adventure, her misfortune and her opinion, both of her noble friend and his *protégée*, to the other.

Secrets are allowed in all families. The reader must not, therefore, at this period of the history, expect to be admitted into a confidence so sacred, as that, which in all civilized countries, is allowed to subsist between a talkative mistress and her favourite Abigail.

C H A P. XIX.

The Beggar begins to grow familiar with great houses and fine manners.

"T IRED nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," stole, by degrees, over the harassed faculties of our heroine; and, after her long journey and recent agitation, no wonder, when her senses were once "steep'd in forgetfulness," that it was near noon before she awoke, nor that it was not till some time after she could, by perfectly recollecting the events of the preceding evening, account for her present situation.

The servant who was left to watch by her bedside, had been called to her usual domestic occupations, and her place was supplied by the confidential Abigail, who offered to assist her in dressing, as her mistress, she said, had waited two hours for her breakfast.

Rosa needed no stronger motive for dispatch: she hurried on her clothes, and followed the servant into a handsome parlour, where her hostess was sitting, with a countenance in which impatience and anxiety were equally portrayed.

Besides the perfect figure and uncommon beauty of our heroine, there was a mark of innocent candour on her brow, that happily impressed the beholder at first sight; and the manner in which she paid her respects to the lady of the house, the animated glow of her countenance, when she expressed her gratitude for her protecting kindness, and the polished phrases which displayed her feelings, struck the person to whom they were addressed with visible surprise.

"Well," said the latter, without deviating from the usage of high life, by taking the smallest notice of Rosa's graceful curtsy, "you look vastly well after your fright—vastly well, indeed—quite handsome;—so very handsome, that I am afraid I have brought myself into a fine hobble by taking care of you; but that's my way. Come, sit down, and take your breakfast; I expected his lordship would have been here before now;—
you

you see I am dressed to receive him—so, indeed, are you. Aye, aye, you may look, and wonder too—but take your coffee, and I will soon explain the injury my patronising you may do me.”

The uncommon manner and appearance of this lady had left too strong an impression on Rosa's mind to be soon forgotten : she expected, perhaps, again to witness some of the eccentricities that had rendered her so conspicuous at their first meeting ; but tho' it was impossible for her to comprehend how the assisting a helpless stranger could expose her protectress to injury, yet, as the lady said it, and as she was not in the habit of doubting what she heard, the idea of remaining a moment longer than could be possibly avoided, in a situation to return kindness by injury was so irksome, she could not avail herself of the repeated invitation to breakfast, but earnestly entreated a carriage might be sent for, that she might neither be a burthen nor inconvenience where so much gratitude was due.

“ You are really monstrous troublesome, my dear. I really remember, five or six years ago, I had exactly your figure ; but you see I am grown out of all shape. You take this for *en bon point*, I suppose, or, in vulgar English, you would call me fat : you never was more mistaken. I am really a poor invalid, bloated by bad health, a complication of disorders, never out of the doctor's hand——Sweeten your coffee, my dear, and don't look so frightened.”

The invalid, as she chose to call herself, was all this while doing such justice to the breakfast, and had swallowed both mutton and toast with such *goût* and celerity, that, had Rosa's mind been enough at ease to explore causes and effects, she would have been no less puzzled how to reconcile so good an appetite to so bad a state of health, than she still was, to comprehend how her affairs or herself, could injure a lady who appeared perfect mistress of herself ; but as ignorance was no argument against an asserted fact, her open and ingenuous countenance confirmed the eager with her tongue less eloquently expressed. Again she requested a carriage might be got, to remove her out of the possibility of giving any more trouble.

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The lady could not do that ; but as she had now done breakfast, she would make the promised explanation. As to the trouble, she said, there was, as the mischief was already done, no knowing where it would end.

Rosa's alarm had in it a certain degree of wounded pride : she arose, and again requested a carriage of some sort might be sent for.

" Sit down, I tell you," said the Lady. " The mischief, as I said before, is already done, and your going away in a hurry will not mend matters. The thing is exactly this—Lord Denningcourt, my particular friend, the nobleman in whose carriage you were conveyed hither, was exceedingly struck with you—I could see it in every look. The character of your face is indeed so exactly what mine was, that I the less wonder at that ; but his lordship is actually the honourable and received lover of a very dear young friend of mine, who has eighty thousand charms—My lord is vastly handsome, as you will see, but as proud as Lucifer, and as poor as Timon, so that he could do nothing for you but make you his mistress."

" His mistress !" repeated Rosa indignantly.—" And the mistress of a poor lord," continued the lady, not attending to her, " who marries a rich heiress, is, let me tell you, a poor, very poor thing ; you must share his discontent in private, without his daring to protect you in public ; you——"

Nothing could exceed Rosa's surprise at the easy unconstrained manner, in which a woman of apparently decent character, spoke of a situation so criminal ; it was not the guilt and immorality, but the advantage and disadvantages, that seemed to her, at all an object of concern ; never before had her chaste ear been wounded, nor her understanding insulted by the free delineation of such sentiments from a female ; and, as she concluded, no woman of honour or true delicacy, could speak with such *sang froid* of circumstances so highly culpable, she grew not only more uneasy, but alarmed, and repeated her request to have a coach ordered for her departure, with such concern and anxiety, that the lady was reduced to the necessity of acknowledging she could not suffer her to leave the house, without risk of offending
Lord

Lord Denningcourt, before she had either seen or heard from his lordship.

Rosa trembled—the only lord she had ever known had left an impression of nobility on her mind, which the manners and conversation of her present hostess were ill calculated to remove, and she replied, that “as she now felt the impropriety as well as inconvenience of delaying her meeting with her friends—”

In that moment a carriage drew up.

“Here is my lord himself,” cried the lady, running to the glass, and casting an anxious glance round the room; “say not a word of what I have told you; I would not distress my dear, good, very dear friend, Charlotte Mushroom, for the world; but then, neither would I offend the earl—no, that is impossible—I must run and receive him in the little parlour; he will ask me all manner of questions, I make no doubt, and all about you—ah you are too pretty!”

“Charlotte Mushroom!” exclaimed Rosa in astonishment, “and she is the dear, very dear friend of this indelicate woman? Is it her this lord is addressing? Poor girls! are they both doom’d to splendid misery? and will it be always my wayward fate to hear of, and meet the people I wish to forget, while those to whom my heart is attached, dear objects of my esteem and fond affection, are, if not lost, far, far divided from the poor friendless Rosa.”

The voice of the mistress of the house, proclaiming her approach, ended the short soliloquy. Rosa involuntarily retreated—Lord Lowder—his card—his gentleman—and his bet recurred—and what better could she expect from another lord, who on the same mercenary motives, was about to marry into the same family? Her breath failed—she staggered to a chair—the fit of the preceding night left a soreness on her chest, and a weakness of spirits of which she was now sensible, and had not a burst of friendly tears in some degree relieved her, she must have fainted.

The door was thrown open—a tall, elegant, plain dressed man entered, who could hardly be said to look at our heroine, or at the lady of the mansion, or even at the opposite mirror—he slid into a chair, under which
a large

a large mastiff, his companion, composed himself to sleep. His lordship, with his fine dark eyes fix'd, now on the head of his switch, which was also often carried to his mouth, now on the fire, and now on his mastiff, hoped the lady was well. The lady, in the sweetest tone imaginable, humbly thanked his lordship both for his enquiries, and the honour of his visit, which indeed, she said, her fair charge and herself had been expecting with great anxiety, and some impatience.

Rosa looked with astonishment through her tears—what anxiety—what impatience had they felt?—and what the necessity, in this case, of professing what they did not feel? Lord Denningcourt gave the assertion all the credit it deserved; he yawned, and protested he had totally forgot the affair of last evening, till a card from the amiable Charlotte reminded him of an engagement which he had also forgotten with her.

“And you apologised, my lord, no doubt?” asked the lady, somewhat alarmed.

“No faith, he meant to have answered the card, but it had slipped his memory.”

“You *re* an it?”—with more alarm.

“Possibly.”

During this interesting conversation, his lordship's eyes had taken a new expression as well as direction; their glances at Rosa were full of interest and animation, which were neither unobserved by her nor the lady.

“I beg your pardon, Lord Denningcourt,” resumed the latter, “but are we to give a history of *my* last night's misfortune, as an excuse for your lordship's breach of punctuality?”

Lord Denningcourt's eye, no longer sunk in apathy, seemed to look into the lady's soul; he perceived the nature of the interrogations; smiled, and then relapsing into indifference, answered, “Why not, Mrs. Feverham?”

Rosa almost jumped off her chair—Feverham was a name perfectly familiar; and tho' she had totally forgot the person of the lady who bore it, her connection with the Mushrooms rendered it certain, and recalled to her mind many traits of her character, which, as she had them from Mrs. Harley, were sure to be so softened
down.

down as at least to *resemble good*. More confident in her protection; more reconciled to her eccentricities, and no longer dwelling on her indelicate explanations, she felt a secret pleasure in the recognition of one she had known in happier times. It was, indeed, with difficulty she could repress the desire of instantly announcing herself.

The answer Mrs. Feverham made to his lordship's "why not," escaped her; nor did she hear the peer's rejoinder; and though his camelion countenance gave her a momentary alarm, yet from a man who forgot every thing, she could have little reason to fear any thing, and now internally reconciled to the lady, felt more disposed to be amused, than to fear the lord. She was, however, surprised, when, after seeming to examine the lustre on the chimney, some framed prints, and two or three bad pictures, he slid up to her, and in a soft energetic whisper, hoped she had recovered from every ill effect of her fright; and added, in a low but more audible voice, he was concerned, at his entrance, to observe the traces of tears on her lovely countenance; he had, he assured her, reproached himself for not calling in medical aid.

"And yet, my lord," dryly interrupted the lady, "you had totally forgotten the whole affair."

"Forgot! Oh yes, certainly; one really cannot remember every thing; but you, for instance, is it possible to forget *you*? I thought of you in Bond-street; of your pretty hand and white arm; those chains and d'or molu lockets, it struck me, would suit them; allow me"—

And he opened a small red case, which contained a pair of neat, though not high-priced bracelets.

Mrs. Feverham, in raptures, permitted his lordship to fasten them on her arm, and whilst she walked to the glass, to judge of the effect, he dropped a billet on Rosa's lap, and then sauntered to his chair, and commenced a tender address to his mistress.

Rosa's confusion and surprise, during the whole scene, is not to be expressed. Whatever were Lord Denning-court's designs, he was, it was plain, acting a part, as either the interest he seemed to feel for her, or his indifference to every thing else must be affected. The billet still lay on her lap; a glance from under his eye-lash,

as he was patting his mastiff, told her that he observed that it did, and a second glance reproached her want of confidence ; yet there it still lay.

Mrs. Feverham returned from the dear employment of contemplating her own person, and though she thanked his lordship in all sorts of phrases, for his elegant present, he looked and answered as if he had totally forgot there were such things as bracelets in the world ; and after another glance at his billet, he slightly bowed to Rosa, bid Mrs. Feverham good morrow, and with his mastiff sauntered out of the room, followed by the lady and her bracelets.

The whole of Lord Denningcourt's behaviour was a perfect mystery. Rosa could suggest no laudable motive for his writing to her, at least in a clandestine manner ; and had not her embarrassed conjecture, in regard to him, been blended with fresh doubts of the principles of her new old acquaintance, the billet would have been instantly presented to her ; but the little episode of the bracelets staggered her faith in that goodness of heart, for which she remembered Mrs. Harley had always given Mrs. Feverham credit ; it revived her first prejudices, and the anxious wish to leave her house, they had inspired.

Mrs. Feverham returned in high spirits ; " this charming man," said she, " loves you, my dear, I see it in every action ; he is one of those fashionable loungers, to whom nothing but a dog, a horse, a bet, or a bottle, appears to give animation. I have beheld him several times in critical situations with the lady he addresses, without his exhibiting the smallest proof that he knew she existed ; and, though ill health may have rendered *my eyes* less brilliant than *some other people's*, and though his lordship remembered to buy me these sweet bracelets, the conclusion is obvious ; but my lord is as poor as a pilgrim ;—ergo, he must marry eighty thousand pounds."

Rosa smiled.

" Aye, child, you may smile, but nobody would hold eighty thousand pounds lightly, who knew how charmingly money may be employed—and notwithstanding his lordship's politeness ; notwithstanding the beauty of the sweet

sweet bracelets, and the ardent desire I feel to oblige my friend, the Earl of Denningcourt, I cannot," and she drew herself up, "be seen in the affair."

Rosa was ready to express her readiness to relieve her from every embarrassment on her account, but Mrs. Feverham chose to prevent her, by assigning her own reasons.

In the first place, she had lived some time in Sir Solomon Mushroom's family; she had taught his girls all they knew; ushered them into life; polished their natural uncouthness; combated their innate vulgarity—they were, indeed, after all, two poor, ungrateful, conceited things; but, she had, notwithstanding, a violent friendship for them; one, the younger of them, was already the wife of an earl, who, though a profligate, was a man of the first fashion; and the other would at last also be a countess;—two events that never could have happened had not their entrée into the world been graced by her protection; the uncle, indeed, Sir Solomon, complimented her with a pension, which, paltry as it was, she could not afford to lose;—so that, on the whole, our heroine might perceive, her connections were by no means among common people.

While thus Mrs. Feverham mingled anecdote and invective, Rosa, disgusted at the vanity, self-interest, and even rancour, with which she spoke of people who were her *very dear friends*, and to whom she confessed pecuniary obligation, rejoiced she had not followed the first impulse after recollecting her of declaring herself to be the Miss Buhanun, for whom she was formerly interested, and resolved to avoid all possibility of being exposed to the insults of the upstart Sir Solomon, or the scorn of his proud heiresses, by retaining the name of Walsingham, by which she had announced herself, at least till she reached Penry, without adverting to former events, or even asking after any of her old friends.

She could not doubt a kind reception from Dr. Croak, and Mrs. Harley, she *knew*; but she had too much pride, and her pride was raised on the basis of integrity, to think of being a burthen to either; all her hope was to hear of Elinor from the former, and to receive from the latter such advice as might enable her to procure a
laudable

laudable subsistence by her talents and her industry ; her stay, - therefore, at Penry, she hoped, would be too short to expose her to the malevolence of which Lady Lowder had given so decided a specimen, or provoke that revenge Lord Lowder might possibly feel for the disappointment of his illicit hopes, and the loss of his bet.

Mrs. Feverham having, as she thought, and as was indeed, in some sense, true, confounded our heroine with the greatness of her connections, was actually silent ! Her mind was in a state of warfare.

There were Sir Solomon's pension, his daughters coronetted carriage dropping tickets, and sometimes even invitations at her door, on one hand.

There were Lord Denningcourt's remembrances in Bond-street, and the opportunity of mortifying her very dear and particular friend, on the other ; with as many auxiliary reasons on both sides, as might have kept any other lady silent, at least half an hour ; but silence was not Mrs. Feverham's *forte*—the pension, tickets and invitations, carried it in five minutes.

Mrs. Feverham still remained as near the same woman the reader remembers her three years back, as any modern woman of spirit could remain, after passing the intermediate space in a constant round of luxury and dissipation. She would have been still disposed to patronize, and fancied her advice competent to settle the most difficult point ; but the truth is, having carried with her from Mushroom house, all the habits of luxury, and all the irritation of false pride, she could not return to her old connection, without suffering more than she had fortitude to endure.

The period which passed so pleasantly to herself in the Mushroom family, had not secured her one friend in or out of it.

Sir Solomon, indeed, who felt in the approach of some chronic diseases, that he was not immortal, had so good an opinion of her medical-skill, that Mrs. Dorothy Wright became seriously fearful lest, when his daughters were both married, he might fancy her as a companion himself ; and though Lady Lowder held all advice in the most sovereign contempt, from the hour she became
a countess,

a countess, Mrs. Dorothy still retained sufficient influence over Miss Charlotte to make her think as she thought, and act as she advised; the consequence was, a serious pre-concerted tiff between Miss Mushroom and her *chaprone*, which, though at first managed with great spirit by the latter, being aided by the countess, without any other motive than her natural propensity to mischief, raised a storm in Mushroom house, that could be only allayed by the *chaprone's* resignation.

"No man," says the proverb, "is wise at all times."

To a quick penetration, Mrs. Feverham added a retentive memory. Certain commotions in the honourable bosom of the Earl of Gauntlet, had so far put him off his guard, that one morning, when Mrs. Feverham had, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Dorothy Wright, given up Bond-street, the park, and an exhibition, to sit with Sir Solomon, when bodily pain, a sensation new to him, confined him to an arm chair, in rushed the earl, first letting fly a volley of imprecations, which were the more terrific, as coming from one of the most courtly mouths that ever lisped a compliment, and next, entering on a subject the reader may possibly anticipate, before he perceived the silent and attentive Mrs. Feverham.

Of this incident the disgraced favourite gently reminded Sir Solomon Mushroom, at her departure, with such effect, that she retained in some sort his confidence; was restored to the notice of the ladies; and, what was still better, got her a pension of an hundred guineas a year.

With this addition to her own fortune, Mrs. Feverham might have retired, the patroness and adviser of all Penry; but that pride which writhed under the torture of leaving Piccadilly, submitted to the deprivation of all real comfort, for the sake of remaining in the routine of quality calls; sitting sometimes with Miss Mushroom in Lady Lowder's box, at the Opera—going in their coach to the play—continuing to be admitted to their supper parties, and being sometimes included in the invitations of their friends; all which were secured by her having a neat furnished house in Conduit-street, where, with the most niggard œconomy, she contrived to keep herself and two female domestics.

Nothing

Nothing is so likely to turn common acquaintance into friendship as mutual misfortune : Mrs. Feversham's banishment from Piccadilly, before the grand affair of her pension was settled, happened about the same time when Dr. Croak and his *chère amie*, Mrs. Bawsky, found it necessary to make arrangements for their departure from Walbrook ; at this interesting juncture, the ladies were inseparable ; and Mrs. Feversham made a city acquaintance at Dr. Croak's, which, even after the acquisition of the pension, she found it convenient to continue.

Mrs. Alderman Tetch was literally a great woman, if height and bulk could entitle her to the distinction ; the triple comforts of her life were, good eating, fine clothes, and grand fights ; so that when a good dinner was given in the city, or an extraordinary exhibition took place at court, Mrs. Alderman Tetch introduced Mrs. Feversham to the former, and Mrs. Feversham introduced the alderman's lady to a commodious view of the latter.

It was returning from a superb dinner, at the Mansion-house, at an early hour, in order to reach Piccadilly, where Miss Charlotte Mushroom had condescended to invite her, that an intoxicated coachman, being repeatedly urged to drive on, occasioned the accident which stained Mrs. Feversham's train, broke her feathers, lost her Dovey earrings, and made Rosa her guest.

When Rosa fervently urged her departure, considering the irresistible propensity Mrs. Feversham always had to *advise*, it may be thought rather extraordinary that she betrayed no curiosity to know her certain destination, where she came from, and what was her future intention ; but, it must be remembered, she had good reasons to suppose the first would be to Dr. Croak's ; and, however strong the temptation of habitual curiosity, she had as strong reasons for chusing to be totally ignorant of the two last.

As Rosa's sentiments were, in this respect, congenial with those of her hostess, though from very different causes, she again desired a coach might be got, and enquired how far it was to the inn, where she alighted from the York stage.

" The inn !" repeated Mrs. Feversham, " what would you do there ? But mind, I don't ask ; I won't know ; only I can't think what you can want at an inn !"

" Simply,

"Simply," replied Rosa, "to avoid giving your servant the trouble of hiring a chaise for me; I presume I may get one there."

Mrs. Feversham's heart was not absolute adamant, except where her own interest was at stake; she looked on Rosa's face; the mark of innocence was still on her brow; her brilliant eyes darted rays of sensibility; the glow of beauty mantled on her cheek, and she was "of the first order of fine forms." It was now near four o'clock; it would be five before the chaise could set off. She was a second time, in the same day silent five minutes, weighing the *pros* and *cons*, whether to risk another visit under her roof, from a man so enamoured as Lord Denningcourt, which, admitting he even remembered her in Bond-street, might be injurious "to the peace of her dear, very dear friend;" or let a young creature so beautiful and unprotected, begin a journey, which, as it was impossible she could compass before dark, might expose her to worse accidents than those she had escaped the preceding evening, without apprising her of the danger. The advocate on one hand, was interest, on the other, humanity; and the decision would have been speedy and characteristic, had not the following letter, gilded round the margin, and sealed with arms as large as half a crown, decided in favour of humanity.

"Dear Fev.

"Vastly sorry for your accident. Den says it was quite shocking—going instant into the country; the G's—sister—Den and I can't tell who—monstrous large party.—Poor Beauty, dear creature, just out of draw, too weak for travelling, so send her and sweet little ones to dear Fev.—pray take care of her, and remember, though all the other dogs eat roast chicken, or even beef, poor Beauty never touches any thing but mutton and sweet breads.

"Sir Sol. not well and monstrous sulky.

Your's,

C. MUSHROOM."

Beauty, a little ugly Dutch pug, and her puppies, as ugly as herself, being set down in a basket of fine cotton, the

the servant gone, and Lord Denningcourt, i. e. *Den*, safe, Mrs. Feversham explained to Rosa how much more eligible it would be to begin her journey, wherever she was going, earlier in the day, and very cordially invited her to stay at her house till the next morning, when a chaise, which might be previously ordered, would take her up.

Rosa seldom thought of time or space, except reminded by feeling or necessity; the more strongly she was impressed by the dangers she had recently escaped, the more Mrs. Feversham's considerate arrangement affected her; and her honest heart, naturally prone to put the most candid interpretation on the actions of others, reproached itself for certain movements which now appeared not only severe, but unjust; an emotion of gratitude, almost amounting to affection, sprung to her eyes, and she would have certainly betrayed herself, had not Mrs. Feversham, to whom the study of the heart was a new science, left her to give some orders in her domestic affairs.

A moment's reflection convinced her that the making herself known to any person so intimately connected with a family, by whom she wished never to be recognized, could answer no one good purpose; but, on the contrary, might possibly involve her in difficulties, from which she might not be easily extricated; the billet, however, left by Lord Denningcourt, was a confidence of another kind, and the moment Mrs. Feversham returned, she delivered it sealed, into her hand.

"Well!" exclaimed she, "did I not tell you so—yes, yes, I see he is in for it, deep enough, but what does he say?"

Rosa glanced at the unbroken seal.

"What not open! Oh Lud! oh Lud! pray now is not this *mock modesty*? but let us see."

"*You are a very lovely, or a very artful woman.*"—Very frank indeed, my Lord.—"*You will fear to peruse this, lest it should insult virtue, or you read it with the eager expectation of having ensnared a new dupe—in either case you are deceived.*"—Oh to be sure! you are very deep, my very good Lord Denningcourt, but I have found you out.—"*You interest me.*"—I know it; didn't

I say so.—“ *I am perhaps, a frivolous character.*”—I told you he was ; what can be more frivolous than the nothing hunters of fashion !—“ *But affronting a modest woman is among the few things I dare not do.*”—Indeed ! why then you are further gone than I thought you—“ *Why are you not with your friends ? Is yours a face and form to be your own protector ?*”—No, certainly—“ *I inclose my address.*”—Aha, my cautious lord, and you thought I should not know this—“ *What friendship and assistance a woman of virtue can accept from a man of honour,*”—Fiddle faddle—“ *freely demand.*”—Oh I dare say he will be generous enough, when he is rich—“ *I see you no more.*”—Nonsense—“ *If, on the contrary, you wear a specious mask, I forbid you to trouble me.*”

DENNINGCOURT.”

“ Was there ever any thing so ridiculous ?” cried Mrs. Feverham, folding the letter, and returning it to Rosa ; “ but I see into his art, he knows my regard for my friend, who, to be sure, is a mighty silly girl, and not one quarter so handsome as you, and feared you would shew me his letter ; nothing can be more natural. Had he made you any professions inimical to the honourable addressee he is paying the dear disagreeable Charlotte Mushroom, of whom, notwithstanding she has not one single good quality, I am excessive fond—why, you know, I must have been outrageous ; nothing can be more natural—and besides, as I consider myself bound in honour to inform my friend, Sir Solomon, of every particular, it might have *inconvenienced* his lordship in the *cash account*.

Rosa, without knowing why, felt herself strongly impelled to put a milder construction on Lord Denningcourt’s billet. It is true, there was a mystery about it, which those who best knew him, were best qualified to explain ; but as she saw no probability of her being necessitated to put the honour or truth of his professions to proof, she accepted Mrs. Feverham’s invitation to a frugal dinner, and listened to her account, begun even in the intervals of eating, of the rank and fashion of all her friends ; the estimation in which she was held ; her taste in dress ; her judgment in selecting, and exactness in purchasing

purchasing bargains of all descriptions. When all these topics were exhausted, and the dinner removed, she returned to the family of the Mulhrooms, with an acrimony which impeached both her discretion and gratitude.

"The uncle was," she said, "a low-bred, artful man, who having got together, God knew how, a princely fortune, flattered himself the memory of others were as treacherous as his own; but, admitting that to be the case, a short time would certainly remind both him and them, of certain manœuvres, and reduce him to his primitive nothingness. The girls, who, she protested, had neither sense nor principle, were called handsome, and thought themselves admired, whereas the fact was, all their attractions lay in their uncle's hoarded thousands. Lord Lowder and Lord Denningcourt were the only, among the titled nobility, whom poverty could induce to ennoble the two dawdles; the former having squandered all the fortunes of two rich wives, which were not settled on their children, as well as his own paternal inheritance; and the latter, cut off by his father's will from all but his title, and a huge old castle in the north of England, with a few hundreds a year, which could not be alienated; "but you don't attend, child."

This was very true; Rosa's imagination had transported her to far distant scenes; but Mrs. Feversham had the disposition to be charmed with the sound of her own voice, and she had a right to be indulged in her own house, by a guest so very much obliged.

Rosa apologised, and she proceeded. ~

"This Lord Denningcourt, as I told you, is a fashionable lounge—that is, a man without pursuits or passion; a thing, who reverses the order of nature, and, instead of paying court to our sex, shews himself at public and private assemblies, lolling on a brother lounge, merely to give them an opportunity of courting him—My dear soul, you look incredulous, but, upon my honour, there are such things; And take the circuit of Bond-street, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, and Hyde-park, any morning, you will meet them by dozens."

As these were places to which Rosa was as much a stranger, as to the beings Mrs. Feversham was describ-

ing, she was very much inclined to believe, that lady was entertaining her with the effervescence of her own fancy.

“ Lord Denningcourt,” proceeded the oratrix, “ to do him justice, was not always a loungeur, he had once a character ; he was a famous whist player ; had horses at New-Market, and kept one of the most expensive women in England.”

“ A character indeed, madam !” exclaimed Rosa.

“ You are a novice, child,” answered Mrs. Feverham. “ Let me tell you a secret all the world knows—even such a character is better than the insufferable inanity of a loungeur. Active vices may change to opposite virtues ; but, that indifference, that indolence, that destruction of genius, that repeller of the passions, that innovator, which inverts the natural propensities of youth and gallantry, and strangles all the seeds of heroism in the birth ; in short, that apathy, in which our young men are sunk, will in the end sink them.”

Rosa was all attention ; but, notwithstanding her wish to disguise it, incredulity was stamped on her countenance.

“ Well, child,” continued Mrs. Feverham, “ you are to be envied ; you have never seen the heterogeneous animal I have described, and what contradicts reason, it is difficult to believe ; but this Lord Denningcourt had so exhausted his father’s coffers and patience, that he was at length obliged to live on a small annuity ; but, proud of being still pre-eminent, from a leader of dashing, he became a chief of the loungeurs.—That eternal Lord Gauntlet proposed his making all up, by a prudent marriage ; and the old earl, a little mollified, entered into the treaty, but, before affairs were arranged, the earl died, having devised every thing he could give from his son, to his second countess, a very beautiful woman, on whom he doated ; and here you would expect ended the treaty with the Mushrooms ; no such thing—pride swallows mill-stones——Charlotte must be a countess ; Sir Solomon offered twenty-thousand more than was asked at first, to begin the world with eclat ; but Miss was not so warm as her papa, and the lover downright cold. He took a whim of running backwards and forwards to the North, pretending to visit his old frightful castle ; and Miss,

Miss, not to be outdone in folly, took it into her head to find herself in love with a young fellow, who"—

Here Mrs. Feverham fixed her eyes on Rosa, and with some asperity accused her of being ready to drop asleep; adding, it was not a very polite return to one, who, though far from being a talkative person, was taking such pains to amuse her.

Rosa denied the accusation, and truly did she deny it; for though the whole of Mrs. Feverham's communication had a strong soporific tendency, the retrospects in which she was but too apt to indulge, were very hostile to sleep.

Mrs. Feverham, though, as she said, far from being a talkative person, was delighted at an opportunity, which did not often occur, when she could not only display her wit, information, and consequence, without interruption, but she could indulge her pique against the dear disagreeable Mushrooms, to an auditor whose insignificance was too decided to be feared.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Feverham, with renovated spleen, "the chit pretended to be dying for a young fellow, brought up, as *they say*, by Sir Solomon, on charity! *Hem*, that is, as *they say*; the young man tells a different story, very different; he was sent to India with an odd sort of ridiculous man, who was formerly in love with me; a hideous jaundice looking creature, Colonel Buhanun; I—you are certainly going to sleep, Miss."

"Sleep, Madam! Good God! how can you think so; pray, pray proceed—what of Colonel Buhanun? What of the young man?"

Rosa, the reader will believe, was no longer in danger of being called to order for drowsiness or inattention.

But the perverse Mrs. Feverham, alarmed at the earnest glow of attention her story now excited, felt suspicious and confounded. It is the curse of little minds to fear whom they hate; and the deprivations that must follow her being discarded by the dear, disagreeable Mushrooms! were so important and so highly prized, as to fill her with instant alarm—guilt is said to be the parent of distrust—she feared an accuser even in the mild and candid Rosa; casting herself, therefore, in all the cau-

tious reserve of a person who is aware of a spy, it was in vain Rosa entreated a continuation of her confidence ; that she watched every opening to resume the subject, and that at length, unable to conceal her impatience, she took courage to name Colonel Buhanun.

All Mrs. Feverham's answers were cold monosyllables, till she gravely hinted that it would be proper for Rosa to retire early, in order to be ready for the chaise, which was ordered at seven o'clock.

The supper was laid without being touched ; and Mrs. Feverham, full of fear for the consequence of her own volubility, wished her guest health the moment it was removed, and returned to consult her Abigail on what she conceived to be a very critical state of her affairs, leaving Rosa to be attended by the other servant.

Rosa's curiosity, thus provokingly just raised and denied gratification, was mixed with a restless impatience which deprived her of rest. She arose before day, and was already dressed, when the favourite Abigail entered her apartment, and informed her, that by her mistress's order, she had coffee waiting.

Affected by this apparent kindness, and by the officious attendance of the servant, she left most grateful compliments ; and reflecting that she was again becoming a wanderer, the probability struck her, for the first time, that the kindness of these strangers, from whom she was parting, might shame the welcome of her friends.

Eager to escape the agony of such surmises, she rushed into the chaise, and soon lost sight of the metropolis, which had cost her so many hours of anxiety to reach.

C H A P. XX.

" Oh friendship, thou soother of the human breast; to thee we fly in every calamity; from thee, the wretched seek for succour; on thee, the care-tired son of misery fondly rests; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate hopes relief, and may be sure of disappointment!"

WE now see our heroine again a lone traveller; the chaise went on at the discretion of the driver; a heaviness of heart pre-occupied her; all the airy castles, so delightful in the perspective, vanished; and it was not till long after changing horses at the first stage, when she began to recognize some of the objects they passed, that a gleam of pleasure entered her sinking heart; but the white steeple of Penry, and the school-house at Mount Pleasant, almost concealed by the thick surrounding wood, dear objects of early observation and affection, could *they* be seen without an impulse of that indefinable mixture of joy and sadness which ever accompany a return to the scenes of childhood?

There, in full view, was Penry, where Doctor Croak once lived, and where she still hoped to find him; and there was Mount Pleasant, the abode of tranquillity! the nursery of virtue! the seat of benevolence!

At the Doctor's, nothing was less doubted than a hearty welcome, as well as hearing of Elinor; but at Mount Pleasant, there, oh yes! there was the union of sense and sentiment; and as there too, she would most probably hear of Elinor, she bid the driver take the road a little to the right of the village; and, in a quarter of an hour, during which her eyes were strained to greet every passing object, and her heart bounded before the chaise, lo, from between an avenue of tall trees, the iron gates first, and then the whole, of Mount Pleasant were in view.

The morning was fine; a gardener was removing the myrtles and geraniums from the green-house into the air, as was usual at the time of her residing there; she left

the chaise, and rather flew than ran up the steps across the hall to the sitting parlour: it was empty, and the first thing that struck her, was the absence of a favourite arm-chair, more valued by Mrs. Harley than a throne, on account of its being the joint labour of her pupils.

A servant entered, stirred up the dying embers, and said, his mistress would wait on her immediately. "*Wait!*" repeated Rosa; but perceiving the man was a stranger, she restrained her emotions; and looking round, perceived more absentees: the pannels of the wainscot were stripped of the works and drawings, many of them her own, which she had left, and their places filled by others more gaudy, but less ingenious. Before she had time to comment on the change, the door was thrown open, and a tall stately woman, dressed in all the extreme of fashion, entered: she made a cold return to Rosa's silent curtesy; and having seated herself, pointed to a chair.

Altho' Rosa could not but consider this as a permission for her to sit in the presence of the august personage, her surprise was so great, and the forebodings of her mind were so painful, she continued, without speaking, to turn her anxious and expecting eye towards the door.

"You expected, I presume, ma'am," at length said the stately personage, "to see Mrs. Harley."

"And shall I not see her?" answered Rosa—"is she not at home?"

"She is not here—this house is now mine."

"Yours! has then my dear governess declined her school?"

"It might else probably have declined her—she was unable to continue it."

"Unable!"

"I might perhaps have said with as much propriety, she was unfit."

"Unfit! Mrs. Harley! the best and most amiable of women, unfit! surely, madam, you do not know her."

"Not much, I confess: I have, however, paid a liberal price for her house and school; but, to be candid, I found her pupils so over-indulged, that it has cost me infinite trouble to bring them into my rules."

Over-

"Over-indulged! oh, my best Mrs. Harley, where is she?"

"Gone to Bath, in a terrible nervous way, poor woman! she had reason to be sensible of the error of her system. Her illness was occasioned by the misconduct of one of her favourites: she was in the habit of making favourites—a thing I never do."

"Dear, dear, Mrs. Harley! so, indeed, she was;—but is Miss Corterels here?"

"No, Me'em, she would not do for me; after living so long with Mrs. Harley; there was no discipline, no severity about her."

"True, madam, true; but Miss Reynold—she was more strict."

"*She* might have done, but did not chuse to stay."

"And Madame Lufac?"

"Dead. She was in a weak way before I took the house, and I have no time to attend to invalids; she died soon after."

"Poor Madame Lufac! But you have some of Mrs. Harley's young ladies yet remaining who remember Rosa Buhanun?"

The violence which the stately governess had done her haughty temper, in answering with bare civility so many interrogations about her predecessor, was no longer necessary. Of Rosa Buhanun, her talents, accomplishments, sweetness, and beauty, she had heard more than enough; and she had also heard of Mrs. Harley's meanly preferring a known and acknowledged beggar, to the many favourites of fortune under her care.

The system of education pursued by Mrs. Harley, and that adopted by this lady, were extremely different: to mild precepts and immaculate example, the former added the tenderness of a mother, and the solicitude of a friend. In the blessings of the poor, her pupils felt the secret reward of charity; in the ready obedience of the domestics, they saw the effects of kindness and good-humour, and, by her repugnance to censure even the vicious, they learned to compassionate the faults of others, and to respect themselves.

With Mrs. Bagnal, on the contrary, the order of every day was severity: it was seldom—very seldom, she

spoke to the good name of others, but she was not on that account less tenacious of her own. Rigidly austere, ostentatiously charitable, and unreasonably pious, she thought it exceeding hard that her virtues should not be the theme of admiration, and that a school conducted by so faultless a governess should not be crowded with scholars; which was so far from being the case, that all Mrs. Harley's pupils, a few East and West-Indians excepted, had dropped off one by one; and as she heard constantly of the affectionate regret they all expressed for their late governess, she became the object of her envy and dislike; persuading herself, that lessening the virtues of her predecessor enhanced her own, she availed herself of every possible opportunity to depreciate her talents and management, forgetting that while she was rancorously making a king log of Mrs. Harley, she was making a king serpent of Mrs. Bagnal.

"Yes," said she, exulting at an opportunity of blaming the late governess, and of humbling her avowed favourite, "she is very well remembered here: it is not, and she rose perpendicular from her seat, and scowled at Rosa under her bent brows, "very possible, for people who possess any portion of proper pride themselves, to forget the mean folly which placed a common beggar on a footing with young ladies of fortune! I have no enmity to beggars, heaven knows—I give them alms;—and had this girl been under *my* care, I should have made her useful, without allowing her to forget herself. I have blushed to hear ladies of fashion, whom Mrs. Harley had the honour to educate, relate her ridiculous attachment to that girl—Lady Lowder, for instance. But if you know her, Me'm, advise her not to presume to come to Mount Pleasant—I shall encourage no such degrading recollections in any of *my* ladies, I assure you. Good morning"—and the stately governess slowly walked out of the parlour.

No language can describe Rosa's feelings during this whole scene. Saddened as her heart was at the ill health of Mrs. Harley; disappointed of an asylum at so critical a period; discouraged by the haughty manner of Mrs. Bagnal, from asking that advice or recommendation on which she depended from Mrs. Harley, with the mortifying

fyng recollection that her purse was again decreasing very fast, she must have sunk under the weight of such accumulating evils, had not that innate spirit of *proper pride* which she *felt*, and of which Mrs. Bagnal *talked*, now supported her. Not a tear started into her eye, not a sigh burst from her heart, as, after looking round with more disgust than regret, she followed; and, with equal hauteur in her manner, had nearly reached the gate, her cheeks burning even to pain, and her heart beating almost to suffocation, when she started at feeling something strike her hat, and, in the same instant, perceived a small paper parcel fall on the gravel before her. She made an involuntary stop; and, on stooping, saw, in a terrible scrawl, "For dear Miss Buhanun," wrote on the outside: she picked it up without hesitation, and looking back towards the house, heard a sa'h gently pulled down, and saw the Venetian blind of the music-room move.

Immediately concluding this was a kind contrivance of some of her young friends, to prove that they remembered her with affection, she halted to the chaise. The driver asked for orders; she endeavoured to collect herself; and in hope of finding Doctor Croak at Penry, having given directions to go there, drew up the blinds to conceal from observation of the passers by, as well as the driver, that anguish which could no longer be repressed.

On approaching the village, the driver again stopped for directions to the house. After breathing on her hand, and drying her eyes, she faintly pointed to the turning.

Sick with disappointment, and almost hopeless of finding Doctor Croak at Penry, something like comfort warmed her heart at sight of the old board announcing the residence of "John Croak, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife;"——but if the internal change at Mount Pleasant had been more keenly felt from the appearance of the external in the exact state she left it, the Doctor's house, and every thing about it, prepared her for that alteration within, which, indeed, was the natural consequence of the events hinted at in Elinor's letter.

The small house, where the Doctor's assistant had lived and made up medicines for the convenience of people
beneath

beneath the Doctor's then notice, was occupied by a cobbler; and the little bow window, where the garish glass jars once stood, was filled with old shoes and odd bits of leather.

The coach-house being divided, was converted into two different shops; one of which contained the few medicines the Doctor had now call for, the other was the store-house of his fine garden, from whence such of the Penry inhabitants as could pay a good price, were supplied with fruit and vegetables; the stable contained a stock of potatoes and carrots for winter use, and a convenient hutch for the breed of rabbits.

The windows of the house, once plate glass, kept in the brightest order, were now, some nailed up to save taxes; some with the shutters closed; and the few open, changed to common glass, and covered with dust.

The painted stages, on which formerly rows of green-house plants and flowers were placed in such high order, as did great justice to the Doctor's skill in the art of his progenitors, had been cut up for fuel; and the front of the house no longer attracted the wonder and admiration of the passing traveller.

The outer gate stood wide open, the pigs grunted round the court, and even rudely mounted the slight of steps which once in colour vied with the new-fallen snow.

A servant girl, tying a clean apron over a dirty one, opened the door; and again the warmth of our heroine's heart dispensed with ceremony. The maid said her master was at home—and in rushed Rosa.

After so long an absence, during which so many important events had taken place, the authoress must be forgiven, even if she leave her heroine waiting for a welcome, and peep into the family arrangements of what was sometimes heretofore called "Croak-house."

Doctor Croak had now experienced an overturn in the wheel of fortune, which effected the very change that, in a process of one his first grand experiments, cost him infinite labour and expence, it turned every thing to verdigrease!

He had brooded over his misfortunes, till he set down the being selected for the purpose of bringing a child
into

into the world, by whom he might have been honestly benefited, as the primary cause of every evil under which he now groaned ; forgetting *how* he had been aggrandized, he remembered only his humiliation. Seven thousand pounds, the property of the child, which he had expended, no doubt with great taste, retained a very small trait in his memory ; but the eclaireissement which at once proved the injustice of his actions and the insolvency of his circumstances, was a cruelty and oppression which filled his bad heart with impotent rage, and added to the torture of those diseases which luxury and indolence engendered in his constitution. He instantly recognized Rosa, not as the amiable and unfortunate girl, for whom he had professed the utmost cordiality, but as a link to that chain of evils which overwhelmed him. The first glance of her renewed ideas he wished never to remember : being at that time almost helpless with gout, it gave him a momentary twinge ; and the instant Rosa reached him, he uttered a long and peevish pish ! which frightened her back to the parlour door.

Mrs. Bawsky was at cribbage with the only lady in Penry who had a fellow-feeling for the mortification in which her attachment to the bewitching Doctor, involved her.

Mary Waltringham, the buxom maid of all work to a coach-maker in Long acre, made an acquaintance with a sober couple, who, having by dint of penurious industry, saved money enough to establish themselves in the business of their master, a harness-maker, in the same neighbourhood ; and were, in a few years, so successful, as to retire with an handsome competency to live, not as the axiom is, like themselves, but like other people.

Mary the Buxom had also her turn in the whirligig of destiny : A sober citizen of fortune, cast the eye of desire on her coarse red and white, and promoted her from the all-work of the coach maker, to upper servant of three in his villa at Hackney, where she successfully studied the palate of her master, till he unfortunately fell out of his own gig, as he was spying through his glass after a barrow-girl in Whitechapel, by which accident

cident he broke his own neck, and undid Mary the buxom ; for he had such an aversion to every thing that reminded him he must leave the good things of this world, that he never could prevail on himself to say " I give and bequeath."

Mary being now at large, and hearing of the opulence of her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Snaffle, dressed herself in her best, and went to pay them a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Snaffle knew very well how to make a good bargain, in buying a fine house, elegant furniture, handsome coach, and blood horses ; but when set down in the former, and in possession of all the latter, no two people could be more miserably at a loss in what manner to conduct themselves.

Mary's visit was the most opportune thing that could happen ; for Mr. Snaffle having invited all the quality round Penry to dinner, the good woman his wife had laid in provisions for a siege. Mrs. Mary, however, by cutting down the bill of fare in some articles, dividing it in others, and new-modelling the whole, set such an entertainment before the guests, as won the heart of her plain honest friend, who, after consulting her husband, desired her to add Miss to her name, and stay as long as she pleased with them ;—and she did please to set herself down for life ; she intrigued with the husband before his wife's face, deprived the well meaning woman of every comfort of existence, and on the simple merit of culinary knowledge, usurping the authority of the house, insulted, ridiculed, and despised its unhappy mistress, who, suffering the inflicted torture with patient resignation, sunk, uncomplaining, into the grave.

Miss was now the most elegant entertainer, except only her friend, Mrs. Bawsky, in the environs of Penry ; and Mr. Snaffle agreed, with some reluctance, to go through a ceremony, that had at least the novelty of the parson to recommend it, and make Miss an honest woman.

But there was an eye that marked them.

Mr. Snaffle was called to his long account, in the midst of the bridal preparations, without revoking a will made in favour of the relations of his deceased wife—“ So down dropped Dido ;”—for though he left her
a handsome

a handsome provision, it was only for life, and much too narrow to support such an house and equipage as she had long been used to.

Nothing therefore could be more appropriate than the friendship of Mrs. Bawlsky and Miss Waltringham, otherwise Mary the Buxom.

The ladies laid down their cards ; and such was the involuntary respect the elegant manner and beautiful figure of Rosa excited, that, had it been possible for Miss to make a sudden movement under her enormous load of flesh, she would have risen before the mutual explanations of the Doctor and his chere amie explained our heroine's *no* claims to respect of any kind.

Rosa, discouraged and almost sinking, asked the Doctor with a faltering voice, if he did not know her ?

The Doctor looked at Mrs. Bawlsky for his cue, and she answered for him ; to be sure she was vastly grown, and indeed she could not say but what she was also much improved ; but, stooping forward to her friend, said, in a sort of stage whisper every one *should* hear, " You remember the little beggar the East-India Colonel clothed and put to school."

" Remember ! certainly, the story is too remarkable to forget ;—but is this young lady—no—surely it is impossible."

Mrs. Bawlsky having assured her it was the same, Miss put on her preservers, and said she was quite a well-grown young woman.

Well it was for poor Rosa that, excepting in one instance, she was never ashamed of the poverty of her origin ; since after flying from the comments of strangers, it seemed a predetermined thing, that every being in whose memory she lived, should be sensible of the necessity of reminding her of what they conceived to be her disgrace.

" And pray, Miss—I suppose you call yourself Buhannun still—what has brought you to this part of the world ?"

The question, the tone in which it was put, the look that accompanied it, and Mrs. Bawlsky cutting the cards for her friend's deal, without shewing the least interest in what would be the answer, convinced her she
had

had little to expect from them. But her feelings being free from those tender sensations of affectionate regret which so affected her at Mount-Pleasant, did not long deprive her of presence of mind.

As it struck her that the mixture of pride and meanness which she had long known to be the ruling passions of Doctor Croak's mind, rendered a meeting with one whom he had neither seen nor heard of since the so visible alteration in his circumstances, painful and perhaps mortifying, she therefore answered with a dimpled smile, she was brought there by her desire to see and inquire after her old friends, and was not entirely disappointed, since she *saw* him, and since Mrs. Bawsky looked so well.

Mrs. Bawsky desired she would reach a chair and sit down.

Rosa did as she was bid ; and, after a few indifferent sentences, asked after dear Elinor.

The little sunshine her pleasing manners extorted from the cynical Doctor and his bloated chere amie, instantly vanished. A settled gloom succeeded, and neither the most ardent entreaties, nor tears, could prevail on them to give her one word of information, either respecting her welfare or address.

Wearied out at length with her importunity, the Doctor said, that he had already been plagued enough on that young lady's account ; that her relations need not be furnished with fresh provocations to use him ill ; that if they chose she should keep up any of her old acquaintance, they would no doubt have permitted her to write to them ; but that he believed they did not ; and the very last time he had seen Elinor, she entreated him particularly never to mention the name of Buhanun before them, that therefore, no opening by which any hangers on might find her, should come from him. Rosa wrung her hands and wept—hope was at last deserting her ; again she implored, and even kneeled—and again was her petition rejected ;—the more, indeed, she appeared affected at her disappointment, the more stern and resolute were the answers she received.

The maid in this instant entered to say, the postillion must put up his horses.

The

The Doctor sent a glance from the corner of his eye to Mrs. Bawlsky—Mrs. Bawlsky returned the glance, but observed a dead silence.

Rosa's heart was bursting; but it was too stout to ask, or even accept, an obligation from those who willfully withheld from her its first and dearest wish. After one more effort to make an impression on flint, she relieved them from their visible embarrassment, by taking and receiving a cold farewell.

"A bold-looking thing," said Miss Waltringham, in her hearing, as she stood at the door waiting for the drawing up of the chaise.

"What can one expect?" answered Mrs. Bawlsky.

"What can she want with the direction?" resumed Miss.

"That is easily guessed," replied Mrs. Bawlsky. "I think, Doctor, we heard the Scotchman who took her from school is dead."

"I am glad the Doctor refused her," rejoined Miss Waltringham.

"Fish! cried the Doctor, with a groan; "a pretty scrape I should have brought myself into."

"Don't you think she was painted?" asked Miss.

"I think it very likely," answered madam.

"She looks monstrously made up."

Rosa still stood at the door: anger and scorn flashing from her eyes—the *where to go?* was repeated several times.

Familiar as this distressing interrogation was now become, she appeared to be totally without comprehension of its import; but throwing herself into the chaise, remained silent.

The driver made his own comments: he had carried the young country lady, as he thought her, to two houses, where it was plain she was not a welcome guest. Now he had in the village an old acquaintance, where the case would be reversed, as nobody could receive strangers, whose appearance spoke for the state of their finances with more cordiality; accordingly he whipped up his horses, set off at a hand gallop, and stopped at the door of the Old White Horse.

The

The sight of a house where two or three times in the year Mrs. Harley had taken her to visit Landlord and Landlady Brown; the bench at the door, where honest John and his Shakespeare usually waited their arrival; and the red-bricked parlour, to which she was passively conducted, once the pride of Mrs. Brown, renewed such a train of recollections, all equally painful, that, to the astonishment of a female who shewed her in, she threw herself on the first chair, and burst into a passion of tears.

The woman withdrew, with no small precipitation; and having added this anecdote to those the driver was giving the landlord, a doubt arose respecting her power to pay for civility, which was confirmed by the size and weight of her portmanteau. As this was a point of great importance, which it was very material to decide, the driver, without the smallest regard to the luxury of grief in which the poor traveller was indulging, first rapped at the door, and then abruptly entered to be paid for his chaise and horses.

Rosa meekly drew out her purse, and gave him a guinea for change.

The information he carried to the landlord brought him in; and he demanded, with great respect, if she would please to order any thing for dinner.

Rosa was sufficiently experienced in travelling to know dinners were indispensable at inns. "Any thing, any thing," cried she—her cheeks again deluged with tears. The landlord stood before her—his eyes fixed on her face, with an expression which offended and surprised her.—Rosa was never wanting to herself when treated with unbecoming freedom: she arose, and, with an air of dignity, added, "Send in what you have got." The man withdrew, but his eyes remained fixed on her till the door closed.

This behaviour recalled our heroine's reflections to her own peculiar situation. It is true, she was now where, as it was the first scene of her early remembrance, might be called her native home; but if there were one place more destitute of every degree of comfort than another, this was precisely that place; and although she had in it neither property, connection, nor friends, she had al-
ready

ready been greeted with the usual concomitants of poverty,—insult and contempt.

She indeed carried every where, in her own placid mind, the olive-branch of peace ; and though no resting place could she find on the face of the earth, neither was there an ark for her to return to ; in the same degree of natural partiality with which she had cherished the remembrance of Penry, did her heart now recoil from the idea of remaining there in her present forlorn situation.

“ Some natural tears *she* drop’d, but wip’d them soon :

“ The world was all before *her*, where to choose

“ *Her* place of rest, and Providence *her* guide.”

She had now no resource but to return to London. Mrs. Feversham’s motives for preventing her from commencing her journey the day before, appeared doubly kind, when contrasted with her freezing reception at Dr. Croak’s ; and the attention of the servant, by her mistress’s order in the morning, was, in comparison of the experience of the last three hours, an astonishing effort of urbanity.

No other plan appearing so feasible, she determined to make herself known to Mrs. Feversham ; to lay before her, without reserve, the whole of her situation, to ask her recommendation either as governess in a family or assistant in a school, and to be an economist of the small remains of Lady Hopely’s twenty pounds, in order to maintain herself in the mean while, without pecuniary obligations. Scarce was this little arrangement formed, before the postillion appeared with the change, and the female waiter entered to lay the cloth.

No end to the disappointments of this luckless day : the postillion absolutely refused to carry her back even to the place from whence he brought her.

He had a right to his return, and would not give it up.

Rosa did not understand what he meant ; but, on being told, offered to pay him for the whole chaise, as a return.

No, he had already engaged as many returns as he could carry, and would take no more. The question then

then now, was not *where*, but *how*, to go?—for, although the improvements of Penry included, “Neat post-chaises to any part of Great-Britain,” Rosa’s mind’s eye was so intently fixed on the cruelty of Doctor Croak, she had passed all the new erections in the village, without seeing any thing, till the White Horse, the bench, and red-bricked parlour overwhelmed her with sorrowful recollections.

It was now some years since Sir Solomon Mushroom, lord of the manor of Penry, first begun to meditate the downfall of the Old White Horse, and having built a large house on a modern plan, he had since been privately endeavouring to deprive the ancient inn of its license; but as the ground landlord was to the full as proud and as obstinate as his worship, though not quite so rich, he found it more difficult than any man with so much money could have reasonably expected; so that the grand point gained by the removal of honest John Brown and his loquacious helpmate, Betty, he put Sam the waiter as his tenant under the lease into the old inn.

But though Sam had succeeded in supplanting his mistress in the house, having it no further in his power to oblige the lord of the manor, that great man took especial care his new inn should supplant him in the business, and that once commodious and long-established thatched inn, the White Horse, was now reduced to a mere ale-house—resorted to, on account of the fine home-brewed ale, for which it was still famous, only by a few of the old inhabitants, higlers* carts, and return-chaises.

This premised, it was impossible for our heroine to be accommodated with any sort of carriage from what she thought the only inn in Penry. The famous painted cart, formerly the visiting vehicle of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, stood dropping to pieces under a shed; the horse which drew it having been starved on the common in the depth of the last winter.

But the driver and Sam understood each other perfectly: the former gravely assured our heroine it would be impossible for her to get a conveyance that day; but, that the next morning, several stages would pass farmer Brill’s close about a quarter of a mile off, when she might

be

be sure of a cheap place ; and Sam as gravely assured her, she would be very well accommodated where she was till then ; to prove which, he called the maid to shew her the bed-chamber.

The idea of getting to London cheap, was the only thing that pleased Rosa in the assurance of either ; but as that was again becoming a very principal consideration, it in some measure reconciled her to the delay, and she followed her conductress to the bed-chamber.

Again were her feelings lacerated : it was the best chamber of poor Betty Brown : the white calico half-tetter bed ; the quilt, covered with the fine flowered frocks in which she had first dressed the little beggar ; some broken remains of Colonel Buhanun's fine china, stuck together with white paint, ranged on the chimney shelf ; over which was a coloured profile of poor John—his wife having, in all her trouble, taken care to remove one of her own, which she had proudly exhibited as its companion ; the chairs, the glass, the neat white table, all in the same order as if they had never been removed, again drew floods of tears from Rosa ; she could scarcely articulate her approbation of the room, and dismiss the maid. John's hard features—~~an~~ ! how insensible of the honour !—was pressed to her rosy lips, and to her beating heart ;—the well-remembered gaudy frocks watered with tears ; and her exquisite sensibility rendering air necessary, she opened the little woodbined casement.

But what an increase of emotion did the temporary relief occasion !

On the right, just out of the village, stood the house occupied by Colonel Buhanun ; a little further, the almost roofless barn from which she had been sent by her mother, a half-starved, ragged infant mendicant, to solicit his charity. On that path she had fallen ; to those steps she had clung ; under that roof she had been clothed, fed, and nourished by him who was no more—by him whose death left her exposed to all the miseries from which his charity relieved her.

From objects so dear and so interesting, the lofty turrets of Mushroom Place, the beautiful lawn, luxuriant shrubbery, and ample park in front, had no power to detain her flowing eyes ; but, on the left, embosomed in wood,

wood, and half seen over the tops of the houses, was Mount Pleasant ; and thither too did memory painfully wander.

So entirely absorbed were all her faculties in the retracing of former scenes, that Sam himself had twice announced the dinner, before she followed him to the parlour, where the postillion waited to give her the little parcel she had picked up in the gravel walk at Mount Pleasant, which she had totally forgotten.

The *honest* lad conceiving, by the weight and wrapper, that it contained very transferable property, had conscientiously opened it ; but finding only a large stone, which he had no means of changing to gold, he brought it to Rosa, and stood, hat in hand, waiting a gratuitous reward for his great honesty.

Rosa secretly reproaching herself for paying so little respect to a memento so kind, as she doubted not the wrapper contained, put half-a-crown into the finder's hand, and eagerly began to open the little parcel.

Now as half-a-crown was five times as much as the man expected, and thirty times as much as he thought the stone and its envelope worth ; and moreover, Rosa having given it with a certain air of generous good-will, such as he had long known how to turn to advantage, he very naturally began to grumble at the smallness of his reward, which, the more interest he observed in her countenance as she explored the contents, the more certain he grew, was very inadequate to the value of the service he had rendered. The man became not only more eloquent, but impertinent, before he gave the matter up ; but finding it impossible to obtain attention, he at length quitted the room, and, with a knowing wink, shewing the half-crown to Sam, set off on his return home.

After removing four envelopes, wrapped round a stone, Rosa discovered a billet, which, in a terrible scrawl, ran thus :—

“ *My dear, dear Miss Rosa Bubaun,*

“ Oh ! how I do love you, and oh ! how I do hate our cross governess, who won't let us speak to you ; but don't be angry—you bid me hate nobody—but she is always hating herself ;—and who do you think she hates ?—

hates?—why our dear governess Harley—only think how wicked! Charlotte and the two Reeves and I, do so long to hug you round the neck; but Mrs. Bagnal charged them to have nothing to say to you, and made them promise;—and we all know you never loved any body who tells fibs; but she did not think of me, though I am eight years old, and have learned to write ever so many weeks, and was your own dear friend's child;—and oh! how good she was to me; but we must never talk of her now—not so much as in our prayers; but I always whisper God Almighty to bless my dear Miss Elinor Bawsky,—that I do, and a fig for you know who'; but here Charlotte teases me to tell you, that one fine Sunday, as we were walking home from church, who should come up but a post-chaise and four, with a sweet pretty handsome young gentleman; and he got out and walked with governess, and asked all about you; and she was so frumpish and cross, she did nothing but scold, and said she knew nothing of you—though Charlotte longed to let him know you was at Scotland; then he wanted to leave his address, and she flounced away and would not take it; and he said, *Jemima Reeves* heard him say it, if you was above ground, he would find you;—then she ordered us all in, and bang'd the gate in his face. So, when Charlotte passed, she just said “Scotland,” but she don't think he heard, because she was afraid to speak loud; but *Jemima* heard him tell the driver to go to *Brown's*, at the *White Horse*, in the village, and that was more provoking than any thing, because we all knew poor *Mrs. Brown* was gone away;—and then, what do you think *Mrs. Bagnal* said? it was some shocking fellow come to steal the rich *Miss Lollypop*, our confectioner's daughter;—and Charlotte says he is a sweet-looking young man, the picture of our cousin *Henry*, of *Bengal*—and he is quite a beauty; and as to *Miss Lollypop*, she squints, and is crooked;—and Charlotte says it is impossible such a handsome young man would think of stealing her;—but you can't think how Charlotte hurries me; but I will send you a whole line of kisses—there

from *Jemima* and *Augusta Reeves*, *Charlotte* and your dear little friend,

“HENRIETTA NELSON.”

Tears now bedewed our heroine's cheek from a different source—grateful sensibility: she kissed the scarcely legible writing; but on a second perusal, Montreville, in all the charms of grace and eloquence, filled the whole of a mind from which, indeed, he was never absent: to him only surely could so innocent and animated a picture belong; and had he already traced—traced—alas! where did disguised hope carry her?—No, it could not be him—he was ignorant of the name she bore at Penry; nay, it was probable, he was equally a stranger to the place itself. Certainly of Mrs. Brown he could not have even heard; and, more than all, it was impossible in point of time it could be him—sighing at giving up an idea so flattering—who then could it be? Doctor Cameron, Lord Lowder's gentleman said, was come to London—was it him? or was it not more likely his Lordship himself? yet would these gentlemen be described by boarding-school girls as young and handsome, so like the beautiful cousin at Bengal?—certainly not;—but again, who then could it be? He ordered his carriage from Mount Pleasant to Brown's:—poor Brown was not at Penry; but was it not natural he should make inquiries there?

The bell was rung with trepidation; it was unnecessary—Sam, unobserved by her, stood at the back of her chair.

She hastily asked if he recollected at any time a gentleman calling there from Mount Pleasant to—

“To inquire about you, ma'am,” answered Sam, with that kind of significant earnestness that had before offended her.”

“Me! do you know me, Sir?”

“Know ye! do I know my own name! why Miss, I have carried you baskets of fruit a hundred times. My poor master, Brown, always gathered or bought the best of fruit to send to Mount Pleasant.”

“Poor Brown!”

“Ah, Miss! he was used very ill—our lord of the manor—well, I say nothing; but no man can have been worse used by him than myself—none, after what I did for him.”

“But the gentleman who called.”

“I know

"I know him too, Miss, as well as I do you: he has no more reason, I believe, to brag of our lord of the manor than other folks. Ah, Miss! there are strange stories about—but I say nothing—though murder will out."

"But the gentleman."

"As fine a young fellow as treads on shoe leather, Miss! I dare say he came home from India on purpose."

"India! India! did you say?" cried Rosa, rising in agitation, "who is he? where is he to be found?"

"Why, Miss, his name is Littleton—Mr. Horace Littleton, he used to be called, tho' some folks say he is by right a great lord; for my part, I say nothing; but if he is not a some body more than some folks gave out, why I should think he'd hardly offer to marry him to his niece; but I say nothing;—I am his tenant. In bad times a man can't always keep out of debt, and prisons are hard lines;—however, the young man would not *then*, as folks said—I say nothing—have any thing to do with the family; and he was right,—for what's *got* on the devil's back, you know, Miss——"

Rosa was kept silent during this oration, by a mixture of joy and surprise. Every letter she had received from Colonel Buhanun, mentioned this Mr. Littleton; he was classed with herself in the affectionate regard of that good man; and his name thus familiarized was dear to her heart and recollection. He must be worthy, would he else have been beloved by Colonel Buhanun! At last she heard of a being who would be interested in her welfare; at last she would find another honourable protector, one who perhaps closed the eye of her first benefactor, who heard his last wishes, who might even be charged with them to herself.

Had not Sam of himself ceased to *say nothing*, he might have completed the Mushroom family anecdotes without any sort of danger; but his pause renewed her impatience. "Where is Mr. Littleton?" she eagerly asked.

"Why, Miss," answered Sam, "to the best of my belief, he is at this moment at Mushroom Place, making up the match with Sir Solomon for his niece: she said

she'd have nobody else, and so 'tis to be a match—but I say nothing."

"At Mushroom Place!—can you carry a note from me to him directly?"

"Why no, Miss, I don't think I can do that; for, as Sir Solomon did really tell him as he knew nothing about you, he may not like it;—but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll send our Judith up to the Place—her brother is one of the footmen."

"Pen and ink directly," said Rosa.

"Provided you mention no names," said Sam.

Rosa agreed; and immediately scratched out a short note, which the landlord approving, Judith was sent to Mushroom Place, with order to give it her brother, to deliver to—and Sam winked at Rosa—"my lady Miss Mushroom's, humble servant—

"*To Mr. Littleton,*" said Rosa, with emphasis, and away tripped Judith.

The dinner was untouched—Rosa's mind was in tumults—it was scarce possible for Judith to have reached the place before she anxiously expected her back. A Japan clock, which ticked behind the door, pointed to the passing time;—an hour dragged heavily on, and yet Judith came not.

Wearied with impatience and conjecture, yet unable to detach a single idea from Mr. Littleton, she ascended to the little chamber, opened the woodbined casement, and fixed her eyes on the avenue to the Place. At length, to her infinite joy, she saw Judith returning, and with her a smart livery servant. She ran down to receive the answer to her billet—it was verbal. The servant delivered it with a curious earnestness—"the gentleman begged to see her at Mount Pleasant, and sent him to conduct her thither."

CHAP. XXI.

What befel the Beggar at Mount Pleasant, and shewing the Wisdom, if not the Politeness of the old Adage, "look before you leap."

HAD Rosa's curiosity been tempered with discretion; had her joy been meliorated by prudence; that is in short to say, had she been a few degrees less impetuous, and a few years older, she would, in the first place, have recollected, that Miss Mushroom had, at least, one admirer, or, as Sam termed it, an humble servant, besides Mr. Littleton; and, in the next, she would have considered, that more was due to her sex and situation, than a vague, unceremonious invitation to the house of a person, to whom she had so well-grounded a dislike.

But the damsel was in alt; she trod on air; and, unconscious of the admiration her graceful mein excited from every eye at the inn, as, followed by the servant, she crossed the road, in her way to Mushroom-place, oh, how light were her steps! how more than light her heart!

Anticipating a meeting with some one in the creation, to whom her existence were, on disinterested motives, of importance, she even fancied she should know the person of Mr. Littleton. She had teased Sam, during Judith's absence, out of so many descriptions of his person and countenance, that her fancy, always sanguine, portrayed his very features. She reached the Place, and was admitted into the great hall, in a delirium of expectance, which happily prevented her feeling the indelicacy of her situation, or being surprised at the want of etiquette, with which her *entrée* was observed by the servants.

Every thing about this superb dwelling seemed to prove, that the Mushroom family, like that of Tobosa la Mancha, though modern in itself, would be sufficient to give a noble beginning to the most illustrious progenies of succeeding ages.

The whole house had been beautified and new furnished, since our heroine was in it before; the ancient

marble pavement and pillars were indeed the same, in the grand hall, but the latter were ornamented and gilt; the ceiling and stair-case painted by Kauffman; and several niches, made for that purpose, filled with statues, lately imported, at an immense expence, from Italy, of the highest reputation for symmetry and workmanship.

Occupied as Rosa's fancy now was, the grandeur and elegance of the scene surprized even her; nor could she fail to recall the times, when, in that spot, less adorned indeed, she had often been received, caressed, and, apparently, beloved: sickening, as with the scenes of juvenile friendship, she recollected the narrowness of soul, which a short time so completely matured, in her early companions; moralising on that chance that had cast her, a beggar, under the very walls, where she was afterwards received as an honoured guest, and again brought her, unknown, unexpected, and, to the owners, unwelcome, under the same roof; she felt not the humiliation of waiting unnoticed for admittance, in a grand hall which afforded not a single seat.

After some time the folding doors of the eating room were thrown open; she heard a loud burst of laughter, and was desired to come forward.

It was in this moment, that a flash of something in the shape of doubt, which imagination could not define, in one moment subdued the fortitude hope had inspired, and she shrunk back confounded and irresolute.

The servant still invited her approach; the doors were wide open; all within were silent.—She took her heart to task—what! whom had she to fear? Was she not waiting to see the adopted friend of her benefactor! her own friend!—Her confidence returned; yet she trembled, and scarce knowing how found herself in a large room, near a table covered with decanters, of different sorts of wine, goblets, glasses, and gilt stands with fruit.

Some persons, who had the appearance of gentlemen, that is to say, as far as depended on their taylor and valets; and some others, who had less of that appearance than those taylor, or those valets, were seated round in high convivial glee.

Rosa

Rosa raised her modest eyes, and happened to fix them on an handsome sun-burnt face, which she instantly fancied was Mr. Littleton; the gentleman, struck with the beauty of her countenance, as well as her particular notice of him, arose, reached a chair, and then returned to his seat.

As, supposing she was right in her conjectures, that this was Mr. Littleton, considering the solicitude he had expressed to find her, this was a strange mode of receiving her; she changed colour, and her confusion became torture, when a second loud burst of laughter convinced her she was the object of their amusement.

Afraid of she knew not what, she cast a fearful glance half round, and was almost petrified by the broad stare of the Earl of Lowder.

But, before we proceed, we must, in due respect to the rank and quality of the guests then and there assembled, introduce them to the reader:

At the right of a chair, vacated, after the third bottle, by the founder of the feast, on account of a nervous habit encreasing on his constitution, sat the Right Honourable the Earl of Gauntlet; on the left, the Earl of Denningcourt, looking, as usual, neither at the table, the company, the wine, the fruit, nor the lady; but as his eyes were certainly open, at something it is presumed in the air, superior to either; next him, Lord Delworth, whom our heroine mistook for Mr. Littleton, but who was, in fact, a much greater personage, being son and heir to the Earl of Gauntlet.

On the opposite side, next the said Earl, sat another right noble Earl, my Lord of Lowder, whose Buck-horse face remained fixed exactly opposite that of our affrighted heroine.

There were also Major Montreville, second son to the Earl of Gauntlet, a very young man for so old a commission, who, besides the colour of his regimentals, had nothing of the officer about him, except the immorality too often attached to the character; a Colonel Richly, an intimate associate of the last mentioned gentleman; Sir Jacob Lydear, the Yorkshire Orson; and the Rev. Mr. Jolter, a person, who, however liberal of all sorts of

expletives in his general conversation, "never mentions hell to ears polite."

To account for the meeting of so many noble personages of our acquaintance, with so many to whom we are strangers, at this time, under Sir Solomon Mulhroom's magnificent roof, the reader must understand, that the bond of amity, between him and his always steady friend, Lord Gauntlet, so far from yielding to what conquers all things, "Time," was at this period drawing closer than ever. It was by his Lordship's interest the blood of the Mulhrooms was grafted into one noble stock; and it was by his management, it had now some tolerable chance of a second advancement of the same kind.

It had indeed, some three years back, been Sir Solomon's grand plan, to give his eldest niece, and her eighty thousand pounds, to the heir of his noble friend; but though the Earl was ice on the business, as far as respected his own alliance, he was indefatigable in promoting the ladies' interest in the families of Lowder and Denningcourt. The latter treaty had, indeed, proceeded with great deliberation; perhaps, from the predilection of the lady, in favour of her first choice Mr. Littleton; perhaps, from some similar cause on the part of the young lord; but, at present, whether the gentleman's having neglected the lady, or the lady having neglected the lord, or whatever other cause, the treaty had been protracted, certain it is, matters were now so much *en train*, that this family party was actually considered as preparatory to the final arrangement; and it is as extraordinary as true, that though the common friend of both parties, the Earl of Gauntlet affected to rejoice in the success of an event of his own planning, he had now nothing so much at heart as breaking off the treaty entirely, and bringing about the very match he had formerly declined with outward civility and inward contempt, with his son; but it was now his dear friend's turn to be ice on the business.

The village people had spoken, with more truth than respect, of some secret motives for the offer Sir Solomon certainly made, of his niece and her eighty thousand pounds, to a boy bred up on his *charity*—it was a recent affair;

affair; and, as refusing a fine woman with so large a fortune, would, in many people's opinion, be an act of insanity, no wonder it was disbelieved among the villagers; or that, as Miss was known to be desperately in love, the family coming to Penry, ostensibly to receive the destined husband, and settle preliminaries, the error of landlord Sam was a general one in the neighbourhood.

Rosa's note being ordered by Sam to be given to Miss Mushroom's humble servant, a footman laid it on a silver waiter and carried it to Lord Denningcourt.

His lordship, with apparent difficulty, exerted himself so far as to lay down his toothpick, let fall his handkerchief, and open the note.—The lassitude of manner and insipidity of look, which cast a disgusting shade over his fine features and person, evaporated for one moment, during the perusal, but returned the next; he yawned, threw down the note, resumed the toothpick, and appeared to have totally forgot the whole transaction, till the servant, in an humble whisper, asked if there was any answer.

"Answer!" repeated his lordship, "to what?"

"The note, my lord."

"Oh the note! true—I protest I had forgot; my compliments to the lady, I am engaged."—Then putting the note into his pocket, he relapsed into silence and insipidity.

"The lady!" repeated Lord Delworth—"come I'll bet a *rouleau* the note is *not* from a lady."

"I won't win your money, Delworth," replied Lord Denningcourt, "because I believe you can use it to more advantage; but there is the note, and you may both read, and answer it, if you please."

"*You have* answered it," said Lord Gauntlet, gravely. "Surely, Lord Denningcourt, this is not a proper place for—"

"'Tis a place, Lord Gauntlet, I take it, for any thing I chuse to do; every place I am in must be so to me."

"Come, come, no posing—read," vociferated the major.

"Ay, read, read," cried his echo, the colonel.

Lord Delworth desired his brother would be clerk.

The major had taken too much wine ; he turned it over to the colonel.

The colonel would bet odds, the major could not read three words without spelling.

The major would take any odds, the colonel could not spell at all.—The colonel retorted—the major replied—repartee, and we wish we could add wit, was the rage of the moment.

Parson Jolter was snoring. From cutting up each other, the two bucks began quizzing the parson ; while Rosa, telling the tardy moments, waited an answer ; and the note would have remained to be cleared away with the glasses, had not Sir Jacob Lydear, having first assured the company, he had larned of Parson Joulter to read all sorts of riten hand, offered himself for clerk on this important occasion, and Lord Denningcourt, looking rather doubting, he instantly arose, and proved his assertions, by reading in a clerk-like tone and audible voice,

THE NOTE.

“ The person you were so good as to take the trouble to enquire after, at Mount Pleasant, is extremely anxious to have the pleasure of seeing you ; hearing you are at Mushroom-place, and being ignorant of your address, she hazards this note, to inform you, she is at the inn. The anxious wish to hear of our dear lamented friend must apologize for this trouble.

R. B.”

The table was in a roar of applause.

“ Vastly well, Jacob, and very clerk-like,” said Lord Lowder.

“ But who is this R. B. ?” asked Lord Gauntlet, gravely.

Lord Denningcourt had his flash of sensibility ; he coloured ; but relapsing into inanity, “ have you a wish to see her ?” said he.

Oh, see her, see her, by all means—even the quizzers voted for ocular demonstration.

“ Very

"Very well,"—then speaking to the servant, "my compliments, request the honour of the lady's company here."

"On this ridiculous message then, was Rosa unguardedly involved in the most cruel embarrassment ; and the mistake was productive of all the effects of the most brilliant joke, as it amused half a dozen men of fashion, and put a modest woman out of countenance. Having explained thus far, we return to Rosa, who, transfixed by the gorgon, which was so near turning her to stone, could not speak, and scarcely breathed.

Lord Lowder immediately recognized the face he so much admired, and on which he had so great a bet, which two days would determine ; and rejoiced at an accident, which, after all his unsuccessful enquiries, thus unexpectedly gave him a chance of not only possessing her, but even winning his bet with Lord Aaron Horse-magog. The triumphant earnestness of his gaze, changed the most beautiful work of animated nature into the appearance of marble. Lord Denningcourt, who affected to look at nothing, also recollected her, and was the first to observe both cause and effect ; he rose with alacrity to assist her : But there was another person in company, more interested than Lord Lowder, more agile than Lord Denningcourt, who, with trembling limbs and beating heart, prevented "the prattiest lass in the world" from falling.

"The sectaries of pleasure are not *all* quite so bad as they are willing to make themselves appear:" The gentlemen had enjoyed the joke, but they were also all, not excepting the quizzing captain, now concerned. The bells were rung ; the alarm given ; and the Ladies, Lowder and Gauntlet, with the Earl Gauntlet's two daughters, and Miss Mushroom, broke up their little party, of guinea *vingt-une*, to see what was the matter.

Miss Mushroom, though surprised to see Rosa at Mushroom-place, was in some measure prepared by her sister, to observe and envy the rapid improvements of her person, and, agreeable to the family politics, did not appear to have the least knowledge of her : It indeed, in a few minutes, became a horrid offence to this knot of virtuous and fashionable ladies, to suffer such a creature to receive

the least assistance in their presence, or even to breathe the same atmosphere with them: as for poor Lady Lowder, she no sooner beheld the lifeless form of our heroine, in the arms of Sir Jacob Lydear, and not only Lord Lowder, but all the gentlemen, anxious to restore her, than she fell into such a passion of grief, and bemoaned her wretched fate, with such pathetic sorrow, that it was impossible to mistake the source of her uneasiness.

Lord Denningcourt, who was of all lords the most inexplicable, resumed his seat on the entrance of the ladies, appearing to listen to Lady Lowder's complaints, while his eyes were fixed on her lord.

The ladies now understanding that Rosa was a vile creature, of whom Lord Lowder was fond, abandoned all concern for her, and attended only to the injured Lady Lowder, whom they would have prevailed on to quit the room; and even my lord, who had some secret reasons for chusing to keep terms with his rich father-in-law, attempted to sooth and pacify her, without effect; as the creature, she declared, would be her death; and when Sir Jacob Lydear, observing every body offering assistance, where it was not wanted, and refusing it where nature and humanity ought to enforce it, fairly carried Rosa out of the house, she fell into down right fits, shrieking, sobbing, and beating herself, in a manner that convinced some part of the company, she was not only the most injured, but the most fond of women.

Sir Solomon Mushroom, roused from his afternoon's nap, by the disorder in his family, now made his *entrée*, and adapted the most summary method of restoring order: he carried his daughter himself to her room; directed it to be darkened, and a doctor sent for to let her blood; then calmly returned to the company, who, Lady Lowder and Rosa being now both absent, laughed at the one, and despised the other.

Lord Lowder, fearing to lose sight of his prey, affected to take offence at his lady's *unjust* suspicion; declared his intention to return to town, and ordered his gentleman to prepare accordingly, in spite of the remonstrance and entreaties of both his father-in-law, and his good friend Lord Gauntlet.

In the mean while, Sir Jacob Lydear did not find the domestics of Mushroom-place, such absolute adamant out of the noble presence as in it; he got assistance for Rosa, and soon had the real pleasure to see her revive. The first objects that met her eyes, which was himself, had nearly closed them again.

"Oh where, where am I?" she cried, covering her face with her hand.

Sir Jacob was every way rapidly improving, under the tutelage of his fair relation, the Countess of Lowder, whom, as she had taken infinite pains to cure him of his low attachment to Rosa, he had gratefully accompanied first to Scarborough, and then to London.

Sir Jacob Lydear's was an open, ingenuous heart; had his faculties been properly cultivated, when every lesson has its moral, he might have been an ornament to society; but it was his peculiar misfortune to have the veil of ignorance withdrawn by the hand of dissipation: his passions were strong; but that he felt for Rosa was now meliorated into a tender respect, mixed with melancholy regret, and he could not persecute a being who so evidently stood in need of protection; he therefore paid one of the maids handsomely for attending her to the inn, and waited at a distance till he saw her enter; when, totally ignorant of all that was passing in his absence, he returned to the company, convinced in his own mind, notwithstanding Lord Denningcourt carried it off so well, that he was our heroine's sweetheart; and much he wondered how it was possible for any man to forsake so sweet a lass, for all the riches in the world, which he supposed to be the cause of Rosa's letter and fit.

Rosa was in the mean while, in the utmost terror and trepidation: she understood from the maid-servant, that Mr. Littleton was not at the Place; and concluded some mistake had occurred in the delivery of her note: but the unaccountable and fatal chance that again exposed her to the insults of the two men in the world, who were equally the objects of her fear and hatred, confounded her.

The landlord, Sam, was equally confounded; and, as notwithstanding his admirable faculty of *saying nothing,*

thing, he stood in great awe of the lord of the manor, he considered it as an highly important point to rid his house of a person so disagreeable at the Place; he recanted the two assertions made, one by himself, the other by the postillion: first, he had no accommodations for the night; second, he could procure a chaise to carry Miss to London.

Rosa had lately proved, that with all her wit and sentiment, she was a little deficient in common sense; but Sam's manœuvre was too palpable even for her; and though had he not been so eager for her departure, she might have doubted the security of his little house, against the purse and power of so great a man as Lord Lowder, or so headstrong a one as the baronet, yet she now resolved to continue where she was, at least till day-light the next morning; and observing in Sam's face an expression of determined insolence, she quietly retired to the room where her portmanteau was left, and of which indeed she had taken possession; and having locked the door, seated herself by the woodbined casement, resolved not to undress, but to wait till she had the protection of broad day, and then take a guide to the great turnpike road, in hope of those conveniencies so positively spoken of by the landlord.

She had no candle; and but for the friendly light of the moon, rising in majestic splendour over the turrets of Mushroom-place, must have ruminated on her hapless condition in total darkness, except, indeed, the lights reflecting from the windows of Mushroom-place.

In this situation, she had remained an hour, when she was terrified at the sound of a voice, which had made too strong an impression on her memory, to be easily forgotten: it was that of Lord Lowder's gentleman, just under the window.

With trembling hands she gently opened a little of the casement, and put her ear close to it; but though she could now have seen as well as heard the agreeable personage; after the first salutation of landlord Sam, the conversation dwindled into a sort of growl, between the common organ of speech and a hoarse whisper.

A thousand terrific forebodings now assailed our poor Beggar: with great difficulty she dragged the bedstead
against

against the door, and placed on it all the chairs, the little table, and whatever else she could find, to add to her security; having done this, she returned to the casement.

The men were gone; the house not being overthronged by customers; was silent; and thus, sometimes sinking with terror, and sometimes weeping in fond regret over the scenes to which the objects, on which the moon's brightest rays reflected, were attached, Rosa remained till the church clock struck ten; soon after which a bustle, first in the house, then on the stairs, and last a smart rap at the door, nearly deprived her of power to respire.

Firmly resolved to continue within the baricades she had employed herself in making, and in case of their being forced, to alarm the village with her shrieks, she continued silent, trembling and gasping for breath.

The rap was repeated yet more smartly; and Rosa would have demanded the business of the disturber, had she been able to articulate one syllable, but the effort died on her lips, and a third and louder rap almost deprived her of sense.

"You must be mistaken, friend," said a female voice, in which harmony, sweetness, and interest were blended.

Rosa started up; her cheeks flushed; her respiration became free; energy returned to her mind, and power to her faculties. It was a woman; one of her own gentle sex. Some of those whom she knew, were indeed, imperfect models of what they ought to be; but others, oh, how above praise were they! Mrs. Buchanan, Lady Lowder, Mrs. Bawsky, and even Mrs. Feversham, had minds with whom her's could never assimilate, and from whom the soul of unreserved confidence recoiled; but as the possibility that a bad intriguing man would, in any case, be abetted in his impure designs on an innocent woman, by one of her *own sex*, could not occur to her, either from her own feeling, or experience, and as, among those few vitiated characters which were sometimes introduced as warnings in the books she had read, the colourings were evidently heightened, the more strongly to mark the contrast of opposite virtues, classing them with the all-perfect heroines, she had

had set the two extremes down for "monsters the world never saw," she therefore hastened to remove her fortifications, and on opening the door, was struck with pleasing astonishment, at sight of a female, in whom every charm of grace, beauty, and elegance, were combined; and in whose fascinating countenance, there was an expression of candour and sweetness it was impossible to resist.

Surprise and joy at hearing this lady speak, had raised a glow on Rosa's cheeks; but the anxiety, inquietude, and terror, left too strong traces on her countenance, to escape the observation of the elegant stranger, whose looks also expressed her surprise at the disorder of the furniture. She took Rosa's hand, and with a most prepossessing air of frankness, apologized for her late visit; then looking round, added, "but what! in the name of heaven! have you been at here?"

What a moment was this for our poor Beggar; it was all astonishment, pleasure and gratitude.—She was addressed with kindness by a being of a superior order, of her own sex, whose every accent invited confidence, and whose looks at the same time, more eloquent than language, spoke volumes of the goodness of her heart. Rosa could not speak; the colour on her cheek varied from red to pale, and from pale to red: she pressed the soft white hand which was so condescendingly extended to hers, to her lips and heart, and staggered breathless to a chair.

The lady having again cast her lovely eyes round the apartment, smiled; "Come," said she, "don't alarm yourself; I see how it is; you are afraid of that ugly Lord Lowdier, and I am not surprised at it; your friend is of a very different description."

"My friend! thought Rosa, deeply blushing—my friend! has this lady then the power as well as the form of a supernatural being?—does she know him to whom at least I am a friend?"

The lady was all observation as well as goodness; she saw the blush without appearing to see it, and seating herself beside the trembling Rosa, accounted for what she was pleased to call her intrusion, by declaring she was extremely affected at the state in which she had seen her

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at Mushroom-place ; and though she perceived the family prejudice, which indeed appeared to her very absurd, as a visitor there, she could not, with any regard to common decency, interfere, yet she would assuredly have made some enquiries after her, even had she not been happy to oblige Lord Denningcourt.

Rosa's delight, as the harmonious accents thrilled on her ear, and as encouraged by the condescension of the lady, she gazed on her bewitching countenance, was now a little mixed with surprise. " Lord Denningcourt !" she repeated.

A momentary surprise also passed over the face, which time had not power to rob of a single grace, but it did not break in on the suavity of her manner, nor the harmony of her periods. She proceeded to say, that his lordship was no less concerned for the mistake which had been the means of distressing her, than disgusted at the unfeeling disposition of his intended bride ; but here she corrected herself—she had perhaps touched on a tender subject ; perhaps Lord Denningcourt's engagement, were better not mentioned—and she fixed her fine dark eyes on our heroine.

Rosa's tranquil brow gave no information of what the lady at that moment suspected was passing in her heart : she was more occupied with grateful pleasure, than any curiosity respecting Lord Denningcourt or his engagements ; that nobleman's happy faculty of *forgetting* had fixed him in her idea, as a very insignificant character, at the same time that, not joining exactly in Mrs. Feverham's opinion as to the meaning of his note, she gave him credit for his good intentions.

The beautiful lady continued to state, that his lordship, having been informed, through his valet, that lady Lowder's jealousy was not entirely ungrounded, as far as respected her lord's designs, and being, as no doubt she knew, interested in her safety—

Again the radiant eye-beam rested on Rosa's face ; but had it pierced the utmost recess of her soul, there was no discovery to make.

After a short pause she proceeded :—His lordship had entreated her, in whose friendship and regard he had reason to confide—here the beautiful lady seemed a little

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at a loss, and had not the rouge on her cheeks concealed "all seasons and their change," a blush might probably have been seen; but in a moment recovering both the suavity and ease of manner, which so charmed our Beggar, again she proceeded.—Lord Denningcourt had indeed but echoed her own sentiments, in wishing to protect her from insult, which, on account of some bet she did not clearly comprehend, might possibly be offered her.

Now then it was, that for the first time, the name of Denningcourt raised an agreeable sensation in Rosa's mind. She was apprized of the, possibly principal, inducement Lord Lowder had to pursue her; and the means taken by Lord Denningcourt to prove himself her friend, by recommending her to the protection of an amiable and accomplished woman, was so delicate, so gentle, manlike, and so noble, that she spoke her sentiments and opinion of it with an energy and freedom, that no less surprised than pleased the beautiful lady.

With respect to Lady Lowder, Rosa said, she neither respected her character, nor regretted that ill opinion which her jealousy or her prejudice evinced; and her lord was not more disgusting in principle than in manner; he was, in her opinion, so contemptible a being, that the vanity of the most vain must be humbled by his notice; and a stranger, as from her humble rank in life she was, to people in an elevated sphere, she rejoiced to find a Lord Lowder contrasted by a Lord Denningcourt.

The beautiful lady's eyes only spoke approbation of her spirit and manner, while she asked, with the most insinuating sweetness, if she had been long acquainted with Lord Denningcourt.

Rosa answered, not only truly but circumstantially, and observed with extreme pleasure, that her simple detail of the adventure in Holborn, the interview at Mrs. Feverham's, and the note which she produced, evidently pleased and entertained the charming auditor, who apologizing for what was meant to serve her, though it might bear the odious mark of impertinent curiosity, asked the explanation of an enigma, that always conveyed an indirect censure, which was, her assuming different

ferent names ; as it appeared the family at Mushroom-place, as well as Lord Lowder, knew her by that of Buhanun, while Lord Denningcourt understood from Mrs. Feverham, she announced herself by that of Walsingham.

Rosa's countenance fell under the beautiful lady's eye-beam at this question ; but it has been before observed, nothing but love ever lessened her own self-respect,—that high, that all-consoling respect which conscious rectitude only can inspire, independent of local circumstances, supported her ; and she answered, without the smallest hesitation, that the explanation the beautiful lady asked, was so involved in the events of her humble life, she could not give the one without reciting the other.

“ You charm me,” replied the lady ; “ your countenance is the most ingenuous, and your manners are the most frank I have ever met ; you really are an exquisite girl ; no event of your life, however humble, can lessen the interest I shall take in all your affairs.”

Rosa feared, however important they were to herself, the incidents and misfortunes of her life were too insignificant to amuse ; but under so strange and suspicious an appearance as the change of name gave her, she was ready to avail herself of the lady's permission, and enter into the explanation she desired.—A servant had brought lights, and partly arranged the furniture, and the lady drew her chair near the little casement.

“ I protest,” said she, “ this scene is quite romantic ; how beautifully the moon rises beyond the house of that over-grown knight, and what a solemn grandeur it sheds over the surrounding trees ; come, suppose yourself a distressed damsel, as indeed you are, pursued by that horrid enchanter, Lord Lowder, relating your adventures to——”

“ To some charitable and virtuous princess,” interrupted Rosa, in the same tone of raillery.

“ Yes,” replied the lady ; “ and depend on it, I will either commission some of my knights to drive the enchanter from you, or take you from the enchanter : but begin, that I may determine which.”

Rosa then gave a concise outline of her story to the time of her quitting Lady Lydear's house, and as much
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of Sir Jacob Lydear's behaviour as could be hinted at without naming the Montrevilles; her meeting with her mother; and a tender hint of those propensities which prevented her remaining with, or even making herself known to that unhappy woman; and lastly, her disappointments, distress, and accident, since she arrived in the metropolis.

The interesting regards of the beautiful lady's countenance, were invariably fixed on Rosa, during the recital of her truly humble story; and when it was concluded, she exclaimed, with vivacity, "So then, both your names are fictitious; well, my pretty mendicant, I almost envy, I certainly admire, and were it possible in nature for one pretty woman to love another, (you see if I have more vanity, I do not affect less frankness than yourself) I should love you. Your own particular fate is rather extraordinary, but those you have been connected with, are all common characters: it is your ignorance of the world that exaggerates both the virtues and vices of the narrow sphere where your little adventures happened. Sir Solomon Mushroom is a rich man with a fordid mind—nothing is more common: Colonel Buhannun had, I dare say, been guilty of a thousand enormities, for which he meant to atone in the old way, charity: Mrs. Harley was a good old fashioned abecedarian, without passions or temptation to step out of the beaten track of her grand-mother: the Major a true Scotsman, pice at calculations, who proved by the golden rule, that it would be œconomy to carry his daughters a model, whom he could pay in a coin more comeatable than money—superlative benevolence:—Mrs. Buhannun was just such a young wife, to an old man, as one meets in all parties, and she has acted as these sort of poor things always do act: Mrs. Walsingham was a prudish enthusiast, who left the world in a rage, because she could not have her own way in it,—I have known an hundred such: Lady Lowder is only one, among crowds of envious simpletons, who have every disposition but power to be a petty tyrant: Lord Lowder, a man of the world, is at an early age a veteran in those absurdities, in which the innumerable Sir Jacob Lydears are only novices: Mrs. Feversham is a toad-eater,—women of fashion, when out
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of spirits, which often happens, have half a dozen such, merely to vent their spleen on before they are seen by their friends: Lord Denningcourt indeed is not quite so ordinary a character—he has the finest eyes in the world, good teeth, a noble demeanour, and his figure—in short, he towers above his sex, but still he has his peers;—and as to me, tell me frankly, how would you describe me?”

Rosa would not, she replied, dispute any point with so elegant and able a casuist; if the virtues, so dear and acceptable to her heart, were indeed so common, what an enchanting world was that the lady was so well acquainted with, where even the vices, if general, would be repelled with the more facility; “But you, madam,” she added—“no—it is impossible—you cannot be a common character—I dare not hope it; *you have not*, I at least have never seen *your* peer.”

“Well, with all your inexperience, you are an agreeable flatterer; and as Lord Denningcourt interests himself in your affairs, and as I have really an inclination to be his double, speak freely—how can I serve you? but before you answer, understand I am Countess of Gauntlet.”

Rosa would instantly have risen, both in respect to the high rank of the lady, and that countenance, which, in her present situation, was an acquisition of the greatest importance; but the Countess, with the most winning affability, commanded her to remain in her place, and again asked how she could be of service to her.

Rosa was obliged to pause—tears of joy gushed from her eyes. What! in the moment when hope itself was expiring, was she again rescued from despair—had she met in a second Countess, the angel of peace! and was she indeed, by the very means which oppressed her with terror, bid to ask favour from one whose high rank, but more, whose irresistible suavity of manner, nothing could withstand!

As these reflections passed in her mind, and as she gazed in speechless gratitude on that assemblage of expressive beauty which, with a thousand smiles dimpling round the prettiest mouth in the world, waited her answer, she could scarce refrain from prostration—so divine,
so

so ineffably good, did the terrestrial angel appear; and when again urged to speak, she actually did drop, kneeling at her feet.

The beautiful Countess laughed out, and condescended to hand her again to her chair; where, after some struggles between gratitude and sensibility, Rosa, after modestly enumerating the talents and abilities she had acquired, hoped her ladyship would allow that, with a perfecting disposition, industry, and application, they would qualify her for the place of governess in a genteel family.

The lady promised her interest; but, in the mean time, she added, Lord Denningcourt wished her safe out of the power of Lord Lowder—how was that to be accomplished?

And was Lord Denningcourt so good! oh! what gratitude was his due—how should she thank him! This, Lady Gauntlet also took on herself; and, after weighing the subject very maturely, she was of opinion, that under the sanction of her recommendation, to the people of the house, Rosa could be no where more free from insult than where she now was for that night; nor would any mode of travelling be more secure, and more free from danger and observation, than the stage: on the outside of which, between Lord Denningcourt and her ladyship, they would contrive to place a guard, on whose fidelity they might depend, who would also conduct Rosa to Mrs. Le Croix, the best creature in the world, with whom she might remain till Lady Gauntlet returned to town.

Nothing Rosa thought could be more wise, more delicate, or more cautious than this whole plan; she kissed the hand of her good genius with an energy of gratitude more eloquent than words, and heard her, with true thankfulness at parting, recommend her in the strongest terms to the care of landlord Sam, who, following her ladyship with bows and scrapes to the park gate, promised a hair of the young lady's head should not be hurt; and the instant he returned, waited on Rosa to know if she would not please to want something for supper.

But, though the commands of a *ladyship* were too absolute for him to dispute, Sam had such a secret misgiving

ing about the displeasure of the lord of the manor, that he heard with infinite pleasure, that the next morning at eight, his cares on that subject would end, by her departure. To facilitate this desirable event, he was up himself before sun rise, and summoned her an hour at least before it was necessary; when the breakfast was provided; for as he observed she eat neither dinner nor supper, it was, he said, to be hoped she had the better appetite for his good tea and nice toast; and, moreover, he would walk with her himself to farmer Brill's close, and see her safe in the stage.

For the fears and misgivings which suggested such extraordinary zeal and caution, Sam had a motive more gigantic than any thing that appertained to Rosa.

An incident of a still more perplexing nature had occurred in the arrival of a stranger, as unwelcome as unexpected, at Penry while Rosa was at Mushroom Place, whither the stranger had also gone, and, as if brought to the village on the same errand, had also visited Dr. Croak, and, finally, been turned out of the White Horse by the secret order of Sir Solomon Mushroom, whose ire, being excited by this second impertinence, was denounced against the, in this respect, innocent landlord.

Rosa having paid her bills, that is to say, for dinner, tea, and supper, which she did *not*, and for the breakfast she did eat, rose to depart. Sam took her portmanteau, and again she passed the memorable bench at the door, where John and Shakespeare, with the addition of a decent potation of fine amber, had beguiled many a long summer day; but started back, as if a reptile had crossed her path, at sight of Lord Lowder's *gentleman*; but a stout groom, in the Gauntlet livery, passing at the same moment, telling another footman in a different livery, he was going outside the stage, by order of the Countess, to town, was such an indubitable earnest of the lady's protection, that her courage returned; she passed on—every hat taken off, and every knee bent, to the graceful figure, who was little suspected to be the Beggar, of whom every body in the village had heard.

They crossed the close, and approaching a stile next the road, observed a shabby-looking man sitting with his back towards them, with a book in his hand, and an
oaken

oaken stick on his shoulder, run through the knot of a bundle tied up in a silk handkerchief.

Landlord Sam started back—Rosa involuntarily did the same; and the groom, who kept their pace, followed their example.

“Cot so, Miss,” cried Sam, “I beg your pardon; yonder is the style, where you will see the stages pass; but (laying down the portmanteau) I have left my keys in the bar, and must run back this moment.”

Rosa had no time to express her amazement before he was out of sight, and before the groom, respectfully taking off his hat, took up the portmanteau, and offered to carry it. Rosa thanked him; and a stage in that moment happening to be approaching, they hastened to meet it, and saw the mean-looking, way-faring man, as he appeared, get into the coach.

The groom, who got first to the style, hinted, that such a fellow was by no means a companion for the young lady, whose trunk he delivered, and had half persuaded the coachman to oblige him to ride on the out-side, when Rosa joined them, and no sooner saw that the poor man had a wooden leg, and concluded, by the yellow emaciated hand which rested on the door, while his face was turned towards the village, that he was in weak health, than she put an end to the nearly concluded oration, and seated herself in the coach with as much caution as if the finest and most delicate invalid lady had been her companion.

The door was closed, the groom mounted the coach-box; and thus, with bettered prospects, renovated hope, and a heart painfully divided between regret at for ever leaving what she considered as her native village, and anxious anticipation of her future destiny, Rosa was once more on her road to the metropolis.

C H A P. XXII.

History of a Wooden Leg.

THE morning was fine, and though the roads were strewn with autumnal leaves, the bosom of grateful nature seemed to expand, in all the vernal sweets of the departed season, to receive the warm rays of a bright sun, shining from a cloudless sky.

Rosa having placed herself in the position which she thought most accommodating to her fellow-traveller, had now, from a curve in the road, the full view of Mushroom Place, which "*the rich man, with a sordid soul,*" had crowded with guests who despised every thing about him but his wealth. She counted eleven men sweeping and rolling the fine lawn after the sheep, which were constantly turned in for the night, in order to preserve the verdure; recollecting the magnificence of the internal of the house, and observing the beauty of the grounds and the surrounding landscape, she softly repeated,

" Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;
 " Health to himself, and to his infants tread
 " The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,
 " His charitable vanity supplies."

Scarce had she finished, when, from a voice half broken with sighs, tremulous from weakness, yet hoarse from excess of feeling, she heard,

" Time hath a wallet at his back,
 " Wherein he puts alms for oblivion—
 " A great sized monster of ingratitude,
 " Whose scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
 " As fast as they are made, forgotten as soon as done."

and saw the right arm in full swing, the humid eye, sunk with sickness and dejection, the pallid, yet well-remembered face of her early friend, honest John Brown. Surprise rendered her speechless: she continued to gaze on him with an eagerness of affection, which

was

was connected with a lively and painful remembrance of past scenes, while the back of his right hand was not drawn lightly across his eyes, to hide the tear which often, as he once thought, disgraced his manhood, but pressed against his cheek to receive the copious distillation of sorrow.

"Mr. Brown! is it Mr. Brown! is it possible!" said Rosa, unable to articulate another syllable.

Mr. Brown no longer wore the smart cocked hat and stiff cockade, which formerly in martial pride, was placed on one side his neat, well-powdered head; nor was his tight figure set off either by the Colonel's handsome livery, the military uniform of the army, or the plain drab of Landlord Brown;—an old blue coat, a black waistcoat, much too large, and a rusty hat, flapped before, and cocked into a sharp point behind, covering his undressed black hair, made an alteration so much to the disadvantage of his appearance, that, without the aid of his friend Shakespeare, he could not have been recognised even by the penetrating glance of affection.

John, with his eye still dwelling through his tears on Penry, heard himself named, but it was without any emotion of interest, surprise, or curiosity; not even glancing at the person who spoke, he answered, with the good manners inherent to his nature, "At your service."

"And will you not speak to me, then?" cried Rosa, recovering from astonishment into a transport of joy, "not look at—not know your little friend Rosa?"

John turned full round, his lips quivered, he essayed to speak, deeply sighed, and sunk off the seat, insensible, at her feet. "Here now was a situation!" The coach was going on at a furious rate, and all Rosa's efforts to stop it would have been vain, as John's position prevented her calling from the window, had not the groom removed himself from the box to the roof, and unknowingly let a corner of his coat hang within her reach.

"I told you," said he, helping to raise him, "this poor fellow was not fit to ride in the coach with the young lady."

"Fit!" repeated Rosa, "he is fit to ride with a prince—take care how you lift him."

John

John revived ; and though too much affected to quote a line applicable to his own case, " Dear Miss Rosy !—yes, it is you," he cried " you, who,

" So perfect and so peerless, are created
" Of every creature best."

They told me you was gone from this cursed village—yes, they said—but no matter what they said ;—it is you—I have found you—but, alas, I have lost my master for ever !

" Ah ! he was a gentleman—valiant, wise, well accomplished." I hoped to find at least his grave ; and so,

" ————— like a drop of water,
" That in the ocean seeks another drop,"

I went away and left you, my dear Miss Rosy, and my poor wife, to

" Common friends, without faith or love ;"

but you can tell me where my poor Betty is—for no tidings could I gain of her in yon hard-hearted village."

Rosa wept in agony.

" Come, friend," said the coachman, " as you are better, let us help you either into the coach or the basket—you see the lady can't speak."

" Ah !" replied John,

" ————— her voice was ever sweet,
" Gentle and low—an excellent thing in a woman."

" Yes, to be sure, I will go in the basket."

" Indeed, Mr. Brown, you shall not," said Rosa ; " we will not again part so easily—you must ride with me, and tell me all that has happened—come, I insist—"

John put his hand to his hat first with an open palm, and then took it off, and stepping into the coach, said,

" Duty did never yet want his meed."

The groom stared, and again resuming his seat on the top of the coach, it proceeded.

As no description can do justice to the feelings of the friends whom chance had sent to Penry on the same day

in search after old connections, we simply inform the reader, that John Brown, after hearing Buchan's letter, was seized with an irresistible and longing desire to ascertain either the death or existence of his beloved master. Buchan, it is true, said he saw him fall; but after the loss of one arm, it was most likely he was not in a condition to assist his master with the other; he might, John thought, have yet escaped death; but if he had fallen to rise no more—if his sacred remains had been left with common dust on unhallowed ground, that sad event was such a blow to the peace of the faithful and affectionate servant, whose self-reproach for not accompanying him struck at that moment like a dagger in his heart, that he instantly resolved to go to India, and traverse every foot of its burning soil, rather than live in doubt of the fate of his patron and friend.

Accordingly, without taking time for second thought, he darted from the presence of Sir Solomon Mushroom, and though no speed could keep pace with his wishes, happening to meet a stage at the instant he gained the turnpike road, the shortness of the interval between his leaving the White Horse as Landlord Brown, and that in which he found himself under the hatches of an East India ship, which had completed her lading, and only waited the complement of soldiers she was to carry out, is almost incredible.

The ship was unfortunately bound to Fort St. George instead of Bengal, so that, in order to make the hasty undertaking answer its own purpose, poor John, who had always valued himself on a strict performance of his duty, had nothing for it but desertion.

In one of the vessels employed by the commander in chief to fetch rice, and, as some say, carry on a secret trade for private benefit, he, with great difficulty, got from Fort St. George; and after shifting from ship to ship, exposed to many dangers, in the course of eighteen months arrived at Calcutta, where he found he had no possible chance of finding his master alive, and as little, of gratifying the faithful desire of his heart, by dropping the tears of dutiful attachment on his grave, —as the butchers of Tippoo's army had paid no respect
to

to persons, in removing the bodies of the slain from the field of battle.

Scarce had he pondered one moment on this grievous news, before he was taken up as a deserter, and sent to confinement, previous to his trial by a court-martial;—not only the president, but several other members of the court mourned the fate of the unfortunate Colonel Buhannun, and remembered his faithful servant, whom grief had at that time rendered totally indifferent to the event of the trial.

The officers, one of whom was the Roscius of the theatre, who knew the integrity of his character, were astonished to find him charged with deserting his duty; and they called on him for his defence with a proportion of tenderness and anxiety, which awakened in him some of the latent sparks of that military pride, which shrinks from a loose or dishonourable act, and the spirit of Shakespeare animating him as his eyes met the officer's, who was in his estimation the model of fine acting, he stood erect, and previous to the flourish of his right arm, had he not been shirtless, would have adjusted his chitterlin, as he began with a low bow,

“ Most potent, grave, and venerable signors,
“ My very noble, and approv'd good masters —

.

“ A heavier task could not have been impos'd
“ Than I to speak of my griefs, unspeakable;
“ Yet, that the world may witness that my end
“ Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
“ I'll utter what my sorrows give me leave to speak.”

A whisper, not much to the credit of John's mental faculties, now went round, and the conclusion that he was out of his senses, disposed every heart to pity; but he very soon convinced them that his madness had method, when he began to abuse himself for not accompanying so good a matter, as it was, he said, his indispensable duty to do; it was no longer the actor, but the man, who mingled tears with self-accusation. The court felt the generous motive, but discipline was of such importance in that remote clime, it was impossible to acquit him, and he was sentenced to receive three hundred

lashes; these were afterwards mitigated, first to two hundred, then to one, and before the punishment was inflicted, to fifty; but the first stroke was that which gave John more pain than a thousand—he was disgraced—justly disgraced.—He had, in his own opinion, neither done his duty as a soldier, nor a servant. From that hour, robbed of his own esteem, he lost all pride of appearance, and was afterwards so often punished for dirt and neglect of duty, that he became a nuisance, who was once a martinet. The thoughts of home, of his wife, and the beautiful girl to whom he was, in the most binding sense, guardian, did not contribute to his reformation, but on the contrary gave a zest to the ar-rack he greedily swallowed.

The actor captain, who was still his friend, employed him sometimes in little offices about the theatre; and as that was the only duty he could be depended on performing with sobriety, restored him to the Lord Mayors, fighting heroes, and walking Lords, which he had formerly filled with eclat. Happening, however, to be called to the theatre unexpectedly, when he was literally full of spirits, in his haste to obey orders, he fell through a trap door, and broke his leg. The state of his blood, and the heat of the climate, rendered immediate amputation absolutely necessary; against hope he recovered the accident, cured of his propensity to liquor, but in so weak a state as promised a speedy termination to his adventures.

As he was now no longer capable of serving in the army, or enacting a senator at the theatre, he was returned to England: and in hope of being received by his wife in his own village with joy, set out on foot to make the essay, with a few dollars collected for him at the theatre, in his pocket, and his wardrobe tied in a silk handkerchief, and hung on a stick across his shoulder.

The first place he stopped at in Penry, was the poor barbers, who were such friends to young Croak. Neither master nor mistress being at home, he ventured to ask some leading questions of a lad, to whom he was a stranger, respecting the state of affairs at the White Horse, and felt a pang little inferior to his first lash for
desertion.

desertion in India, when he was told that his wife was turned out of doors, her goods sold, and she obliged to go to service to the Miss at Dr. Croak's ;—out of breath and heart, he slumped away to the doctor's.

Doctor Croak's prudence had even increased in the short space since Rosa's visit ; he had now the penetration to discover a league between her and the man she had long considered as dead ; and according to this conclusion, to give Mr. Brown any information respecting his wife, would be an effect, to tell Rosa where to find Elinor.

John prefaced his enquiries after his wife, by declaring he was

“ As full of sorrows as the sea of sands.”

And he deserved to be so, Mrs. Bawsky said.

John, flourishing his arm, answered,

—————“ go to your bosom,

“ Knock there, and ask what it doth know.”

“ Go you about your business,” cried the doctor, in a rage.

“ Nay then,” answered John,

“ I will be master of what is mine own.”

“ Ah, to be sure,” replied Mrs. Bawsky ; “ and pray now, good Mr. Brown, what is yours ?”

“ Very little, indeed, madam,” answered John, mildly ; but

“ There are more things in heaven and earth

“ Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

“ Me dream of philosophy ! you have lost your senses as well as your leg, Mr. Brown.”

“ And you, madam,” retorted John, with unusual acrimony, “ have lost nothing ; even your pride continues to

—————“ Flow as hugely as the sea,

“ Till that the very means do ebb.”

The doctor's fore place was touched ;—“ the means ebb,” what could that allude to but his unjust prodigality ; he had however still *the means*, he proudly said, to

turn a vagabond out of his house ; and the doctor rung the bell ; but, oh grief of griefs ! that bell which in the days of triumph could summon two or three attendants, was now only answered by a dirty maid servant, who could not execute her master's high behests ; so there stood the vagabond flourishing his right arm, as the doctor did his crutch.

“ Come, good Sir,” said he,

“ Let your reason with your choler question

“ What 'tis you go about ; to climb steep hills

“ Requires slow pace ; anger is like

“ A full hot house, who——”

“ None of your impertinent preachments,” cried Mrs. Bawsky, but tell us what you want, and get about your business.”

“ I have already told you I want my wife ;

“ Why should calamity be full of words ?

“ Windy attorneys to their client's woes.”

Again the doctor felt himself insulted ;—nothing was so dreadful to him, at this moment, as the name of an attorney : but Mrs. Bawsky took on herself to make the final answer : “ His wife was not there, nor did she either know or care where she was,—she had left them a long while, and perhaps had taken another name before this ; and now he was answered, there was the door.”

John, with a full heart, followed the direction of her pointing finger, and took his solitary way to the village. Some of the old inhabitants did, some did *not*, and others *would* not recollect him, as weary and disheartened, he approached the old White Horse ; where, seated on the bench of the door, he called for a pint of amber, and desired to speak with the landlord.

Never was astonishment equal to Sam's at the rumour which reached the White Horse before its old master, of his being alive and returned to Penry ; he hastened in the interim to Mushroom-place, to communicate the unwelcome intelligence to Sir Solomon Mushroom.

The lord of the manor, who was quietly taking his afternoon's nap, was ready to pour the heaviest vengeance on the head of his tenant, for presuming to rush into his retirement, when he had the happiness to be relieved

relieved from himself, had not his wrath been assuaged by the importance of the news.

Poor Sir Solomon ! yes, though in possession of half a million we will dare to call him poor, thought all the powers of heaven and earth were combining to plague him ; this was not the first *agreeable* surprize he had lately experienced ; however, as John was returned little better than a beggar, he might be managed with more ease than some other of his torments. Softening his harsh features, he commended the zeal of his landlord Sam, and dismissed him with orders by no means to suffer the scoundrel to lie about the White Horse.

Sam bowed, and promised to run every step to his house, in order to execute the commands of the Lord of the Manor ; but happening to be invited into the servants' hall, where forty livery servants were drinking with as much zeal as their betters, he could not resist the invitation to join so happy a party.

Mean while poor John Brown occupied his old place on the bench, undisturbed by the officious welcomes which generally fatigue prosperous travellers on their return home. He had lost all his friends, his wife, and his home, but his memory was still unimpaired : he had another errand at Penry, which was to enquire after Rosa. Sir Solomon Mushroom was her guardian, and it was therefore most likely he should either find or hear of her at the Place ; having therefore swallowed his amber, and deposited his bundle in the bar, away stumped John to Mushroom Place.

The knight, who possibly expected this visit, had just given previous orders ; and he was admitted in the very instant Rosa was supported back to the White Horse.

Sir Solomon Mushroom, whose taste was improved by an intercourse with the great world, was sitting on a crimson damask arm-chair, in a superb library, where some hundreds of elegant bound books, never opened, were tastefully arranged, and the splendour of every thing about him had an effect, very gratifying to his vanity on John, who, awed and confounded, stood silent before him, with his hat hanging to his finger and thumb.

The

The knight coldly expressed his wonder at seeing him again ; hoped he was come to pay the long standing debt owing to him ; and added, if so, he was ready to deliver up his *no security*, the lease, and he dared to say the person in possession of the White Horse, would gladly give it up, as it was indeed not worth keeping.

John had not a word to throw at a dog. He certainly knew that Sir Solomon Mushroom had lent his wife an hundred pounds : he remembered certain demands from different tradesmen ; and he also had a faint recollection of divers debts due to himself, but the particulars were all a chaos ; and against so point blank a demand of an acknowledged debt, he had not even a quotation from Shakespeare.

Something he mumbled in a low voice about Miss Rofy.

There again the suffering knight was deeply injured ;—after costing him more than he could reckon, that ungrateful girl had gone, no one knew whither, and never so much as written one word of acknowledgment to him for all he had done for her.

John was no longer dumb ; he had witnessed the Colonel's will, whom he knew had made a large deposit in Sir Solomon's hand, and was certain the gifts he had himself received were accompanied by remittances for his master's avowed heiress ; he hemm'd, cleared his voice, put his stump forward, and with the old flourish of his arm began,

—————“ To lapse in fulness
“ Is sorer than to lie for need ; and falsehood
“ Is worse to kings than beggars.”

Insolent ! abominable ! presumptuous ! but he should be punished, yes, he should rot in a jail.

John continued,

—————“ To be worst,
“ The lowest, most dejected thing in fortune,
“ Stands still in expectation, lives not in fear ;
“ The lamentable change is from best ;
“ The worst returns to laughter.”

Therefore the poor cripple did not fear boldly to assert the truth, and charge the great man with fraud and cruelty

cruelty : nor did the great man hesitate one moment about giving directions to turn the insolent wretch, not only out of doors, but off his premises ; at the same time ordering the beadle to be apprised of him, as of an ill-disposed wanderer.

Sam was still in the house, taking refreshments with the servants ; and as he did not chuse to appear personally in it himself, he sent home orders to turn John and his bundle out of the White Horse.

Against the last act of barbarity the wooden legged hero's heart could not support itself ; he struggled with a strong fellow the hostler, and two soldiers quartered in the house, as long as he had breath or strength ; when, being overpowered, he burst into tears, and sobbed out as he slumped on, his arm robbed of all prowess, quietly hanging by his side,

“ Let me look back on thee, oh thou wall

“ That girdlest in those wolves—dive into the earth

'till

———“ breathless wrong”

“ Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,

“ And purify indolence shall break his wind

“ With fear and horrid flight.”

As the evening was now advancing, poor John, sad and sorrowful, though not quite penniless, crept into the old barn, the former shelter of Rosa, where, quite exhausted with grief and weariness, he rested his jaded body till sun rise ; deprived of that happy expectation which had the day before given him strength and beguiled the long way, he felt himself scarce able to drag his heartless trunk to the stile, where he had so eagerly taken the stage for London, in such different, though not less grievous circumstances, on hearing of the death of the colonel.

This relation, which he gave Rosa with the simplicity of truth and pathos of genuine feeling, beguiled her of her tears, and she in return gave him the outlines of her story ; but, with the reservation of every incident concerning the Montrevilles.

Sir Solomon's denial of any knowledge of her, and his charge of ingratitude, were inconsistencies for which she

she could no otherwise account, than that he wished to keep her from the recollection of all who had formerly known her. John's conclusions were to the same point, strengthened by his positive and invariable idea, that though, as he told Rosa, he had power

- " To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
- " To throw a perfume on the violet,
- " To smoothe the ice, and add another hue
- " Unto the rainbow,"

he certainly had also the mean wickedness to deprive an orphan of her right.

The accidental meeting of this poor, but faithful friend, was a second joyful acquisition to Rosa, and it seemed to her as if her fortune was wholly changing. The protection of Lady Gauntlet was an unexpected advantage, but the restoration of John Brown was a treasure in possession.

Before the coach reached town, John remarked, that as she was going to belong to grand folks, it would not be seemly for her to shew she was acquainted with a poor cripple like him ; he knew what sort of gentry the servants of great folks were, both in place and out—and God forbid he should disgrace her whom his dear Colonel so honoured.

Rosa, in the warmth of her own sentiments, would have opposed the arguments of honest John ; but as they were like his principles, invincible in a right cause, and as she could not but be sensible of the importance to her future existence of every point of her conduct at this period, she acceded with reluctance to his arrangement, on condition he accepted half of the little stock of money her purse contained.

John in the same instant produced his canvass bag, with intention to share his dollars with her, because, as he said, it was meet and fitting she, who was so handsome and so tender, should want for nothing ; whereas, he was an old, battered, miserable being, who had already bore hardships of all sorts, and, with the blessing of God, he was able and willing to bear as many more.

Rosa would not admit his having been borne down with misfortunes as a reason why he should be exposed
to

to more ; nor that, maimed and sickly as he then was, he was a jot more fit to brave calamity than herself.

“ Thank you ! God love your dear soul ! ” cried John,

“ Accursed, and unquiet, and wrangling days,

“ How many of you have mine eyes beheld ! ”

“ but as for you,

“ I would I had some flowers of the spring that might

“ Become your time of day.”

Can you

“ — keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

“ When mine is blanched with fear ? ”

no, he was hardened by endurance, and therefore fit to suffer.”

As London was now in sight, Rosa ended the friendly contest, by insisting on John's taking half her gold, and accepting half his dollars, as an earnest on both sides, that their stock should be joint and for their mutual benefit ; to which John agreed, on the further condition, that, at every meeting, a fresh and equal division should take place. This being acceded to on the part of Rosa, John repeated his assurance, that the great Sir Solomon, to whom, however, he confessed he was indebted, certainly defrauded her ; the will he did not indeed see delivered into his hand, but he knew what part of the Colonel's fortune was in England, and how it was disposed of ;—there were a few thousands in India stock, a few in the bank, besides what he left in Sir Solomon's hands ; which, if no will could be produced, must all go to the heirs of Major Buhanun, of whom she had spoken with such respect.

As Rosa always understood from the Major, that he was ignorant where that property lay, which the Colonel's dying actually, though not virtually intestate, left him heir to, she heard with unfeigned joy, the communications of John, and resolved to write to Dr. Cameron, to apprise him of the fortunate discovery ; and though the experience she had had of the principles of both Mrs. Buhanun and her husband, precluded every idea of their sharing any part of the unexpected wealth with her, yet she

she hoped to prevail on them, through the doctor, to make the old faithful domestic of their relation easy for life : in this hope it struck her, that the best way to make a forcible and lasting impression in his favour, would be to make him the bearer of the fortunate intelligence ; she therefore proposed to him, without assigning any particular motive, that he should go to Scotland, and explain to the heirs of his late master, what he knew of his affairs.

In all John's impatience to go to India, though every thing else beside the object on which he was bent, seemed to be expelled from his thoughts, he had not forgotten the interest of the orphan so dear to the Colonel ; and although he knew Sir Solomon Muhroom had the will, and could not suspect him of so base an act, for so vile and mean a purpose as retaining in his own hands a very few thousands, the property of another, while his own undisputed fortune was so immense, yet, when losing sight of English land, he reproached himself for risking so sacred a deposit as the posthumous letters of his kind master, by carrying them with him into situations where their safety could not be a moment insured.

There was a simplicity about John's character that enforced belief : he told, what his officer thought, a strange, incoherent tale about the nature of the trust reposed in him ; but he told it with so many symptoms of truth, that he got leave to send the letters inclosed in an envelope, addressed as before mentioned, with some packets of the captain's from Madeira : Recollecting this circumstance, and not doubting but the respect he had ever felt for the Colonel was the proper sentiment every other person would feel for so good and great a man, and that, consequently, to know his will, and to obey it, would be one and the same thing, he joyfully embraced Rosa's proposal ; he could go, he said, round to Scotland by sea for little or nothing—for as he had been so often and so long on salt water, it would be hard if he could not work out his passage ; but he would first go to the India House, and make a few enquiries there, then he would next get a few tight clothes, that he might not disgrace his dear young lady when he waited on her for orders, and
then

then he would set off for the north, under the banner of hope.

The flush of animation which overspread John's pallid countenance as he uttered the last word, arose from his generous and disinterested attachment to Rosa,—while she, who had not the smallest idea of advantage to herself, was equally elated in the hope of seeing him enjoy the comfortable subsistence he had so well earned out of the fortune of his deceased master.

The stage, which inned in the city, stopped at the first coach-stand. Lady Gauntlet's servant appeared at the door, and said, his orders were to attend our heroine to Madame La Croix.

Rosa looked anxiously at John: she had heard from her new protectress that Madame La Croix was the best creature in the world; but where that best creature lived, was a point on which she was totally ignorant; and as her old friend had absolutely fixed that she must not appear to know him in his present shabby plight, she could not well ask the servant for the address of the person to whom he was going to attend her.

John understood the language of the heart better than many of his superiors, and his countenance was so plain an index to his own, that she could not mistake the confidence with which he meant to bid her make herself easy, and leave every thing to him.

Stepping into the hack, she once more fixed her eyes on John, and could not restrain her tears,—while he, affecting to look out of the opposite window, gave a stout hem! and she was again separated from every being of whom she had knowledge, or for whom she had affection.



